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JOHN BOWDLER, JUNR<sup>r</sup> ESQ<sup>r</sup>  
*of Lincoln's Inn.*

*Charlotte Anne Gregory*  
*November 13<sup>th</sup> 1811*

# SELECT PIECES

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

BY

THE LATE JOHN BOWDLER, JUN. ESQ.

OF LINCOLN'S INN, BARRISTER AT LAW.

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THIRD EDITION.

VOL. I.

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"A CHRISTIAN is the highest stile of Man."—*Young*.

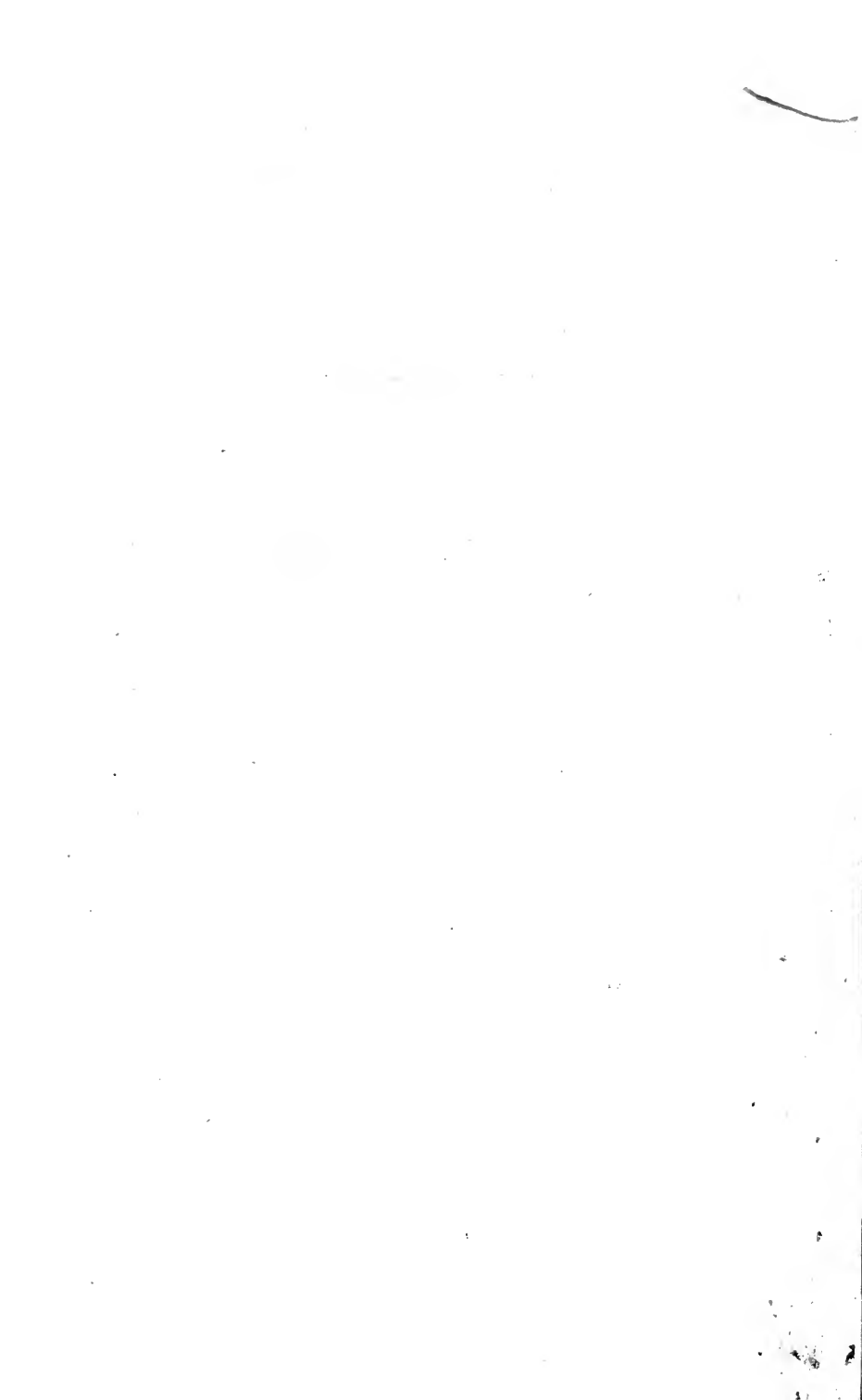
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THE  
PROFITS OF THIS EDITION

WILL BE GIVEN

TO THE

*Society for Maintaining and Educating Poor  
Orphans of Clergymen.*

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THE author of these volumes was born in London, February the 4th 1783, and even in infancy shewed signs of his future character and talents. All knowledge was readily received by him; but from the first dawn of reason, religious instruction was peculiarly acceptable to him.

After attending the grammar school at Seven Oaks as a day scholar, he was placed at Hyde Abbey School in Winchester, and was afterwards removed to the College there, but not on the foundation. Here he had for his Master the Rev. Doctor William Stanley Goddard, whose kind and judicious treatment contributed in no small degree to the formation of his future character.

Being a younger son, it was material that his education should be such, as without great

expense, would enable him at an early age to practise the profession of the Law. With this view, in his seventeenth year, he was articled to a respectable Solicitor in the City of London, and (partly with a view to the preservation of his morals) was lodged in his house.

To supply the want of a University Education, he applied himself at once to the study of the Sciences, and of the Law. But the intenseness of his application, added to the confinement and close air of the City, proved injurious to his health, and probably laid the foundation of future mischief.

At the expiration of his clerkship, he became the Pupil of a Gentleman of eminence in the Court of Chancery; and upon that gentleman's accepting a silk gown, he was himself called to the Bar in Hilary Term 1807, and his success soon appeared to have no obstacle but his delicate health. A little cough, too long neglected as unimportant, at length attracted the attention of his friends,

and a physician being consulted, he immediately discovered its dangerous nature.

Being ordered to quit London immediately, and to pass the ensuing winter in the south of Europe, he submitted (though very reluctantly,) and left England in October 1810 with a relation who kindly offered to accompany him. Some account of their progress will be found in his Journal.

To avoid the heat of a Mediterranean summer, he returned to England in the beginning of August 1811; but was obliged again to seek a milder climate in the following October. Of this second voyage some particulars are mentioned in his Letters. The ensuing winter he spent with some kind friends in Sicily and Malta. In May 1812 he once more returned home, but in too infirm a state to attend the Courts.

Being averse to migrating a third time, he passed the next winter with some relations near Portsmouth, under whose care and kindness he regained sufficient health and strength to resume his profession, and even

to speak in public without difficulty or any apparent ill effect; and this he continued to do during the following winter, and throughout the year 1814. But after spending the Christmas of that year in the country, on his return to London about the middle of January, he found one of his best and dearest friends on his death-bed. This shock was too great for his acute feelings and tender frame; a blood vessel soon after gave way, and perceiving his end approaching, having settled his worldly concerns, he devoted his remaining hours to the more immediate preparation for his great change, which took place on the first of February, 1815.

# THE JOURNAL.

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On board the Apollo, Thursday,  
Nov. 1, 1810.

My dear Father,

My Journal begins on the fourth day from the time of coming on board, so I must go back a little, that I may begin from the beginning; begging you by anticipation to excuse all the bad writing and worse composition which may be expected from an invalid, recounting his little adventures amidst noise, and inconvenience, and novelty.

Of the parting at W. I will not say much. It was very trying; for the L—s had been most unwearied in their kindness, and leaving W. was leaving England, and with it all that is dear to me. We put off on Monday 29th October from the Sally-port, in a little boat, and got to the Camilla, which soon brought us to Spithead, where the Apollo was lying. The day was very fine, and every thing favourable. Happily for us, Captain Taylor came on board just as we were lying alongside, so every thing was quickly arranged; our luggage got safely in, and we seated in the captain's cabin, which is elegantly fitted up, and was then

delightfully warm, the sun having lain upon it for some time. This was about one o'clock. Some treasure was expected on board, which arrived soon afterwards; and we began to unmoor. Soon after sun-set we weighed anchor; but it was now become bitterly cold, and I began to feel the severities of a sea life; for the cabin has neither fire nor stove, the wind was northerly, and the stern of course turned away from the sun. Captain T. was very civil and obliging; but the day was a busy one, and he could pay little attention to us. At last, about seven o'clock, dinner was announced. This was served up in an apartment immediately adjoining the cabin, which is lighted principally from the deck. It is about the same size as, or somewhat larger, than the cabin, but not fitted up, except that there are chairs and tables. About one third of it is parted off by a slight screen, and there my uncle's cot and mine are hung. The captain sleeps in the other part, which serves also as the room for dinner, breakfast, &c. So we dined; and in the evening drank coffee, and went to bed. But the cold, the noise, the rolling of the ship, &c. made it impossible for me to sleep, and a dreary night it was; the weather was rather squally, the sea rough, and the tumult of hoisting and lowering the sails, as circumstances made necessary, ceaseless. In the morning I found myself, (as might be expected) fatigued and disposed to sickness. My Uncle too (though he had slept well enough) felt the swinging of the ship. However, we got up, and managed to get



our clothes on, and mounted upon deck. In spite of an adverse breeze that obliged us to tack during the night, we had run so far down the Channel, that the Isle of Wight was out of sight. Over the lee beam (to use the new *lingo* that I hear) the white cliffs of Dorsetshire were visible; and if I had been possessed of strength and spirits to enjoy it, undoubtedly the scene was glorious. The sea seemed racing by with vast rapidity, and the weather, though cold, was perfectly bright. But this could not last long. After breakfast the sea sickness overcame us both; and though my Uncle soon recruited, I can say little of the rest of this day, which I spent upon the sofa, suffering much from cold and more from illness. I should have mentioned that as early as Monday evening, Wilson [his servant] fell ill, and was invisible, and of course useless through the whole of Tuesday. However, when things are at their worst they mend, or, to speak with more piety and truth, our Heavenly Father does not forget our weakness, and is ever present to hear and help us. I got a pretty fair allowance of sleep during Tuesday night, and was free from sickness the whole of yesterday; the weather too was milder, and all went tolerably. To-day also I am free from sickness, but the insufferable noises of last night kept me awake during the whole or greater part of it; so I am languid. My Uncle appears as well as usual. Wilson is beginning to recover, but though he seems very well disposed, I am afraid he wants energy. My chest is much as it

was when I left W. but we shall now soon get into a milder atmosphere; for whatever might be the fleetness of the celebrated steeds which bore the ancient Apollo along the heavens, I take it the modern *Lady* of that name travels nearly as fast. We are now in the Bay of Biscay; whereabouts I do not know, except that I was informed we were about eighty miles West of Ushant, at eleven o'clock this morning, and it is now two, and we are running at a great rate, nine and a half knots an hour, though close to the wind. Whether the *Hibernia* got out on Wednesday, of course I do not know, but notwithstanding the inconveniences I have suffered, I do not lament the change we made, for every day would probably be adding to the cold at Portsmouth, and with us the wind was unfavourable for leaving Spithead on Wednesday. In addition to this I learn, since coming on board, that Gibraltar is a most comfortless place to go to; the town being crowded with all sorts of fugitives from Spain, and decent accommodations hardly to be had on any terms. As to our company on board the *Apollo*: the Captain is a very modest, gentleman-like, simple, and pleasing character, so far as I have yet become acquainted with him; quite easy and good-natured, yet without the least of a sailor's roughness. In him I think we are very fortunate; and his whole behaviour to us is exceedingly attentive and obliging. Of the officers I yet know but little, but what little I have seen is good; and their manners, though quite plain, sufficiently courteous;

—that is, for my taste; to which the glozing, theatrical, high-coloured language and address of thorough-bred men of the world is very disgusting. I feel, however, how easily a person may fall into the opposite extreme, which favours his pride and indolence. The Latins had the same word for manners and morals; and experience convinces me that they are very closely allied. Happy he who can unite, in his daily conversation with mankind, a strict sincerity with that real kindness and polite courtesy, which are the natural and not the least perfect fruits of Christian love, which “suffereth long and is kind, which vaunteth not herself, and seeketh not her own.”

---

#### Friday Evening.

I am afraid I shall make out badly, for the ship is swinging with considerable violence, but I will try to continue my Journal. Last night was a very rough one, the wind high, the sea stormy, and the motion of the vessel very trying. About two o'clock in the morning, my Uncle, being awakened with the sea washing in upon us, called the sentry, and we found all our clothes *adrift*, as they call it, (and knowing no shorter terms, when sea-phrases occur, I shall use them, and claim not to be thought guilty of affectation in so doing.) This was one of the miseries; and to be sure if Testy and his companions had been on shipboard, he might have en-

riched his catalogue very considerably. I said the night was a rough one: so has the day been, and I have seen, what I am not sorry to have witnessed, but have no great passion for seeing again, the Bay of Biscay in great commotion, and the Apollo flying at an amazing rate through it. Do not think me beginning to practice the common vice of travellers, when I tell you, that at one time, in the course of this day, we were running at the rate of fifteen miles and a quarter an hour. I mean statute miles; above thirteen knots. Captain T. said he had never sailed so fast before. He told us to-day, some time in the forenoon, that during the preceding twenty-four hours, the Apollo had run two hundred and forty-four nautical miles, that is, (I believe) two hundred and eighty-two English miles. You will not wonder after such accounts, that while we were at dinner to-day, an officer opened the door and told the captain that land was visible from deck over the larboard bow: soon afterwards land was announced over the starboard bow; and on going up about half an hour afterwards, I saw with great delight a range of bold mountainous country stretching from Cape Ortugal to Cape Finisterre, extremely clear and romantic, and not above twenty miles distant. I own the sight of land refreshed me, though I knew we were not to touch there; the appearance too of the hills of Galicia was very striking, as they are not only wild, but craggy and irregular; nor could I forget that I was looking on the retreats of Spanish liberty, and beheld the very peaks over which

Moore's army must have passed, and probably those on which he fought and conquered. The wind was northerly and cold, so I could not stay long upon deck; and the evening and night are gloomy seasons with me: for the cold is still severe, our cabin is soaked with brine, the ship swinging and straining, and my eyes are seldom closed for above two of the twelve hours I spend in bed. I have not suffered much from the sea-complaint to-day, notwithstanding the violence of the waves, but enough to make me but little fit for any exertion of mind or body; my stomach is pretty well, but my head swims and my temples ache. My Uncle is not at all discomposed, and on the whole I have great reason to be thankful. You will be glad to hear that in spite of pains and hardships, such as I have been little accustomed to, I have caught no cold, and my pulse has improved considerably. We are now running round Cape Finisterre, and as usual at a great rate. The captain promises us smoother water, and I heartily hope he will keep his word, for this continual pitching and heaving, with the sea roaring and the brine washing in, fatigues me. How glad shall I be to get a night on shore at Cadiz. Sea-life may be excellent sport for those who like it, but I am very thankful that I was bred a landsman. To be sure, on a fine day, with a fine breeze, in a fine vessel, coasting along a fine shore, "with all advantages and means to boot," a sail may be a very pleasant thing; but take a person accustomed to ordinary comforts, (especially if he is an invalid,) and give

him a close cabin, a cold night, and a fresh squall in the Bay of Biscay, and, if he can honestly say he likes it, he was born to be an admiral. For my part, I never recollect having any such passion when I was a boy, and I am pretty confident it will not come upon me now.

Friday night, 9 o'clock.—A few lines must serve for this day's Journal, having got to the light late : for there is but one convenient place for writing, so when my Uncle occupies that, I must sit and whistle ; or rather sit and not whistle, for politeness forbids me that last resource of vacancy. We have been running at a vast rate. We made Cape Ortugal yesterday about four p. m. and were a-breast of the Burlings at six this evening. From twelve o'clock yesterday to twelve o'clock this day, we have run two hundred and forty-nine nautical miles and a half. In the preceding twenty-four hours we run two hundred and forty-four and a half, which makes, I believe, as near as may be, five hundred and seventy-three and a half English miles in forty-eight hours, about twelve miles an hour all the way. This is prodigious sailing. I had no idea that any vessel could move at such a pace. I thought that a swift vessel in a gale might *drive* ten knots an hour. But our's is fair sailing, without any thing like a storm, for two days, at a rate something swifter than that the whole way. About twelve o'clock, we saw a strange sail very little out of our course, and made towards her.

She was coming to meet us, and proved to be an English merchantman. We asked for news, but she told none, at least none that we could hear ; so we left her to move on at her snail's pace, and shot back into our old direction. Land was announced early in the day, but was only just visible from deck. About four o'clock we made the Burlings, of which I have had an exceeding fine view, for they were visible at the distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, and we passed them at the distance of about four. They are very noble rocks, consisting of a bold, rough, broad, and lofty rock in the centre, surrounded by groupes of peaked irregular crags, very like the Needles, with a pretty large mass of table land divided about the centre, that is called an island, (having a few inhabitants,) which lies among them, and adds much to the effect. They are separated from the main land by a broad frith, through which vessels frequently pass, and behind which we saw stretching to a considerable extent the coast and hills of Portugal—the hills in all probability where Lord Wellington was lately entrenched. The climate is now become very sensibly softer. I gain strength, and notwithstanding I am obliged to exert myself both in speaking and acting more than is quite convenient, I do not suffer.

Sunday noon.—I was interrupted last night at this point by hearing that the rock of Lisbon was visible from deck ; so I went up, and beheld by moonlight a large mass of high land at no great dis-

tance, running out boldly, and forming what would in the day-time have been a striking object. The evening was so delicious, and the clearness of the atmosphere gave such uncommon brilliancy to the moon and stars, that it was with some difficulty I could persuade myself to go below again. The night is always a bad time with me, for I cannot sleep, and this exhausts me. However, to-day the air is delightfully mild and refreshing, the sea smooth, and every thing pleasant. We are now nearing Cape St. Vincent; a long range of the Portuguese coast stretches out on the left, and we are near enough to give it a very picturesque effect. My Uncle has made out, by examining the log, that from eight o'clock Thursday morning to eight o'clock Saturday evening, being sixty hours, we run six hundred and one nautical miles and a half, which, our course being nearly South, could not be much less than ten degrees of latitude. How much reason have I to be thankful for obtaining so quickly the chief object of my voyage. The boisterous days and inclement nights, from which I suffered at first, were in fact great blessings, for they saved me from much severer, because much more protracted, suffering, which must have been the consequence of beating about with adverse winds, or with very little wind, in the Bay of Biscay. So little do we know what is really for our benefit, or at least so apt are we, under the pressure of affliction, to overlook the blessing which accompanies it.



Monday morning, eight a. m.—We are nearing Cadiz, so I must get my little packet ready. We passed Cape St. Vincent yesterday evening about five o'clock, within about two miles of the shore. It is not a very bold promontory, but rather the extremity of a flattish tract of ground, such as one not unfrequently seen towards the sea, running in front of higher lands behind, with a pretty high cliff. On the point of the Cape is built a monastery, plainly seen by the naked eye. During the night we have proceeded with a light wind over a smooth sea, and are now, I guess, about forty or fifty miles from Cadiz, the bold and lofty ridges around which are visible in the horizon. If this reaches you, as I trust it will, you will understand that we are safely arrived at Cadiz, for I shall probably not have an opportunity of adding that. I think myself mending, but feel that I have a long way to work up, before I shall be what I was three months ago. Through the mercy of God, I do not fear; or if it be his will that I should continue an invalid, that ought to be, and I humbly hope will be, most acceptable to me. And now begging my kindest love to my dear Mother, and all friends who are kind enough to feel interested about me, I will close my first dispatch. I must greatly alter, if absence and wandering make me love England less than when I quitted it. I think with eagerness of the day that will restore me to that dear land; and though I feel that in the next seven months much is to be done and learned that will be valuable for

life, it is the restoration to my family and friends that I look forward to with delight.

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Off Cadiz, working out of the Bay,  
Nov. 8, 1810.

I am not sure where I left you, but I think off Cape St. Vincent. We entered the Bay of Cadiz on Monday, Nov. 5, about noon, and anchored in the harbour about a mile from the town before three p. m., being a few hours less than a week from the time of our leaving Spithead. The approach to Cadiz is very striking, and we had, for the purpose of observing it to advantage, a delightful day and the sea as smooth as glass. The coasts, though rather flat when you approach nearer, are at a distance mountainous and picturesque, running out to Cape Trafalgar on the South-west, and Cape St. Vincent towards the North. Behind, at a great distance, are rude and very lofty mountains, and in the centre the city of Cadiz appears floating on the waters, and adorned on the harbour side with a variety of shipping of all sizes; from Admiral Keates's flag-ship down to the latine-rigged fishing boats, which come out in numerus groupes, and add much to the beauty of the scene. The town of Cadiz is by far the most beautiful thing of the kind I have ever seen. I speak of its appearance towards the ocean, on which side its principal face (and indeed, the other is little inferior), is composed of

very handsome houses regularly built of a remarkably brilliant white stone, with flat roofs full of turrets. There is a spacious rampart before them, the base of which is washed by the ocean. These residences must be delightful. Soon after our arrival, my Uncle and I went on shore with some other of our messmates. We were landed at the market place, which is a handsome and spacious opening, though not large enough to claim the title of a square, where was assembled the most motley groupe of mortals I have ever beheld. I could have spent half a day there with great satisfaction. We did stay about a quarter of an hour waiting for a conveyance to Mr. Duff's. In that time I saw friars black and white, and very striking they were. The black friars wore a very large black deep scalloped hat, and a full black robe covering them from the neck to the feet. Their appearance to a stranger is somewhat gloomy and awful. The white friar was of the order "*des Carmes dechaussés.*" His robe, therefore, which was of white cloth, or other woollen substance, did not reach his feet, that the nakedness of his legs might be apparent, and he wore a round full hood instead of the large scalloped hat. His appearance was curious, but to me less striking than that of his dark brethren. There were ladies walking about, generally in black, with a coloured or black velvet or silk mantle thrown over the head instead of a cap or hat. They were all brunettes, very small, and none handsome. Presently passed what I was informed to be a gentleman: he was

driving himself in a tawdry, painted, gingerbread whiskey; his horse covered with tassels and bells. Then came a coach and four, such a thing as one has seen in pictures of procession in Queen Anne's time. Around were all sorts of people of a very peculiar physiognomy; which I should have been glad to have had a longer time to contemplate, and some of them wore a cockade and sort of regimentals; but those whom I saw in a military dress were miserable looking creatures, their legs like thin spindles, and their faces indicating nothing firm or great; a stout English blue-jacket would eat up half a dozen of them: I understood that all the *regulars* are of the same cast. The peasantry, who are a fine race, will not enter into the army, and I do not wonder at it. We got a couple of donkeys, and rode away; the cavalry rather too mean and ludicrous for my taste (for they were no better than carry dust in London, nor better caparisoned;) and thus we arrived at Mr. Duff's. In the part of the town which we passed through, the houses appeared good, but the streets, though clean and decently paved, are rather narrow. At Mr. Duff's we learnt that the town was extremely crowded, and that there is an epidemic in the place; so it was determined to give up our original plan of sleeping on shore, and to return to the Apollo, which we did immediately, and not without some difficulty. Mr. Duff's house appeared to be very spacious, and gives a high idea of the general size of the buildings, on the face towards the sea. The Spaniards, I am sorry to say,

are not much honester than their neighbours ; for the boatman who carried us on shore modestly asked five dollars for the trouble, which might occupy him about twenty-five minutes ; (we gave him two ; ) and we were obliged to pay three dollars for our donkeys. The next day we took a boat, and sailed along the principal fronts of the town, so near that we could see and admire all their beauty, which is very great : we then sailed up the harbour, as far as we could go with safety, and returned. I am going to draw a rude sketch of the situation of the town and harbour of Cadiz, in order to make the account of posts intelligible. Probably you have plans of the place, and perhaps all that follows is already known ; but I must hazard that, rather than omit what may be a subject of curiosity.

[Here followed the plan.]

Do not laugh at my plan, which though awkwardly done is accurate enough for the purpose for which I want it. The French are in possession of all the coast from Puerto Real to Rota, and so onward. My judgment is not worth two-pence on such a matter ; but unless Lord Wellington can find the French occupation in Portugal, I have little doubt that they will be masters of Cadiz within six or eight months after they seriously undertake the siege. The defences of the town on the land side are said to be pretty strong, but towards the sea there is only a wall of thirty feet or thereabouts, with small old brass cannon on it. I much wonder we never attempted to storm it. The mouth of the

harbour is commanded from the opposite shore, for we were within reach of their shot where we lay, and in order to get out, were obliged to go considerably nearer ; so that whenever the French set about the business, they will pretty effectually exclude all large vessels. As far as I could learn, the Cortes who meet at Isla, and consist of about one hundred and thirty members, are a public-spirited respectable body, possessing, in the main, liberal sentiments, and disposed to act with vigour for the general good. The accounts which I have heard of the other public officers, and of the Spaniards in general, are but indifferent. Though in public debates the English are of course spoken of with great respect and gratitude, they shew no great cordiality towards us ; no disposition to learn our language, or imitate our manners, or even consult our convenience. They appear to retain the same formal, reserved, and rather suspicious character, which used to belong to them before the late commotions. Captain T. was detained three days in getting some gold changed, which he expected would have been the work of an hour, though he used every exertion to dispatch the business. One day, wanting the Governor's signature to some necessary document, he waited on him, and found he was asleep (it was about mid-day.) The captain told his attendants, that he would thank them to wake the Governor, as he was charged with dispatches of great moment to Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. But he pressed in vain. His Excel-

lency's officers could not be persuaded to disturb him, and one of them said to another (not supposing Captain T. understood him,) " These Englishmen are always in a hurry."

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Mediterranean, Monday,  
Nov. 12, 1810.

My dear Mother,

My Journal is public property ; but it is time that a portion of it should be inscribed to you, as authors, you know, are fond of patrons and patronesses, and those who are provident manage so to divide their pieces, that they may get as many as they can. I closed the second packet to my Father before we entered the Straits. Shortly after that concluded, we changed our course from south to east, and stood into the Mediterranean. My Uncle says, the Straits of Gibraltar are among the finest things to be seen in Europe, and I can well believe it. It was about two o'clock when we passed between Cape Spartel and Cape Trafalgar, which form the entrance or gorge of the Straits ; the day was delightfully fine, and the view highly grand and interesting. The Straits lay directly before us like a dark defile ramparted with hills. Those on the Spanish side are lofty and irregular, and if seen alone would be thought highly striking ; but the Barbary mountains are much higher ; their faces exceedingly dark, and their ridges running up into an endless

variety of peaks and precipices. In front of them all, towards the further end of the Straits, but forming a principal object from its magnitude and decided character, stands Apes Hill, a bare and lofty mountain, breasting the waters from which it rises almost perpendicular. Behind this, at a considerable distance, rise some very elevated mountains, which stretch away to the south-east, till they become invisible. These I understand to form part of the western extremity of Atlas; but I do not feel quite sure of the fact. On the opposite side, and also at considerable distance, the highest point of the rock of Gibraltar was just visible, peering over an intervening promontory. I am a bad landscape painter at best, but in order to form any idea of the scene I describe, you must observe, that at the point of view from whence the picture is drawn, that is between the Capes Spartel and Trafalgar, there is a breadth of (I suppose) from thirty to forty miles at least, the average breadth of the Straits being from ten to fourteen, or thereabouts. Thus we entered this celebrated pass, and the hour of dinner being arrived, I left the deck, and went below. Some short time before sun-set, we came up again. We were now in the midst of the Straits, having passed Tangier, and a little island and town called Tariffa; of the last of which I had a very good view. The island is at present occupied by English troops. Ceuta was in view, a promontory in position not unlike Gibraltar, to which it is nearly opposite, being united to the continent of Africa by a neck



of low land ; but its elevation is not in appearance a fourth of that of our noble rock. This grand fortress was now clearly visible, and amidst many striking objects undoubtedly the most striking. It stands out directly in front of the Straits, which seem there to take a little bend to the south-east, and the beams of the setting sun were resting upon it. Till this time the day had been remarkably clear and brilliant. The sun now sunk into the ocean directly behind us, and we were fortunate in coming just at that period of the year, when every thing conspired to give effect to the noble scenery around us. It is obvious that there can be only a small space of time during which a sun-set could be seen through the Straits in the ocean, the hills on each side obstructing the view during the greater part of the year. The wind, which had been gentle since our entering the Straits, now fell almost entirely, and the moon, which was nearly full, gave a new and softer character to the objects around us. It was a peculiar advantage to be able to see the triple effect of clear day-light, a setting sun, and full moon, upon this romantic defile. I think the last was the most interesting. There was so little wind that we were now in some danger of not being able to make the bay of Gibraltar ; for a strong current sets into the Mediterranean, which, if there had been literally no breeze, would have carried us by the southern point of the rock. I remained upon deck till near ten p. m. (for the softness of the air removes all fear of cold) and we were then floating

very slowly and imperceptibly into the bay, with so gentle a breeze that the sails flapped under it; the night was clear and beautiful, and the sea quite smooth. I here saw a sight perfectly new to me, which proved what I believe I have already mentioned, respecting the clearness of the atmosphere:—this was Venus with a halo round her, like the moon:—And so to bed and to sleep, which I manage now much better than I did. You will observe that when I speak of the height of hills, distances, and the positions of towns, capes, or mountains, I speak of things *as they appeared to me*. It is very likely that, if you look into charts and gazetteers, you may find that the facts do not accurately correspond with my descriptions; but do not therefore conclude that my narrative is incorrect, for I profess only to tell what I see; and he must be a more skilful traveller than I, who has learnt to correct all the errors of vision, and to make the usual allowances of parallax and of refraction. I said that I slept in the bay of Gibraltar, and if in the morning I had awaked at H——, and come down to breakfast, I think I should have said that I had had a very singular and pleasing dream; so strange does it appear to me to be actually, and in very truth, on board the Apollo in the Mediterranean. However, I believe it is a fact, and not a vision; for going upon deck the next, that is, Saturday morning, I found our frigate safe at anchor abreast of the rock, nearly opposite the Governor's house, at a distance most favourable for viewing

both the rock and the bay, rather less than half a mile. I shall fatigue you if I go on with minute descriptions, but Gibraltar bay is indeed worthy of the Straits of which it forms a part; I think it altogether the finest thing I have seen. It is a direct contrast to the bay of Cadiz, where every thing is "riant" and highly brilliant. Here, on the contrary, you find yourself almost shut in by mountains, the rock itself forming a noble rampart to the east: opposite, across the bay, is Algeziras, with a chain of high hills rising behind it and encircling the bay; the sun shone full on their bare sides, and gave them a very fine appearance. To the north is St. Roque on a hill, and a still loftier mountain rises beside it: these are places very celebrated during the siege. Apes Hill seems to shut in the bay on the south, and the Barbary mountains seen in a new position range along in the horizon behind. I was the more happy in seeing the bay so finely, for about two hours afterwards a haze came on which shut out more than half the objects. The town and fortifications of Gibraltar were so near us, that I believe we could not possibly have seen them better without going on shore: the former of these we surveyed pretty minutely, for lying on the side of the hill, it is exposed to the view. It is closely built, and said to be one of the most populous towns in Europe, for its size; but the number I do not accurately know. I am concerned, however, to hear that it at present contains eight thousand persons unaccounted for, that is, of whom it is unknown

whether they are friends or enemies. The town is built neither in the Spanish nor the English fashion ; but has a mode of its own, and that but a bad one. The houses are roofed like ours, and generally with tiles, the fronts white and long, with large windows to the top, and apparently the largest at the top. But I cannot speak very confidently, having only surveyed them through a glass. The fortifications of course could not be seen in any perfection, without going on shore, which was impossible ; for having touched at Cadiz, we are subject to quarantine, and they are very strict ; however, this is little loss to me, who am not equal to the fatigue of riding. I got such a view and description of the defences as gave me a pretty good idea of them, and very formidable they are ; I fancy (humanly speaking) impregnable. They have been added to in every direction since the siege, and I am told above a thousand pieces of cannon are now mounted on the different sides of the fortress. The rock itself is a noble object, absolutely perpendicular on the Mediterranean side, and a very abrupt declivity with occasional precipices on the other. It is like a half wedge. The highest point, which is toward the south, is, I am informed, one thousand four hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea ; from thence runs a sharp ridge to the northern point, which is a little, though only a little, lower. We did not leave the bay till after sun-set, so that I had again the peculiar pleasure of witnessing the effect of a bright day and beautiful night on the rock and

bay. The moon was just risen above the rock, when we came upon deck after dinner, and she lighted us round Europa Point, and shewed us the back of the rock, and Mediterranean, in great beauty. So night came on. The next day shewed us the Grenada hills, a very fine range; the summit, and a part of the sides of which were cloathed with snow. The snow did not extend over the whole mountains, but it lay in large masses upon some of the more distant hills, and reflected the sun beams with great brilliancy. These are the only hills on which snow has been distinctly visible; though it is not impossible that it might have been seen on others, if they had been only equally distant. My Uncle saw snow on these Grenada hills in a summer month, and I understand they carry it all the year. Their height, therefore, must be very considerable. We passed Cape de Gates in the evening of yesterday, and have since been running at the rate of between nine and ten knots an hour, (sometimes faster) across that part of the Mediterranean which lies between Cape de Gates and Sardinia. Cagliari is our next port, (for we are to deliver mails both there and on the south coast of Sicily, before we go to Malta,) and this place we shall probably make early on Wednesday morning. The sea is not rough, but we have a fresh breeze, which is very agreeable, for nobody wishes to lie becalmed in the open sea, where there is nothing to attract attention. Hitherto, (I thank God) our voyage has been prosperous to the highest point of prosperity. We al-

most flew over the Bay of Biscay, and since we have reached more interesting parts, I have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing every object of curiosity, as well as possible, if I may venture to trust either the assurances of others, or my own judgment. These things, to be sure, are not of great moment, but I hope it is not presumptuous to consider them as flowing from the bounty of the same gracious and heavenly Father who has wonderfully softened the trials he has wisely inflicted, by every alleviation that in the ordinary course of events was possible. I do assure you, that when I look back to the time at which my illness began, the manner in which I was saved from probable death, by meeting with Doctor Reynolds, and the varied mercies which have accompanied it ever since, I feel that I am called upon in a peculiar manner, to the exercise of continual and increasing faith and gratitude.

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Wednesday, 10 a. m. Nov. 14.

Human affairs are subject to great and sudden mutations; and I am sorry to observe, that this maxim of philosophy holds true at sea, as well as on shore. Having told you of our prosperity, I must now come to a chapter (not a very woeful one) of distresses and disasters. On Monday night the wind changed; a gale came up from the north-east, and the sea began to roughen. During the whole

of the former part of yesterday, we were a good deal swung about, and most of our party (myself, however, not included) began to look pale, and get very uncomfortable. About dinner time, the squall became violent, and for a good many hours we rolled about very unpleasantly. This was a matter of considerable distress and danger, for every thing that had legs, (alive or dead) except the Captain, was upset, and some had very awkward tumbles. I was among the number, being canted backward, over a large trunk in our cabin, under a gun. Thanks to the goodness of an ever-present Providence, I received no injury whatever, (though the accident was a frightful one,) not having even fallen on my head, though why I did not is utterly unaccountable to me. My Uncle had an accident also, which might have been attended with very serious consequences; a small bookcase having fallen upon him; which, however, only just grazed the skin in one part of the head; without giving him any contusion; and to-day he is quite well. One of our fellow-passengers was tossed out of an arm-chair, by the rolling of the ship, and thrown against the corner of a washing-stand, which has cut his lip, and given an unsightly wound. I had had a similar toss before, but without receiving any harm. A carpenter broke a rib; and in short there was very little safety below. I therefore went upon deck. My Uncle, more wisely perhaps, took to his cot. Upon deck, the scene was exceedingly sublime. We had carried topsails longer, they said, than almost any other

vessel in the navy would have attempted ; but these were now hauled down, and we ran under bare poles, except a close-reefed foresail. (I am not sure that the phrase is correct, but the foresail was in part taken in.) I now saw what gave me a better idea of what a storm is, and what a fine ship can do, than any thing in the Bay of Biscay had shewn. There the waves, though violent, are long and regular ; here they are short and uncertain. While I was upon deck, the ship rolled so deep, that the body of the sea was above the carronades, on the quarter deck ; but I did not see the heaviest part of the gale ; for saying the next day to one of the officers, that I imagined the copper of the Apollo must have been visible the preceding night, he said, he did not doubt that her keel might have been seen from another ship. I am told this squall was probably part of the skirts of a storm in the bay of Lyons, which all describe as tremendous.

#### AT SEA IN A STORM.

The tempest drives along the main,  
 The straining vessel heaves in vain,  
 Her sails are rent, her tall masts bow ;  
 What hand, what hope can save us now ?

God of the Ocean as the Land,  
 The billows rise at thy command ;  
 At thine Almighty word they sleep,  
 Stretch'd on the bosom of the deep.



Oh bless'd, whoe'er from danger free  
 Has lov'd, obey'd, and worshipp'd Thee,  
 In pain, in pleasure, constant still  
 To do his great Redeemer's will.

'Mid shrieks and sounds of wild affright  
 His heart is calm—his hopes are bright ;  
 His stedfast eye the scene surveys,  
 Is closed in prayer, and wakes to praise.

We lived through the night, rough as it was, and the next day, (Wednesday) we made Toro, a rock standing out alone in the sea, a few miles from Sardinia. The coast of that island from Cape Taloro, or Talavero, eastward, soon appeared ; and as Cagliari was our object, we kept pretty close in shore. This part of the coast of Sardinia is lofty and bold enough, but exceedingly dreary, being composed almost entirely of rocky mountains, with no vestige of cultivation, or of the footsteps of man, except in a few white watch-towers planted along the hill. We were now making into the bay of Cagliari, which threatened to be a long business, as it runs up to a considerable length, and there was little wind ; when, greatly to the joy of every body but my Uncle and myself, a brig of war was seen beating up in the same direction. We made our signals, and she proved to be the Nautilus going into Cagliari to water. She sent her boat on board, and very obligingly took charge of the mails for Sardinia, which we were commissioned to deliver. So

we have lost the sight of the bay and city of Cagliari. Our interview with the Nautilus happened about one p. m., and having dispatched that business, we turned into the straight course for Sicily, which it was supposed would be made some time in the course of to-day. What was my astonishment on waking this morning, to hear that Maritimo was in sight, and had been visible since day-break. The expedition of this vessel is really astonishing. Had we neither gone into the bays of Cadiz or Gibraltar, nor gone round by Sardinia, I have not the smallest doubt that our passage from Portsmouth to Sicily would have been made in eleven days, if not in ten.

Maritimo is a large rock or island, lying a few leagues west of Sicily, to which it is in effect joined by two other smaller islands. It is not much unlike Gibraltar in its appearance, but rather loftier, and less ridgy. As it stands alone, it forms a striking object. I am now writing between the hours of one and two of Thursday. We are running abreast of the coast of Sicily, but only near enough to see the hills and low land imperfectly, I suppose eight or nine leagues off. Girgenti is our next point, and then Malta; from whence I hope to dispatch this, and where I shall be rejoiced to arrive. We are under considerable terror of quarantine; but I hope the best. The weather is very fine, but the wind coldish. Not like a wintry cold, but a little autumnal.

Friday night.—I have already observed that human affairs are subject to great changes, and this piece of philosophy may serve at once to illuminate my pages, and account for the odd turns of my Journal. After flying across the Atlantic and the Mediterranean as we have done, here we are at last completely becalmed, about five miles from the shore, abreast of Sciacco, distant, I fear, forty or fifty miles from Girgenti. The fact is, that we have mistaken our port; one little Sicilian town not being very easily distinguishable from another. Having got in shore for the purpose of making this place, we have found it utterly impossible to get out again; for during the whole day the sea has been as smooth as a mill-pond, not a breath of air stirring, and the sun so hot that I could not support it upon deck, and was obliged to come below. This is the more peculiar, and truly Italian, as yesterday evening we had a bitter tramontane wind, which, though not quite equally severe, was of the same character with our clear piercing north-easters. The state in which we have lain the whole of the day has given us an opportunity of surveying with some minuteness the beautiful coast opposite to us. It is for a considerable length an undercliff, not unlike that in the Isle of Wight, but deeper, and the rocks behind it more elevated. Indeed there is a double ridge of very fine rocks, and the second range rise to pretty elevated mountains, on the tops of the highest of which is snow, brought by the wind of yesterday; for the elevation is not such as to allow

of the snow lying there regularly. The declivity, or belt of ground lying between the second ridge and the sea, has the appearance of being a highly fertile and beautiful tract of country, along which villas are dispersed among woods; and towns are visible at greater distances. One in particular is situated in a most romantic spot, nearly at the top of the rock, which in that part is a mountain, backed by some very high and craggy peaks, and encircled on the sides by projections of the same rock. Probably an old Moorish town. It is open towards the ocean, and the ground gradually lowers away from its feet. This town however has a dark appearance, being built as it seems of the stone from the rocks around it, which are of a deep brown. It is in this respect unlike the other Sicilian buildings that I have observed, which are mostly white, though not of the dazzling lustre which so much surprised me at Cadiz. The appearance of these towns is novel and curious; the best buildings appear to be only one story high, but that is a very handsome one: they seem crowded a good deal together, but have on the whole rather a handsome air, especially the erections and plantations in the skirts of the towns.

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Harbour of Malta, on board the Apollo,  
November 19, 1810.

My dear Mother,

Here we are, (I thank God,) safely arrived at our place of destination. My last dispatch was broken

off abruptly, by the intelligence of a packet for England being in sight of Girgenti; so I take up my tale from the point where it concluded. Girgenti is a modern town, (if a town built in the time probably of the Saracens can be so called,) standing near the site of the ancient Agrigentum, a city more renowned than any other of the same age for its magnificence and luxury. The ancient city stood near the sea shore, and was of a vast extent. The modern city (for Girgenti has a bishop,) is planted, where most of the Sicilian towns on the south-west coast are situated, on an eminence. It is removed about four miles from the shore; and the undercliff, for all this part of the coast is an undercliff, which reaches from the foot of the city to the sea, has the appearance of a very fertile and beautiful country. There seems to be nothing very curious in the modern town, which, like all the others on that coast, is built of a stone of rather a dingy colour, the houses exceedingly close set, very unlike any thing English, and though curious to an inexperienced eye, I think rather ugly. At the top however of the city of Girgenti, (for it stands on a steep declivity,) and peering high over all the other buildings, are what appear to be a monastery and bishop's palace, adjoining to and probably erected in a large old castle. But in ranging round the adjoining declivities, which looked very picturesque through the glass, being adorned with villas and other buildings, I spied at last, with great delight, the front of an ancient temple, quite complete, and so clearly seen that I could

count the columns and enjoy the beauty of the building. It stands a little way inland from the sea, I should guess half a mile or a mile, on the west end of a ridge of ground of moderate elevation; and pursuing the line of the ridge over a considerable quantity of ruins, I discovered a second temple less perfect than the first, for the pediment appeared to have fallen, but, quite perfect enough to leave no doubt of what it was. The next day, I discovered, as I at first thought, two more temples; but on examining more accurately, perceived that in consequence of a change in our position, the front of the temples was no longer exposed to us, but we had now a full view of their side columns, in number fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen, all, or all but one, I think, perfect in the temple first discovered, but more broken in the other. I had now the pleasure of seeing a Greek temple as well as it can be seen by a person who is four or five miles off: the whole form of the structure was very plainly discernible, for the atmosphere was clear, and the sun rested on the spot, so as to shew the ruins to great advantage. I could even plainly discover the interior building, (its proper name I do not know,) that is erected behind the front columns and pediment. The temples are, as all these were, open. I am very glad to have seen these beautiful and interesting monuments of antiquity, and the rather, as Girgenti lies a good deal out of the beat of a Sicilian traveller, and is not easily visited. The two temples which we saw, I judge to be, from Brydone's account, those

of Venus and Concord. The ruins may probably have belonged to one of the larger ones of which he speaks, for they were very extensive. The whole of the southern Sicilian coast which we saw is exceedingly picturesque, consisting of one, two, or three ranges of undercliff, backed by craggy hills of a considerable height. In many places, it is very like the tract of ground in the Isle of Wight which is called the Undercliff, and it is all of the same character, but generally a good deal broader, and the rocky mountains behind it loftier. From Girgenti to this place we had, not a rapid, but a very pleasant passage. We met the *Canopus*, Admiral Boyle, from Messina, and lay to while our Captain went on board. The *Canopus* had all her sails set, and was a noble spectacle. We were not quite half a mile off, and at that distance, a large second rate in full sail, and tacking to meet another vessel, and then lying to, is certainly one of the noblest sights imaginable. The evenings in this climate are delightful. I do not venture out in them much, for the dew is heavy; but the softness of the air, the surprising brilliancy of the stars and planets glistening in every part of a cloudless sky, the gentle rippling of the waters below, joined to the beauty of the vessel we are in, whose yards, sails, and rigging cast a faint shade to the lights of heaven, and aided by a band of wind-instruments, produce an effect the most soothing and delicious. We entered this harbour about noon to-day, having first sailed along the little islands of Goza and a flattish rock, and of

Malta itself. I do not think this island appears to much advantage as you sail along it. There are few trees, and no very striking points, till the town comes in sight. The entry into the harbour is very fine, but it would (I think) be finer, if there were more breadth. The town of La Valetta on a rock or eminence is on the right, the forts of St. Elmo and Ricasoli on the left. The fortifications of these appear very strong. Many of the buildings of La Valetta seem to be lofty and magnificent. The houses are built of stone, whiter than that employed in the Sicilian towns, but much inferior to the materials with which Cadiz is erected. Of the town however, &c. &c. I shall be able to tell you more hereafter, when we get out of quarantine; for, alas! it is now settled that we must go thither; I fear for three weeks. We have hopes, however, of getting a part of this remitted, and at all events may probably not find the Lazaretto a very uncomfortable place. Be it what it may, after having enjoyed so many advantages, and avoided so many perils or inconveniences, it would argue a very unhappy turn of mind, to yield now to discontent or despondency. I see from Lord Valentia's travels, that he was obliged to make some stay in the Lazaretto, and he describes it as a lofty stone building with large windows. This sounds well. General Oakes is at present in Goza. When he returns, or before, we shall probably try if his interest can assist us. And so adieu, for it is now late, and this must go to-morrow morning early. I think I can now speak



with some confidence of an improvement in my health ; but whether I shall ever be qualified to prosecute my profession successfully, is still very problematical. This, however, and every other thing, is in the hands of Him who will give what is truly good ; and happy they who can cheerfully repose in this confidence.

My affectionate remembrances ever attend all my dear family and friends ; they are much in my mind, but to mention them particularly in each letter, would be almost an idle ceremony.

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Florian, Malta, Dec. 4, 1810.

My dear Father,

You will see by the date of my letter, that we are out of prison :

“ Escaped the Stygian gloom, tho’ long detain’d  
In that obscure sojourn.”

On Saturday arrived the pleasing intelligence, that the Board of Health, taking all the circumstances of our case into consideration, had determined to remit the remainder of our quarantine, and allowed us to be at large as early as we pleased on Sunday. This intelligence was most politely communicated to us by the General’s Aide de Camp, sent on purpose, who accompanied his welcome message with an invitation to breakfast at the Palace on Sunday morning, to my Uncle and myself, Mr. ———,

and a Mr. ———, who is an old acquaintance and one of our party. It was accepted by all, but I was afraid of the fatigue ; so while the party are at breakfast, I may fill up the interval in my Journal. I might have done this at the Lazaretto, for there was time enough to be had there, whatever we might want, but I did not like continuing my little history till I could get rid of the gloomy associations of that dark mansion. The entrance into the port is very striking both for its beauty and originality. Valetta stands on a promontory washed by two inlets of the ocean, which divide it from two other promontories. I do not yet accurately know the bearings of the place, but as you sail up to it, the principal harbour is on the left of the town ; of course in entering it you have the town on the right. The entrance is so narrow, that it requires some skill and good seamanship to get in without running against either of the cliffs which guard the opening. On the left as you enter, are Fort Ricasoli, Fort St. Angelo, the dock-yard, and a considerable town or suburb adjoining, called Il Borgo, or Bermula, together with a great variety of shipping lying in what are called the English and French harbours, as well as the water leading to the dock-yard, which are three lateral inlets branching out of the principal harbour. The mouth of the principal harbour is guarded on the right by Fort St. Elmo, and flanked through the whole length, which I should guess to be between half a mile and three quarters of a mile, by the high cliffs and fortifica-

tions of Valetta, over the summits of which appear, crowded curiously together, the towers and cupolas and minarets, which adorn the various buildings in the town. Under the cliffs, and nearly on a level with the sea, are three successive crescents, which have a pretty appearance, and are the places where goods are landed, &c. with what had the appearance of little shops and accommodations for merchandize. The Apollo took her station at first in the lower part of the harbour, having tacked in with great success ; but afterwards, having been put in quarantine, she moved up nearly to the top of the harbour, and there we lay till Wednesday afternoon, when we took our departure for the Lazaretto. The building in which we were to be confined stands nearly at the top of the harbour, which washes the other side of Valetta. In our voyage thither, which was made in the boats of the Apollo, we of course passed down the whole length of the great harbour, round the point which is a saliant angle of one of the bastions of Fort St. Elmo, and up (nearly) the whole length of the second, which is called the Quarantine Harbour. Valetta is exceedingly beautiful on this side. The buildings of the town are more distinctly seen than on the other side, and beyond the buildings, a noble and extensive range of fortifications on the land side stretch away to the distance of half a mile. Indeed, few views can be more beautiful than that which we had from the Lazaretto itself (it is the only beautiful thing connected with it) ; a fine sheet of water of various breadths, but never, 1

think, less than a quarter of a mile across, washes the base of the prison, beyond which are seen on the left hand the buildings in Valetta, which are for the most part noble and picturesque, and opposite and ranging away to the right, bastions, cavaliers, and terraces, with the domes and towers of convents and churches rising behind them. In the sight of all this beauty, and with a setting sun to give effect to it, we entered, not the town, nor the outworks, nor the forts, but the gloomiest and ugliest of all possible habitations, calling itself the Lazaretto. It is an extensive stone building, resembling a jail. The compartment allotted to us and our fellow sufferers consisted of an internal square, in the middle of which was a flight of from forty to fifty steps, that carried us up to a narrow stone gallery running round the square; on the north and south sides of which were six large vaulted rooms or spacious cells, three on each side, faced with stone, and white-washed. On the two other sides of the gallery were very long and lofty corridors. One of these was devoted to the sick of the Apollo, who were conveyed thither; the other six rooms and corridor were occupied by our quarantine party and the servants. At first, every thing wore a very gloomy, and in truth, rather an alarming appearance. The three rooms on the south side of the square were tolerably clean and airy, for they looked over the water. The three on the opposite side were very dark and dirty. One of these, by the unaccountable taste of a gentleman who had offered us

his services, was selected as a convenient lodging for my Uncle and myself; and in this, (my cot for the greater part of the night on the stones, my Uncle's on two trunks,) we lay awake during the Wednesday night. The room really might have passed, without the least impropriety, for the cell of condemned malefactors. It was entirely unfurnished, the walls and floor dark with damp and cobwebs, and unsightly scrawls of former unhappy residents. A black folding door gave admission to those whose calamity it was to enter it, and a window, twelve feet from the ground, and strongly barred without, through which very little air, and certainly no sun-beam ever passed, sufficiently explained that the place of admission was the only place of exit. Here, as I said, breathing a very impure air, and haunted by musquitos and other vermin, we passed the first night. However, through the goodness of God, these distresses did not last long. My Uncle was kind enough to apply for a better lodging for me in one of the south rooms, which he obtained, and was soon afterwards equally successful in a similar application for himself. The difference really was wonderful. In the first apartment, I think it most probable my health would have suffered severely. In the second it did not suffer at all. One of our party being a Maltese, and others having friends in Malta, the articles necessary for sitting, cooking, and eating, with some few other little conveniences, were soon procured. The table was well supplied, and though my diet was of more difficult management,

good milk being an article very rarely got, I made it out tolerably well, and notwithstanding the duress we suffered, the Lazaretto was to me on the whole more agreeable than the Apollo, as a residence; I do not say that our stay there was diversified with as many new scenes. In this unlooked-for residence we remained from Wednesday till the Sunday se'nnight following. The prisoners consisted of the passengers of the Apollo, and a Captain ———, who by ill-luck was touched by ——— the morning after our arrival, while he was paying a visit with others to Major ———, and not having adroitness or knowledge enough, to pull off his coat and leave it to perform quarantine, was obliged to undergo that disagreeable ceremony himself. The number of officers in our party converted the table, in a good measure, into an officer's mess, which certainly, after the ladies retired, was apt to be noisy; but the young men, though loud and vehement, were exceedingly good-natured. I never received any thing but civility from any, and from some a good deal of it. In their noisy and licentious merriment, I could not join, and I hope I need not say, would not, if I had possessed strength for the purpose. On the whole it went off very well. During our stay at the Lazaretto two smokings took place: the thing sounded formidable, but proved a mere formal ceremony, from which I was wholly excused in consideration of my pulmonary complaint. The rest stood in the corridor, where some perfumes were thrown on lighted straw, and more or less of the

smoke of course spread through the room, which was for five or ten minutes received by those who stood in it. Our baggage also was examined, but this proved an idler formality than the other. A Guardiana, that is, one of the men appointed by the Health Office to attend us, came and peeped into such of the boxes as were large and easily opened ; but for what conceivable purpose I know not, for he left the things just as he found them, and indeed did not examine any thing. The people belonging to the place were very civil ; but the establishment is not well conducted. Though it is difficult in such a situation to supply many accommodations, the rooms certainly should have been clean and dry ; whereas some of them were very dirty, and all the north rooms and corridor so damp, that for some time we all thought the danger of acquiring diseases in the Lazaretto much greater than that of communicating them to the town. Most of the servants were ill, but by management their disorders were prevented from becoming serious. Well, after the breakfast at the General's was over, my Uncle came, attended by the General's Aide de Camp, with his barge, a boat for luggage, and a whole regiment of servants. By the aid of these last, all our valuables were hoisted down, and across the water we went to Florian. Florian is the name given to the extensive outworks, which I have described before as seen from the Lazaretto. The General's carriage and carts met us at the landing place, and so we reached our present mansion, which is termed, per

Emphasin, Florian. It is a place difficult to describe, but more difficult to imagine correctly by the aid of any description. As to its exterior, as seen from a small distance, conceive a range of stupendous fortifications of every description, with vast fosses, gates, glacis, &c. and in the midst of these, an elegant small pavilion of white stone, its balconies painted green, the very contrast of every thing round it, like Hebe in the arms of Hercules. Then for a nearer view, suppose a number of the openings which the lines and angles of the fortifications afford, planted with various sorts of flowers and shrubs, which in England are cultivated in a hot-house, and these still further subdivided into small compartments, by walls running from the different parts of the house, and either connecting it with outhouses and offices near, or built for the express purpose of inclosing gardens. Of these gardens there are eight or ten at least, (for I do not well know them yet,) some small, some larger, all full of orange and lemon trees and geraniums; some of the latter now in flower. The interior of the house consists of four principal apartments; behind these are four other rooms on a smaller scale, two of which are usually the General's bed chamber and dressing room, and now perform the same offices for my Uncle, and the two others are a lobby and servant's hall. The kitchen and other offices, which are spacious, are at some distance, at the bottom of one of the smaller gardens. I have placed my cot in the winter parlour, which, if it does not prove



too cold, will make a delightful apartment. So from this imperfect sketch you will see how great reason we have to be thankful for our accommodations, and for how much kindness to feel obliged to the General. He sends us a supply of cow's milk and fresh butter every morning, which are great luxuries here, to be seen, I believe, at no tables but his and the Commissioner's. He has furnished my Uncle with a horse, and offered me one, but I declined, not being yet equal to such exercise. The palace is a noble building. It stands in the centre of Valletta, with a parade before it, and a considerable opening on one side, in which a handsome library has lately been erected. The lower parts of the building are, I believe, appropriated to the servants, or rooms of business; for you ascend a flight of seventy steps to get up to the principal range of apartments, which however are so managed that the fatigue is less than could be imagined. The suite of rooms which I have seen, are a handsome saloon, two smaller, but very nice and comfortable parlours, or sitting rooms, as they happened to be used, a very fine drawing room about fifty feet long (as I guess,) and very lofty, but not of a breadth proportionate. It is however a very fine room and richly furnished, the walls covered with pictures, among which is a noble portrait of La Valette. To these are to be added a dining room not quite so long or so high as the drawing room, but considerably broader, and well proportioned. The palace is nearly square. The drawing room which I have mentioned

is at one of the front angles of the house ; between that and the dining room lie the three other rooms before mentioned, and the dining room may perhaps be about the centre. I understand the ball room is a very fine one, and that there are other suites of apartments, as indeed the size of the building bespeaks. The weather is beginning to assume a wintry character : the three last days having resembled rough days towards the end of October, with a great deal of wind and violent shoots of rain and hail. Previous to that time nothing could be more delicious than the climate, resembling the finest weather in September. Some days have been very hot. On the 29th of November, while we were in the Lazaretto, the thermometer, at half past twelve at noon, in the shade where the sun had not been at all, or certainly not for some hours, stood at sixty-eight ; in the sun it stood at ninety, where there was no reflected heat ; and in a place where there was reflected heat, it stood, at nearly the same hour, at one hundred and three ; there was little or no wind, what there was, at north-north-west. The weather is not now cold, but we have a fire, which, however, is only a few bits of wood burning on a stone hearth, and this we owe to the happy circumstance that the room we now sit in was built by General Villetes, for in none of the others, which were built by a Spanish Ambassador, is a fire place to be found.

On board the *Alceste*, off Cape Passaro,  
March 13, 1811.

My dear Father,

Once more upon the waters, and so recommences my Journal. Once more upon the waters ; but how changed since I last quitted them. My health and spirits are greatly recruited, and though not yet a Hercules, I have enough of both, to do and enjoy whatever is at present desirable, thanks be to Him, who is the Author of all good. On Monday the 11th at noon, my Uncle and Mr. — went in the General's barge to the packet, which was lying about two miles out of the harbour. They were hardly off, when Captain Maxwell began to attempt getting out. It was no easy matter, for there was a heavy sea, and the wind, though not strong, blew right in ; so there was nothing for it but warping. They worked all hands till five, when the ship was got as far as the point of Ricasoli, though the anchors were still out, and there was some doubt whether it would be possible to get clear. At this time after taking an affectionate leave of the General, whose kindness no language could paint too strongly, I went off, and shortly arrived on board ; where I was received with much politeness by Captain M. I found, on going down, a very nice cabin and state room, like the *Apollo's* : we did, as others do,—dined, chatted, walked upon deck, and went to bed.

March 14. By dint of sailing and working, we are now actually alongside Cape Puerco, with a

light breeze, not directly against us, and have good hopes of getting to Messina before the end of the month. Meanwhile we pass our time agreeably enough. I had a good view of the coast of Sicily, from near Girgenti, to Cape Passaro. It is finely wooded, rich and romantic; grander, I think, than that above Girgenti, but, perhaps, less picturesque. Cape Passaro is a very low point, stretching out a good way to the east, with a large square tower near its extremity. The character of the shore changes after doubling this cape, the fine bay between that and Cape Puerco being ramparted with high craggy hills, yet rather beautiful than sublime, and neither in an extreme degree. We are not very near them at present; but there appears to be a narrow line of flat country lying at the feet of the mountains along the sea, on which one town, probably Noto, is very plainly discernible. Mount Etna presented a singular appearance this morning. The day being hazy, no land was visible between us and it, so it appeared to float in the clouds, suspended over the ocean. It is covered with snow down to the visible base, with large black masses appearing in parts, and at the summit a deep dark opening. Captain M. thought he saw smoke, I could not discern it, but believe I saw the cone of ashes which is thrown up in the centre. By the way, for fear I should have omitted to mention it before, let me inform you that Mount Etna is frequently and very distinctly seen from Malta, about one hundred and twenty miles. I have seen it from that island repeatedly, and once

with such clearness, that if there had been much smoke, I think I must have perceived it. It is only visible when there is a northely wind, and a clear horizon.

I have never told you, I believe, any thing about the Carnival at Malta, and as my stock of intelligence is running low, it will serve for an episode here. It is the strangest scene imaginable. The people are ordinarily sober and rational enough; but for the three days preceeding Lent, no language can describe their craziness. Dressed in all sorts of antic fashions, and all masked, they ride, drive, and walk about the streets, laughing, hooting, prattling, and pelting one another with sweetmeats. They support no characters, exhibit no wit, commit no outrages, being strictly obedient to the laws of masquerade, which opinion has established, and behave with perfect decorum towards all who are unmasked; but for harmless extravagance the scene is unmatched. I am told the carnival is better worth seeing at Malta than in most other places; I cannot say it is worth much, even there. The dances, which young men, gaily drest, perform in the streets, are lively and amusing. These are principally to be seen on the fourth day before Lent. The masks begin parading about the town towards one o'clock, and go on till dark; then adjourn to the theatre, where the same scene of merriment and nonsense is continued. I did not go there, being assured it was all alike, and the heat abominable. One night, I ventured to an Italian comedy. At

first, I could make nothing of it, such is my proficiency ; however, by degrees, I caught the accent better, and could follow the tale with some pleasure. The play was one of Goldoni's, and very well acted. The theatre is but a poor one, and very dingy : we were in the General's box, but even that is not spacious. I fear there are no theatres open at Messina, else I should certainly play the truant by going there frequently ; for by reading the play beforehand, I am persuaded the language might be learnt in great perfectness, with surprising rapidity. I fear I shall find it difficult to make much progress even at Messina, for I am so loaded with letters to the English there, that it will be very difficult to find opportunities for talking any thing but our good homely tongue, which with all its defects I love better, probably because I understand it better, than any other. Yet the richness, beauty, and flexibility of the Italian are really surprising.

Two o'clock.—We are really abreast of Syracuse, and have a very good view of it. The town is not fine, but the position very remarkable. It lies in the centre, between Cape Puerco, and Cape Stagnove, the shore retiring in the middle, and running on either side to these two points, which form, as it were, arms to the city. A very fine interior bay opens close to the town, which stands on the north side of it. There appears to be some flat ground behind it, and at a moderate distance rise hills, which completely embrace it, of no extraordinary height, yet of some elevation, and handsomely va-

ried. The eye following the line of coast to the north-west, by degrees loses it, and the island seems to terminate; but at some distance hanging over the ocean, and rising to a stupendous height, appears the enormous Mon-Gibello clothed in snow as before described. The air is now calm, and the weather mild, several vessels at a distance behind are plainly seen with all their sails set: the whole effect is very pleasing, and with a little more sunshine would be exceedingly brilliant. I have great enjoyment of the scene, yet wonder that I have not much greater. Thus I have always found it.

Friday, 12 o'clock.

Our advance has not been great since yesterday. This morning at eight, we were about five miles from shore, due east of Mount Etna, which of course was the principal object. The mountain is indeed a noble sight, yet not by any means of the same apparent height when seen close, as at a distance. This, I believe, is the case with all very elevated points. It rises from an enormous base, and though not a perfect cone, does not vary from that figure very greatly. Several lesser mountains are visible on its sides, and a considerable number of points, which have probably been the craters of different eruptions. At the summit are two peaks, not very distant from one another, from both of which I could discern smoke issuing, but not in very large quantities. I would not wish any thing so tremendous as an eruption, but it must be the

finest sight in nature. The coast between Syracuse and Etna does not appear to be striking. I saw it, however, imperfectly. From Etna to Messina it is very bold, lofty, and ragged—not unlike part of the coast of Portugal, but less magnificent, I think, than that of Gallicia. The Calabrian mountains are visible on the opposite side of the Faro; these are high, but not so picturesque as the Sicilian hills. The wind is contrary, and I have no expectation of reaching Messina to-night.

Saturday, four p. m.

In spite of expectations, at Messina I am. The wind came aft soon after writing the above, and continued tolerably fair till night. We anchored in the harbour of Messina about half past eight p. m.; and an awkward business it was, for the night was dark, and the place by no means a pleasant one to work into at that hour; but the channel of the Faro is so deep that it is difficult to anchor there in safety. We were nearly aboard a transport, and actually carried away one of her booms; but by dint of activity and good seamanship escaped further mischief. The Captain did not like it, and I stood upon deck in expectation of our being ashore, which was very probable; for the evening was so dark, that with all the diligence that could be used we anchored too far in, and were obliged to haul off during the night. The approach to Messina is most noble. A background of dark, lofty, and rugged mountains, runs along the Sicilian coast, very near to the sea; and



the shades of evening gave them a deeper hue. In front are smaller hills and knolls tossed about in every shape of variety and beauty; some bright with verdure, and some clothed with wood, some rough and craggy. Among these, in the most romantic situations, embosomed in surrounding cliffs, or glittering on their summits, are planted towns and convents. The whole effect is striking in the highest degree. The Calabrian shore is very fine, but less so than the Sicilian, and I could not turn my eyes from the fascinating scenery on the left. The Faro resembles a little the Straits of Gibraltar. Being on a smaller scale, it is less grand, but I think, in parts, even more beautiful. Ascending the deck this morning, I saw Messina. The situation of the town is very peculiar and very handsome. It stands on the edge of the sea, in the form of a crescent, circled with mountains which rise to a great height directly behind it, leaving only room for the houses; and where the houses are not, for knolls and ridges clothed with wood and verdure. The opposite shore seems so near that you might shoot an arrow upon it. About seven miles to the north is the Faro tower, standing on an arm of the coast, which runs out like an extensive pier breasting the channel. I shall endeavour to visit this and some neighbouring points, before I leave the place, for it is a land of enchantment. The weather being rainy, Captain M. and I did not leave the ship till noon, when we went on shore together and paid a visit to Sir John Stuart, to whom I delivered four letters of intro-

duction. He received us very politely, and talked freely and very agreeably for above half an hour; when we made our bows, having received and accepted an invitation to dinner at half past five, for which I must soon prepare myself. We paid two other visits, and found our way to the London Hotel, where I have established myself. The house had been recommended to me for cleanliness, and is reputed the best in the place. It contains four pigeon-holes, called bed-rooms, and one large common room. I shall sleep here to-night at least, and perhaps as long as I stay here. I could have a room (I believe) at Captain ——'s, but whether I shall accept it or not, may depend on his empressement. This is foolish enough, but I have always great difficulty in refusing a strong solicitation to any thing;—of course I do not include the field of morals, and I mean to grow wiser about other things.

17th, ten p. m.

I dined at Sir John Stuart's both yesterday and to-day; the parties large, the rooms handsome, the entertainment noble. Ladies, to be sure, are rather scarce, as at Malta, about two to two-and-twenty of the other sex seems to be the allowance. I took a drive to-day along the Marina for rather more than four miles, towards the Faro tower. The scenery is indeed most beautiful. On the left, little hills tumbled one upon another in endless variety, covered with vineyards below, and clothed on their summits with olive trees and the Indian fig, which

grows wild here as in Malta, and in greater abundance. It is a species of gigantic aloe (as I take it), having no resemblance at all to the fig-tree. On the right is the sea, and beyond it the mountains of Calabria stretching away to a considerable distance, and of a great height. From the point at which I arrived, there was an excellent view of Scylla, which I examined with my glass, and saw very distinctly the horrid phantom with her dogs howling about her. To ordinary eyes nothing is visible but a very bold and lofty rock standing out from the shore, on the summit of which is a castle. It is close to the Calabrian shore, from which it is divided by a narrow arm of the sea, as my Calessiore informed me, for it is not visible; (N. B. it is only a vast fissure), and being quite commanded by all the neighbouring mountains, I cannot imagine how we managed to hold it so long. Having heard of Scylla, you will of course inquire for her old neighbour Charybdis; but of that lady I can give no certain account. Some say she lives at the Faro tower; others place her post off the lighthouse in this bay; but ——— tells me the most probable opinion is, that this frightful whirlpool has been buried by the enlargement of the neighbouring shore. I like this theory the best, for it saves a world of trouble.

St. Agatha, April 4, 1811.

My dear Father,

On the second day after my arrival at Messina, Mr. Burgman, the Commissary General for the Forces in the Mediterranean, to whom I had brought a letter from Mr. ———, called on me, and in a most friendly manner asked me to accept an apartment in his house, and become one of his family during my stay in Messina. I expected a similar offer from Captain ———, but this coming first, and being so exceedingly obliging, I did not hesitate to accept it. I lived a fortnight with Mr. B., receiving from him daily fresh evidences of his kindness and friendship (if I may dignify so short an acquaintance by that honourable title). I really cannot express how much I am indebted to him. His rank and situation as Commissary General would alone ensure him respect, but his character and conduct have purchased for him the regard and esteem of all the army in Sicily. In his house I enjoyed every accommodation and advantage possible, and in order to complete his kind offices, he has furnished me with letters of recommendation all over Sicily ; and when we parted, begged me on my return to Messina to ride straight up to his door, and take possession again of my old apartment. Of the situation and scenery of Messina I told you something in my last. Mr. B—— carried me one day to the Faro tower, from whence I had a very

near view of the opposite coast. The Faro tower is a very singular point at the end of a promontory of low land which runs out across the strait. The distance from shore to shore is rather more than two miles ; and I say this with some confidence, because an intelligent engineer officer assured me he had measured it by throwing shot across, and then trying how far the same pieces of ordnance, with an equal charge of powder and equal elevation, would carry by land. The French fire across, but not so as to do much mischief, for point-blank the shot will not reach ; and thrown as a bomb it is evident they can only damage the spot where they fall. They also fire at our ships as they pass, and now and then hit them. The nearest point to the Faro on the Calabrian coast is Torre di Cavallo. Scylla is two miles above it. There are two lakes, or rather largish sheets of water, on the low land near the Faro ; and we are at present endeavouring to cut a canal which, by their aid, may enable all our gun-boats, and perhaps larger vessels, to pass from the Northern Sea into the channel of Messina without going round the Faro. All the country from Messina to the Faro is lined with forts, and now rendered so strong that a descent would be a very desperate business. Murat's camp stretched along the opposite coast, and was so plainly visible, that he himself was very frequently seen through a glass, parading about, (for he is a good deal of a Gascon), and pointing in different directions. He had last summer twenty-eight thousand men en-

camped along the coast between Scylla and Rhegio ; but the shore is now silent, that rung so late with arms. I could distinctly see the different spots where his army lay, and where the contests between the gun-boats took place.

Hic Dolopum manus ; hic sævus tendebat Achilles ;  
Classibus hic locus ; hic acies certare solebant.

It is some time since you have ceased to read Virgil, but I dare say you recollect the description of the Trojans going out to view the seat of the Grecian host, when they retired to Tenedos. I took a variety of rides in the neighbourhood of Messina, and might continue so to do for months, without exhausting its stores of novelty. The country is beautiful, and the rides perilous, in a very high degree ; but one learns to disregard the latter long before the former ceases to please. There is not much to be seen in the town of Messina. The Madre Chiesa is a large old building, the west front of which is carved with great labour and considerable skill. It is certainly beautiful, but in a very grotesque style of beauty. The interior has an ancient, and not very inviting aspect ; but the building is supported by a range of pillars which are believed to be, and have the appearance of being antique. There is another church, L'Annunziata, which is handsome, but much inferior to St. John's at Malta. I went to see also a small church ; the name, I think, is St. Rosorio ; it is very pretty, the pavement, pillars, and all the walls being wrought in a

sort of Mosaic with infinite labour, which has a picturesque and pleasing effect. The streets of Messina are not handsome, but there are a good many of them: the principal one is the Strada del Corso; the houses good, but far inferior to those in Valetta, which, though smaller, are much more regular and better built. The Marina must have been very magnificent before the earthquake. It stretched for above a mile along the harbour and port of Messina, forming a fine crescent of regular and handsome buildings, which for situation certainly might have vied with any thing in Europe; but the terrible earthquake of 1783, which laid the city in ruins, seems to have overpowered also the courage and spirits of the Messinese, for the Marina still presents to the eye only heaps of rubbish;—indeed there remains hardly enough to testify its former grandeur. Since our arrival in the country, there has been a plan for re-building it, but the progress has hitherto been slow. The harbour of Messina is most beautiful and most singular. The tradition is, that Ceres, in kindness to the inhabitants of this city, cast her sickle into the sea. You will form a pretty correct idea from this fable, of the nature of the harbour, which is a bason nearly circular, and about three fourths of a mile in diameter, formed by an arm of low land that runs out into the sea in the shape of a sickle. On the furthest point of this stands the Lanterna, which ill deserves its name; for it gives no light at all, or next to none. We have here a small arsenal for gun-boats.

and a fine rope-walk. I went all over these; they are yet in their infancy, but promise to be very useful establishments. Messina is surrounded with convents. I cannot tell you the number, but it exceeds all credibility. One would think that people came into the world only to shut themselves up. At present these vast buildings are very thinly peopled, and many of them are turned into barracks for our troops. I went over one of the Benedictine order. It is large, and contains, as they all do, cloisters, a library, a refectory, long corridors, and cells on each side, with a large chapel attached to the east end. This order is very rich, and the professed all the sons of nobility. The monk who was so good to shew me over the building is the son of a Marquis. This convent has a very fine building at St. Placido, about ten miles off, built on a rock near the sea; but the Abbot told me the place was dangerous from the Corsairs, so they removed to this Ospizio; for large as it is, they do not dignify it with the title of monastery. The situation of many of these buildings, near Messina, is highly picturesque. To come to my acquaintance: Captain Hill called on me soon after Mr. Burgman was gone, and though I could not accept a lodging from him, I have received as much kindness, as could well be crowded into ten days. From Sir John Stuart I received a great deal of civility and polite attention during his stay; for he left Messina, for Malta, a week after my arrival. I will close my account of Messina, with saying that I passed



a fortnight there very pleasantly, and set off on my journey to Palermo, on Tuesday, the 2d of April. This is written at Santo Stephano, on Friday night, just before going to bed, about one hundred miles from Messina, and about seventy from Palermo:—safe, and well, and ready to renew my progress to-morrow.

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Cefalu, April 7.

Here I am actually twenty-four miles further advanced than yesterday, after being near ten hours on the road—but I must not anticipate. On Tuesday, April 2d, at 10 a. m. (the date of such an event ought to be accurately recorded) I set out from Messina, for Palermo. Mr. Burgman had been so good to provide me with proper mules and a latiga for travelling, and my suite consisted of one mule for riding, two carrying the latiga, and two for luggage. Three men and a boy attended this equipage, besides my own servant. A young merchant of the name of H. being bound for Palermo on the same day, we agreed to join company. Mr. H. has a servant, so our regular company is eight, but accidents have sometimes swelled it to ten or eleven. Indeed, some traveller or other has generally joined us (probably for safety); so we are too strong to fear ordinary assailants.

Palermo, April 8.

Here I am safely arrived, and without any serious fatigue, or other unpleasant circumstance, than the having been obliged (sorely against my wish) to travel all yesterday, which was Sunday; but the tardiness of my companion's horse made it impossible for me to get through the journey, as I intended, in five days; and after consideration, it seemed to be better to proceed than to lie up a day at Cefalu, at a serious additional expense, and much inconvenience, as well as the hazard of displeasing my companion. I have said that Mr. H. and I set out from Messina, on April 2d. I carried a latiga with me, partly to provide against rain, partly to give me the opportunity of changing my mode of conveyance, and relieving myself from the fatigue of riding, at pleasure. A latiga is a species of carriage, that would be a good deal stared at in England. Conceive a vis-a-vis (with room only for one person before, and one behind) with three shutters instead of windows, on each side, and one in front, swung like a sedan chair upon two stout poles; and two mules, one in front, and one aft, performing the office of chairman. Let it be imagined reasonably shabby, and I do not think the idea you will form of this vehicle will be incorrect. The man who attends this machine carries a long pole, with a bluntish point at one end, and a full inch in diameter; thickish therefore, and stiff: and the method of urging the mules, who carry the la-

tiga, forward, is partly by incessant cries of exhortation, and, when these fail, by chucking the fore mule smartly under the chin with the point of the pole. When the baggage mules flag, the other end of the pole is laid about their flanks and hocks, with some severity. Having described my carriage, it is proper to mention myself, that the whole picture may be before your eyes. An English officer being an object of great consideration in this island, civilians who travel generally equip themselves in regimentals. I did not think it necessary to go to the expense of a complete suit, but I purchased a new great coat, made *en militaire*, added a feather and gold band to my hat, tied a black cravat round my neck, and swung a sabre, which Captain H. lent me, at my side. These altogether produced so good an effect, that the English soldiers presented arms, and the Sicilians bowed and were civil, wherever I passed. Thus equipped, we parted for Melazzo, where we proposed passing the first night. Mr. Burgman lent me a horse to ride thus far, twenty-five miles; and I performed this day's journey, on horseback, without much fatigue. In crossing the plain of Melazzo, an accident happened, which occasioned me some uneasiness. One of my muleteers got into a quarrel with a muleteer that was on the road; words were quickly followed by knives, (for all these fellows carry a sort of stiletto,) and though they were parted, the stranger muleteer said that he should meet with my muleteer at Melazzo, that night, and would do for him.

This he said with a cool deliberation, that showed very plainly he meant to keep his word. I made Vincentio tell the man, that if he was injured, I would see him righted, but if he attempted to kill the other man, I would certainly have him punished. He was not at all uncivil, but gave me to understand, that if justice was done him, he should be satisfied; if not, he should take it. I found the man was in the employment of the commissariat, and determined to talk with Mr. P. (to whom Mr. Burgman had provided me with a letter) at Melazzo. I did so, and he promised to see that no mischief followed, and he said he had no doubt of being able to prevent it. He told me, however, that the stranger muleteer was a man well known, who went by the name of Bibby Forker, because he had killed one person, and should have been hanged, but escaped; and he mentioned various instances of the coolness with which these men revenge on one another the injuries they sustain; and this, at any distance of time. The fact is, the laws neither redress their wrongs, nor punish their crimes. If a man says, "Well, I shall go away for a few months," he means, I am going to kill my enemy, and must, therefore, hide myself for a short time: and they will speak of these horrid resolutions without fear or shame. But they do not like meddling with the English, for we are apt to take pains to get them hanged. Though, from what is said in the last page, you will be led to form a bad opinion of the Sicilians, their likeness ought not to be taken

from this single feature. The truth is, (I believe) that they are mere children endued with strength and recollection: like children, they are grateful and good-natured when kindly treated; but if they think themselves injured, their passions are terrible. At Melazzo we arrived safely, and Mr. Burgman had provided me with a comfortable lodging there, at the house of Mr. P. Melazzo is very peculiarly situated. The promontory on which it stands, is a hill of some height, (though lower than the neighbouring mountains) that runs out due north, or thereabouts, into the sea, being connected with the rest of the island by a neck of low land. The promontory presents a very striking appearance, a little like Gibraltar, though much lower and less magnificent. I could not ascend the castle, which I regretted, but dared not add to the fatigue of the journey. We were late in setting out from Melazzo, my companion being lazy that morning; and soon after, my own folly had nearly cost me dear; for passing close along the sea-side, and the mules proceeding heavily, I spied some fishermen hauling in a large drag-net, and as I knew I could move much faster than the baggage, I had the imprudence to quit my party, and go to the sea to observe what was caught. The net was longer than I expected, and took some time to get in. Meanwhile, I had been left at a distance; but not doubting to overtake the latiga, I pushed after it, and my mule cantered briskly. I inquired if a latiga had passed, and was told, Yes; but after a while I inquired again, and was told, No.

This was serious ; I had missed my way, and got nearly up to Pozzo di Gotto. At last, I found where I had diverged, and pressed forward to recover my lost ground ; but now my mule refused to proceed. I spurred, he kicked ; I patted and coaxed him, he moved a few steps, and stopped again ; I dismounted, and lugged him on ; but I had now got down again to the beach, which was sandy and fatiguing. I remounted, the mule was motionless ; I got a countryman to hallow and beat him ; he went a little way, and again stopped. I tried every expedient ; but the dull obstinacy of the beast foiled my utmost ingenuity, and I had almost given the thing up in despair, when it occurred to try what my sabre would do. I drew it, and with the flat side beat the mule on his shoulders. Whether the steel had a charm in it, or the brute thought I should slay him, I know not, but he now yielded, and with a slow sullen motion proceeded, and at last, to my great joy, I reached my companions.—“ *O qui complexus, & gaudia quanta fuerunt !*” not that the muleteers actually threw their arms about me, but we were all happy to meet, for they thought me lost. We were still in time (I believe) to have reached Georisa Nova, which was the place at which we intended to sleep ; but after travelling some miles along the sea shore, it became necessary to ascend a mountain, on the top of which stand the ruins of the ancient Tyndaris. Here the road became exceedingly rude and difficult : and it now appeared that Mr. H.’s Arabian liked sand better

than stones. His feet were so tender, that he moved forward, in a mincing step, like a fine lady; and my rough sulky mules got over the ground infinitely better than this gallant courser. I halted, and advanced, and halted again. Still the Arabian fell into the rear, and much time was lost in waiting till he could join us. At length, we found ourselves again on the sea side, near the foot of another mountain, nine miles from Georisa; and the day was now beginning to close. On the left, about a mile from the road, stood a town called Patti, most beautifully situated on the summit of one hill, at the base of another. I deliberated a while, and wished much to proceed; but the sun was sinking, the mountain before us was lofty, and travelling by night is no joke in Sicily. I resolved, therefore, to turn out of the road, and march gallantly up to Patti, trusting to the hospitality of the inhabitants for providing us a lodging. Seeing some monks on the road, I pushed forward, and made them understand that we were English travellers, unable to reach Georisa, and desirous of finding some accommodation in that quarter. They replied with great courtesy, and assured me that we should be lodged in a convent at the top of the town. Thither, therefore, we advanced, and found a convent of Capuchins, who received us very willingly, and supplied us with a couple of empty cells for the night. We got a late dinner in the refectory, (Mr. Burgman having provided me with a cold turkey, and three bottles of Madeira) and talked to the poor

monks till bed-time.—The ruins of Tyndaris stand on the summit of a lofty mountain, overhanging the sea, about a quarter of a mile on the right hand of the road. My companion having dropped a long way astern, I stopped the mules at a convenient place, and rode up to this summit; but the way was difficult, I was unwilling to lose time, and having looked at some remains of the ancient walls, which are not very curious, and seeing nothing else that appeared peculiarly worthy of observation, I returned. Tyndaris was once a large and flourishing city; it afterwards fell into decay, but the ruins were considerable, till an earthquake, not many centuries ago, tossed nearly the whole of them into the sea. There are said to be some remains of an old amphitheatre, but I did not discover it. There is a convent now standing on part of the site of the ancient city, and most magnificently bold the situation certainly is. I understand that many ancient coins have been dug up here, but I had neither leisure nor inclination to go coin-hunting. From Patti we took our departure early, and passed over a long, steep, and rocky mountain, to Georisa Nova. The experience of this road which was sufficiently difficult by day, made us rejoice that we had not attempted to push further the preceding evening. After leaving Georisa Nova, we passed through the Grotto della Pietra Perciata, a rocky defile close to the sea, remarkable for its gloomy grandeur. In one part, the rock is pierced through. It was, I understand, at this place that robbers used formerly



to fire on passengers from the clefts in the rocks: the scenery, therefore, is accompanied with its proper associations; and to secure its full effect, just as we had passed through the arched grotto, turning a sharp corner, we came suddenly on a party of horsemen, carrying each a fusee on his saddle. Their wild farouche air made me doubt for a moment, who they might be, and I jumped out of the latiga in some haste; but I soon saw that they wore a kind of uniform, and as they rode by, the leader came up to me, and informed me, that they were a party of guards, carrying two malefactors, who were chained; to suffer death for their crimes. We proceeded over another mountain, very lofty, very beautiful, and more impracticable than all that had preceded it. Having surmounted it with some difficulty, we came, near the end of the descent, to a place where the road was for about twenty or thirty feet literally almost perpendicular. I had dismounted, and was leading my mule; but to conduct him down this pass was impossible. I could by no means walk down myself, but half sliding, half tumbling, with some care, got safe to the bottom. How the baggage mules were to descend, passed my comprehension: but when the one who was most heavily laden arrived, he did not hesitate an instant; but resting himself on his feet, or rather his hocks, slid down with perfect coolness, and safety. The skill and success of these animals in getting through difficult places is really astonishing; when they cannot walk, they make a sort of clumsy

spring, but never tumble, or refuse the most impracticable passes. At St. Agatha at length we arrived just before sunset. This is a small village, standing on the sea shore, from which we could expect little. On inquiry however we found there was a locanda, containing one clean room for us, of a sufficient size, and a room behind for the servants. This was quite sufficient for a single night, and here, therefore, we determined to abide.

WRITTEN AT A LOCANDA (INN), IN SICILY, IN  
A STATE OF MUCH DEJECTION.

How many pensive visions have I wove,  
Since first I wandered from my parent shore ;  
How many fairy dreams of peace and love  
Have stole at eve, with willing influence o'er  
My aching heart, and bid it weep no more.  
But all are faithless, vain each lighter dream,  
And every mournful vision vainer still ;  
For joy has vanished like the morning beam,  
And real griefs my labouring bosom fill,  
That mock the idle thought, which mus'd on fancied ill.

The next day brought us to St. Stephano. The road lies principally through the Bosco di Caronia, which, in the parts we traversed near the sea, is formed by large deep beds of myrtle, arbutus, and rosa-marina, that spread over the sides of the hills, and rise to the height of five or six feet and upwards.

I need not say that the effect is in the highest degree picturesque and pleasing. St. Stephano stands on the top of a beautiful knoll, the sides of which descend rapidly upon the shore. Its situation is beautiful, but the town looks ragged, and the inhabitants poor and ill-favoured. I here went into the church, which is not ugly. From St. Stephano, one day's moderate exertion carried us to Cefalu, a city of some magnitude, with a considerable population, a good inn, a hospitable bishop, a handsome cathedral, and beggars beyond the powers of arithmetic to enumerate. We arrived late, enchanted with the scenery near the town, which is rich and picturesque beyond all imagination. The vegetation is such as I never before witnessed. What are shrubs in other parts become trees here; and the last three or four miles wind down the side of a hill overhung with lofty beds of myrtle and rosella, the air perfumed with a thousand odoriferous plants and flowers; and the whole landscape richly painted with the yellow bloom of innumerable large bushes of broom, that were perfectly hid under their own luxuriance. It is in truth—

“ A wilderness of sweets, for Nature here  
Wantons as in her prime, &c.”

And so, as I before said, we arrived at Cefalu. I had a letter to the Bishop, but it was late, and I rather fatigued; so we thought it better to enjoy our own humble liberty, than be pestered with civilities for which we felt no disposition. I have

since regretted this, for I find the Bishop of Cefalu is a very intelligent and liberal man, who thinks it wrong to prevent clergymen from marrying, and says there is much less difference between the Papists and Protestants than is generally supposed. The cathedral at Cefalu is of a very old date; the architecture what we call Saxon in England; though how the Saxon order got into Sicily, I leave the learned to decide. The building is large, curious, and respectable; and there is in the church a monument to the memory of one of their bishops in white marble, which is worth going all the way from London to Cefalu to see. We went over the bishop's palace, which is a very handsome house, containing a considerable number of large and well proportioned rooms, elegantly ornamented, after the Sicilian fashion, with fresco paintings, on the walls and ceilings. It is the handsomest Sicilian residence out of Palermo, that I have yet seen, except the Prince of Belmonte's country house. The principal feature at Cefalu is the rock under which it stands, which is in truth a mountain scaled on every side, and standing out boldly into the sea. It is visible to a great distance, and forms an exceedingly fine object. There is a large old castle planted on the top, and at the bottom, on the west side of it, stands Cefalu. The inn here was the first we had arrived at, that could be called comfortable; and we went early to bed, with the resolution of rising early, that we might reach Palermo the next day. I should have mentioned that near Cefalu,

the sides of the hills are clothed to the very top, and often up very steep declivities, with manna trees. These resemble young mountain ashes; their forms are airy and elegant, and their verdure very luxuriant. I am informed the manna is procured from them by making an incision in the bark, and suffering them to bleed as long as any of the juices exude. From Cefalu to Palermo is about forty-eight Sicilian miles, which may be equal to near forty English, a long journey for this country to be performed in a single day; but I was desirous of getting to an end of this first tour; and we knew that from Termini to Palermo, (about half the distance,) there is a good road, and carriages if we chose to take them. We started early, and reached Termini by eleven o'clock. The road leads through a country not very remarkable for any thing but the rice grounds, which stretch along the swamps near the sea shore. When we passed them, nothing was visible but mud and water. At a more advanced season, I suppose—but it does not much signify what I suppose, for I never saw a rice field in my life, and therefore you can fancy the thing to the full as well as I. Termini is a large town on the side of a small hill, overlooked by a very lofty, bold, craggy mountain, which lies behind it. I inquired about the ancient baths from which this town took its name, but found they were at the top of the mountain just before mentioned. They might as well have been at the top of Caucasus. I did, however, take the trouble of climbing up the

town on foot to see a church of very moderate grandeur, and a collection of ancient inscriptions that have been collected in a room near the Senate house. Some of these are Arabic, some in a character wholly unknown to me, some in Greek, some in Latin. They are not very curious: The only one that struck me was a Greek one.

Δημοσενει Αεχι—

Χαιρε

The second word was imperfect, the stone being broken, but I suppose it might be Αεχιχορηγω, or Αεχι any thing else; the beauty consists evidently in the extreme simplicity of the inscription. There is, near the same spot, a mutilated statue of Stesichorus, which may be valuable for its antiquity, but never could be so for its beauty. Thus a very plain woman gets admired if she lives to one hundred and twenty. I was tired with these miserable would-be antiquities, and glad to get into my latiga, having spent more than two hours, which I could ill spare, in ascertaining that there was nothing to be seen. The road from Termini to Palermo is less interesting than any other part of the journey. There is little of beauty till you reach the valley of Palermo, and no mountain grandeur. We passed through the Bagaria, a flat between two mountains near the sea, about four miles from Palermo, where most of the country palaces of the nobility are seated; and arrived at the metropolis about an hour after dusk. As we entered the city, the most obliging well-bred gentleman in the world stepped up to the side of my

latiga, and asked if there was any thing upon earth he could do to serve me; professing his readiness to be of every possible use, &c. &c. &c. My reply was surly enough, consisting, to the best of my recollection, of one word “niente;”—if I added “grazie,” which I doubt, it was more from a foolish habit of being civil, than from any sense of obligation to this polite Palermitan. By the way, (though it is out of its place,) I will mention another plague of this kind that happened a day or two afterwards, in which I did not acquit myself so valiantly. I was sitting at breakfast one morning, when a man, wholly unknown to me, made me a sort of introductory bow, and taking a seat near me, told me in baddish Italian, that he was a person who had great pleasure in shewing the curiosities of Palermo to English travellers; that he had published a little account of them, which he produced; and after a further periphrasis, added that he was also a poet, and had taken the liberty to compose a small piece on my arrival at Palermo; at the same time drawing out a little marble-covered paper book. I pretty well understood the meaning of all this, but being taken thus a-back, and not well knowing how to get rid of the fellow, I took his verses, and gave him a dollar. I asked L. afterwards, if he had received any similar visit. He said he had, but seeing by the looks of the man what he was, told him sternly that he was busy and would not be interrupted; on which the hero disappeared. I admired the gallantry of this, and was soon taught its wisdom; for having made a little tour to the western parts

of the island, the morning after my return, this hungry poet re-appeared, and walking up to me with perfect sang froid, insisted on shaking hands with me. I have no great objection to shaking hands with any man whose fingers are clean ; but I thought my friend an impertinent fellow. He sat himself down, and began a speech to which I paid no attention, but which concluded with producing a second poem, on my return to Palermo. This he politely tendered to my acceptance, and I as politely declined it. He renewed his oration, and I read my letters. He put the poem towards me ; I removed it. He sat silent awhile, but did not seem at all disconcerted ; spoke between whiles, but at last, finding I paid him no attention, rose, and saying that he found I was busy, again pressed his poem upon me, and added with a smile, that it was necessary for a poet to live. It was now needful to be explicit, and I told him with some sharpness, that I had one of his works, and would not have another. On this he took up his verses and marched off. He has haunted me no more ; but I find he makes a practice of writing a copy of foolish verses on the arrival of every Englishman ; and most of them, I fancy, like me, are simple enough to give him money. I hope some day he will light upon some hair-brained youngster, and get a horse-whipping ; for this national plunder is intolerable. I believe too he is a spy of the Court. Excuse this prosing episode. I have not said much of the general character of the scenery between Messina and Palermo,



but it would be difficult perhaps, out of Switzerland, to find one hundred and fifty miles of more continued beauty and grandeur. The outline of the country is this: lofty mountains sometimes clothed with wood to their summits, sometimes bleak and craggy, but always picturesque, press close upon the sea, leaving in parts only a narrow marina, and in other parts standing out in lofty promontories into the water. It is on these occasions that it becomes necessary to ascend the hills, which are often very difficult of access. In some positions however the mountains retire, and leave a plain surrounded by an amphitheatre of rocky hills; thus it is at Melazzo and Palermo; and in other places deep and extensive vistas open into the interior. The ridges are always lofty, and broken with wonderful variety—their sides steep, and their summits generally bleak and bare. The lower eminences however are often either wooded or cultivated, and on some of the most striking peaks towns are planted, which present a very novel and characteristic appearance to the eye of an English traveller. On the whole, it is a country well worth travelling through, even if it did not lead to Palermo: yet it is less known than most other parts of Sicily. As for the roads, no language can speak their badness; yet with a little care I do not think there is any part really dangerous. A man may break his neck if he will, almost any where, and the only advantage in that respect which these mule paths possess, is, that he certainly need be at no pains

to do it. The roads which ascend the mountains are like steep and ruinous stone staircases. There are many parts where it is not safe to go in a latiga, and some, where I do not think a man, not weary of his life, would like to trust any thing under him but his own legs. Yet with all this, I would go through the mere danger of the journey again for half-a-crown a day. In substance therefore there is no real peril, if a man minds what he is about. I shall not attempt at present to give any account of my residence at Palermo. I will only mention, that after spending ten days here very agreeably, I set off on a tour in company with L. to Trapani, Marsalla, Sciacca, and so back by Cor Leone to Palermo. We were eight days on the tour, and this is the fourth after our return. To my great joy, I found Lord Amherst here when I first arrived. From him and Lady Amherst I have received every civility and kind attention possible. They are universal favourites, and most deservedly. They sail for England on Wednesday. I shall probably leave Palermo the very next day in company with L., and few English will stay here after their departure. —Day closes when the sun sets.

END OF THE JOURNAL.

EXTRACTS  
FROM LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS.

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26th March, 1801.

IT would not be very difficult to prove that the period which we spend at School is the happiest part of life ; it is not therefore wonderful that we should look back on it with pleasure, as by a natural connexion we blend many circumstances in our recollection, which then added perhaps but little to our happiness, and it is well known that we invariably view events with greater pleasure as we recede from them ; just as in a distant retrospect on a wood, we view the mass of verdure with admiration, and forget the thorns and brambles through which we were obliged to effect our passage : but the pleasures of recollection can seldom be unalloyed ; for either we are now happier than we then were, or we are less so : if the former be the case, recollection will soon be laid aside : for who will view a waste, that is sporting in paradise ? but if the latter, it is too plain that melancholy comparison will throw a dark shade over the prospect. Again, we are either better or worse ; if better, conscience will upbraid us for the

past, and if worse, for the present. Yet with all these disadvantages retrospection both is, and ought, in moderation, to be indulged ; for, as Johnson observes, “ whatever draws off our attention from ourselves, whatever makes the past, the uncertain, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the scale of rational beings,”—and I think the world is under little obligation to those poetical moralists who recommend the fixing our attention on the present hour. They pretend indeed to inculcate a lesson of happiness, but they certainly cut off a great avenue to excellence ; and it will be difficult to prove that he can increase our bliss, who diminishes our virtue. Such sentiments serve only to shew the miserable state of those who could find no better refuge from uncertainty, than by recommending that which they knew to be impossible, and degrading that reason, which they so much boasted of, to a level with the beasts that perish : of such, it may be said most truly, what Bishop Horne applies to Hume and his infidel disciples :

Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram,  
Perque domos Ditis vacuas, et inania regna.

Indeed the more one examines their systems of theology, the more despicable they appear ; being dark and absurd in every part, except where they had obtained a little borrowed or traditional light from the Jews or their ancestors. Grotius among many other curious quotations, extracts this from the Hymns of Orpheus :

ΝΥΚΤΑ ΘΕΩΝ ΓΕΝΕΤΕΙΡΑΝ ΑΙΙΔΟΜΑΙ, ΗΔΕ ΚΑΙ ΑΙΔΩΝ.

which is in plain English “ We are totally ignorant of the origin or creation of this World.”

I have just begun to learn a law book by heart ; it contains 30,000 lines, and I hope to get it through twice in six months, but it is most dry, and like learning so many proper names—Are you meant for the Bar?—My eyes are nearly out, for it is just ten at night, and I have written this between sleeping and waking, having been at work almost unremittingly since half past nine in the morning, which is my daily dose.

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June 11, 1801.

It would be absurd to advise you not to *think* upon the subject, but I am serious when I say, that it will be wise to restrain yourself from *talking* on it (*for the present*), not only generally, but *totally*. If you allow yourself to converse on the subject of your loss, you will unwarily say things which you may hereafter wish unsaid. It was my case, and therefore may be your's. To tell you the truth, the subject is to me even at this distance of time a very melancholy one. “ I cannot but remember but such things were, that were most precious to me,” says Madcuff, and this is my case. Your's is not less distressing at present, though you will still have opportunities of signalizing yourself at the university, and you may there prove more successful. At the time when I was in your situation, a relation of

mine, a lady of very uncommon talents and acquirements, wrote to my father on the subject, and as what she says is far more sensible than any thing I can offer, I will transcribe part of it—"it will be far from a disadvantage to him to have met with this check, if it teach him not to make too sure of success in any particular points, but to look forward to the establishment of his reputation from the general tenor of his conduct. I believe there is no more common cause of the failure of young men of shining parts, than going on too long with the wind and tide in their favour. They trust to their sails and neglect the rudder, and the first adverse gale oversets them. At school, boys should learn to bear their faculties meekly, and recollect there was but one Cæsar, and that was one too many." What my father said on the same subject, though much more solemn, is equally true, and was peculiarly appropriate at that time, because it was when he was under the greatest affliction, my sister being supposed to be on her deathbed. After observing, that it is something to have deserved success by our endeavours, he adds, "You have deserved it, and, if you persevere, you will at length attain a crown, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give you: and *that crown* should be the great end and aim of all our exertions; the applause of a few men and women, (and very few are judges even of an English composition,) is as the small dust of the balance, when compared with the applause of men and angels, enlightened by, and acceding to the sentence of that all-wise and

righteous Judge: ‘ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’ ”

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22d June, 1801. 10 P. M.

I thought the first short note had come from you, and under that idea was not at all surprized at its conciseness, as it was very natural you should avoid all explanation or discussion in the first moments of disappointment. “ A man,” (says Johnson,) “ is never deeply afflicted with any thing which he can bear to write about.” And this is universally true as applied to the first effects of grief ; but as the immediate pressure becomes lighter by degrees, and we are more habituated to its weight, the mind will feel desirous of venting its ideas ; for nothing is so painful as that lifeless stagnation of sorrow which perpetual and silent musing produces. I believe the best possible method of easing and unloading the mind, is by putting on paper *all which we feel or think* ; for it relieves us for the present, and will afford pleasure hereafter. The danger of talking much on any painful subject is, that the mind unloads itself too rapidly ; the judgment has less time to act, and the vehemence always attendant on disappointment is animated by opposition, or a sense of injury, till we say that, which though it might be very properly written down for our private perusal, yet being open to perversion by those who are interested in misrepresentation, exposes us to the

charge of insolence or malignity: but I will not plague you by repeating dull truths with which every one is acquainted, though I am the more earnest in impressing the importance of “keeping your mouth with all diligence,” because I learnt the necessity of so doing by neglecting to practise it. Nothing can be more natural than to talk freely on the subject to an intimate friend, but he ought to be *very intimate*, and sufficiently candid, as well as kind, to forgive the fretfulness of vexation. All general discussion should be most strictly avoided.

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5th September, 1801.

You say you are very indolent, and to tell you the truth, I am inclined at length to believe from your own confession what —— could never persuade me of. If you really are so, be assured it is no small or trifling defect, but one which, if unsubdued, will be more fatal to your success and happiness, than even the most heinous crime. Your first object, therefore, should be to convince yourself of its importance, and then, perhaps, you will manfully determine to oppose it. No enemy is so dangerous as when we despise it; and it is for this reason that many good men, who have with great pains secured themselves against the inroad of serious crimes, are perpetually hurried into follies and disgrace by the most pitiful propensities, which, had they been more important, would have been carefully eradicated.



Learn therefore to consider Indolence not as a *failing* but a *crime*, and make up your mind calmly and decidedly to check it in every instance, as an enemy which, if unopposed now, will daily become more formidable, till it has choaked up every avenue to excellence. As the great patron of activity, as well as the best guardian of it when acquired, permit me to recommend THE STRICTEST TEMPERANCE, which is equally indispensable whether you wish to promote Health, Ability, Happiness, or Virtue. It is remarkable that of the Homilies appointed by our Church, the first which regards good works is on fasting, evidently considering *that*, which is only a more rigid abstinence, as the first great ground-work of virtue. The Temperance however, which I recommend, does not consist in temporary severities, which, however useful, may be destroyed by succeeding excess; but in acquiring a constant habit of taking no more nourishment than will properly suffice, and considering meals rather as matters of necessity than pleasure.

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March, 1802.

Before I proceed to any other subject, let me return you my most sincere and unfeigned gratitude, for the friendly advice which your last letter conveyed to me, yet not so much for the advice itself, as the manner in which it was given. To tell a friend of his faults certainly requires courage, and is therefore

laudable : yet courage is comparatively an inferior virtue. But to mention to him his failings in such a way, that he may be ultimately the better for the communication, is a task of a much higher nature, and involves in it essential requisites of a brighter stamp. This can only be effected by a total rejection, “quoad hoc,” of all pride, vanity, and self-interest, vices so closely inwoven in our nature, that their poison is often infused into our actions without our consent. No one is (abstractedly) willing to be instructed, for instruction implies inferiority, and this we are never willing to admit, unless some advantage, which is more than equiponderant, will arise from the admission. On the other hand, we are all of us ready enough to instruct, and for the same reason reversed. Yet the very cause which impels us so forcibly to communicate our advice, will almost uniformly render the advice ineffectual. Instead of pointing out to our friend *his* errors, we are displaying *our* excellencies, and when we ought to be improving him, are in truth flattering our own vanity. This, I believe, is one of the reasons why advice so very rarely is attended with advantage; and though it must be confessed that pride and obstinacy are too often the concomitants of error, yet I believe it will be found, that failure is as often imputable to the vanity of him who gives, as to the folly of him who receives. From hence it is evident, that applause is really due, not to the *act*, but the *manner* of bestowing, and it is on the last account that I feel under particular obligations to you. What you have said evidently proceeds from your

heart, and not from your head; I receive it as such, and hope I shall so remember it that it may not fall on unprolific ground. God knows, I have some faults, and many, very many failings; but as one swallow does not make a summer, so neither, I trust, does a single inflexion imply absolute depravity. I hope I endeavour to combat against some of my faults at least, though I cannot much boast of my success, and God forbid that I should boast, for “we must work out our work in fear and trembling,” “looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith,” “for he was meek and lowly of spirit.” So “though our sins be red as scarlet, shall they be made white as snow,” for “out of the throne proceeds a river of pure water which is the well of life.” And may the same good God who has guided us thus far, still continue to spread the shield of Omnipotence around us, till by his grace and the sufferings of an all-sufficient Redeemer, we may be clothed with the armour of light, till this corruptible may put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality!

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26th March, 1802.

For myself I go on much in my old routine, fagging hard at Classics and harder at Law; I have lately been attacking “Trojani Belli Scriptorem,” have nearly read through eight books and have learnt A, which is a very long one, by heart. He

helps to dispel the “*Tædia vitæ*,” and I may say as justly of the mists of this city, as Gray did of the frozen regions; that “the muse has broke the twilight gloom.” I have lately also read Juvenal, with some of Persius, through two or three times, (omitting the 6th and 9th Satires), and learnt about 1300 lines, which though certainly nothing to be named as real labour, yet is fair enough for the lighter hours of a stupid, illiterate quill-driver, bending over a desk in these regions of Cimmerian darkness,

Where murky mists the struggling morn disclose,  
And howling watchmen lull me to repose:

and I scarce hear of any thing but mortgages, releases, and assumpsits.

21st April, 1802.

I had a letter from ——— but yesterday; he is at Cork, and I fear will not return to London at present, which is a great grievance to me, and still greater disappointment; for, as Solomon says, “hope deferred maketh the heart sick,” and who shall deny Solomon’s knowledge of human nature? It strikes me, that from his example, we may be assisted in our estimation of human knowledge. Solomon was endowed with all wisdom from above, and it may be presumed he would leave to posterity that part of it which he considered as most valuable. What then are these writings? They are neither

critical, geometrical, or physiological, nor do they embrace any other branches of science; they consist merely of precepts of religious obligation, and axioms of daily prudence. I have always thought that no truth should be more continually impressed on the minds of those whose curiosity stimulates them to laborious investigations, than the inference thus arising from the example of Solomon, “*Œconomy*,” says Burke, “consists less in parsimony than comparison;” and if we substitute industry for parsimony, the same maxim will apply to learning. Perhaps I should rather use the word knowledge, which, (to entitle it to that name), ought to be both useful and capable of communication, for according to the old proverb,

*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.*

However therefore we may be allowed to make short irruptions into the different sciences, in order to enrich our ideas, and ensure equality; yet where our studies are optionary, they should ultimately and generally be directed to such inquiries as are connected with men and manners. We certainly were all born to act, as well as to think, and it should always be remembered that the first of these is enjoined, the latter only permitted. Johnson, in his life of Milton, observes that we are moralists by necessity, but geometricians only by chance; and Paley’s doctrine of Expediency and Benefit, though wholly inapplicable to actions, is a just criterion to direct investigation. I remember Johnson, as one

of the mottos in his Rambler, has two Greek lines which always pleased me, but I know not whence they are borrowed :

Ταυτ' εἰδὼς σοφὸς ἴσθι, ματὴν δ' ἐπικουρὸν ἑατὸν  
Πᾶ το κενὸν ζῆτειν, καὶ τινες αἱ μοναδες.

which he translates thus :

On life, on morals, be thy thoughts employed ;  
Leave to the schools their atoms and their void.

With respect to the propriety of administering any oath not enjoined or authorized by law, it might perhaps be a fair subject for discussion ; and supposing it to be right, I certainly do not think it requisite that any option should be given to the boys. I think it ought to be compulsive ; but then we should differ in our definition of optionary, for I consider every measure as compulsive, where the alternative is attended with evils wholly disproportionate to the fault which incurs them. Thus if a man demands my money with a pistol, I have the option of death ; but both the law and common sense would call this compulsion. Generally speaking, I think where forfeiture of some benefit in possession is the only alternative, we can scarcely be said to have an option ; but where only an incapacity to attain such benefit is created, we certainly have. I think therefore the oaths are at Winchester compulsively administered ; and (supposing them right) I think it is proper they should be so :—all the oaths generally required by law are of a different

nature, and are necessary to qualify for the enjoyment of some advantage; and I think with you, that they are wise and necessary, and certainly not compulsive. You fight hard, I see, for the use of the classics as conducted at Winchester, but I cannot allow your defence. The object is to hinder the mind of youth from being corrupted, which can never be effected by the mere omission of every offensive passage in the public lessons; since we all know that prohibition always provokes desire, and perhaps no boy ever omitted an indecent line in reading, merely because he knew he should not be allowed to construe it.

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29th January, 1803.

——— spent a week with us at Hayes, where my father endeavoured to dissuade him from going abroad; but the plan was too far ripened to be interrupted, and we must lose him for a year or more. I hope and believe his principles will secure him from infection, yet I cannot help doubting the propriety of voluntarily exposing ourselves to temptations from which we daily pray to be exempted: and no one who has not seen, can conceive the dangers he will have to encounter in foreign countries. I wish our good friend was not going to Italy; yet in the midst of my fears and my scruples, I cannot help envying the literary luxuries he will enjoy in the land of taste and science. Cicero

owns he felt a degree of enthusiasm when roaming under the shade of the groves of Academus ; and we are all too sensible of the effects of local attachments, not to feel, even in idea, some inspiration attached to the awful ruins of the Capitol, the Senate-house, and the Forum, where so many orators, poets, and heroes purchased immortality.

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28th June, 1803.

For all your information on the subject of Bishop Berkeley I thank you very much, as well as for the labour which it gave you to procure:—Your anecdote of the Scriblerus Club pleased me mightily. Warton indeed I formerly read, but it was eight years since, and I was then too idle and too conceited to read with much attention ; but idleness brings its own punishment, and conceit its own remedy—had I indulged neither at thirteen, I should not now lament the want of those acquirements at twenty, which might have otherwise been obtained. His verses I shall look for with a curious eye, whenever I go to Hayes, but here I have no Dodsley—Where your quotation of “ Coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin,” comes from, I know not, but it is happy ; for whoever means to vanquish him, had better put on a merry face at first, for he will have but a foolish one at last—Berkeley’s theory is deep, acute, and remote from common apprehension ; but to you I will say, (what I could



not say to many,) that I am sure it is grand and captivating, and I believe it is unanswerable. Berkeley is not unique, nor aimed he at novelty; his object and his guides were equally great, the first was the demolition of atheism, which in every age, and particularly in his, had hinged itself on materialism; and his second were Plato and Aristotle with their schools; nor can he be considered as only “*magni umbra* ;” far otherwise—“ He lives to build, not boast a generous race.” Whoever will read him with attention, will rise with his pride humbled, his ideas enlarged, and (unless it be his own fault) his piety elevated. But I will add no more; I hope you will read him, but whenever you do, be not disheartened if you do not understand the first twenty pages after the introduction: I am not sure that I ever understood these at all.

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1803.

—It is impossible for you to conceive the labour I go through, or at least the constant succession of employment; for I believe I may say, on an average I am employed in reading or writing nearly 14 hours every day.—I am endeavouring, among my other various occupations, to obtain a knowledge of some branches of algebra and the mathematics, as introductory to mechanics, optics, navigation, natural philosophy, &c. but now as my eyes, my head,

my fingers, my pens, and my patience are all gone, and the night also is going fast, I must subscribe myself, &c.

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Jan. 3, 1804.

Horace's rule of "Nil admirari" though formed for cold imaginations and languid prudence, is not without its use. They who venerate any one individual to the neglect of others, generally do ill, for they expect more than humanity can realize, and being disappointed once, become indifferent to merit. The same truth, perhaps varying according to its various subjects, pervades life in general; yet I can never envy those beings who think all the world equally good or wicked, equally happy or miserable, equally pleasant or disgusting; to whom elegance and grossness, talents and stupidity, knowledge and ignorance, are matters of indifference; who can find an excuse for every fault, but balance their charity by discovering a drawback from every virtue. If political equality be destructive to society, this sort of moral equality is fatal to every virtue, destructive to every nascent principle of honour, generosity, and emulation, introductive of a dull calm in the heart and understanding, which resembles not the quiescence of a lake, but the stagnation of a bog. I hate such frozen philosophers. It is the lot of humanity to find their blessings sullied with alloy, but this negative state is to

me defacated evil. The absence of all excellence implies the prevalence of all that is odious, as the departure of light would be reproductive of chaos.——

That ambition is but short-sighted, which looks only to the applause of senates ; that avarice inaeagre, which can count only guineas. “ A breath can make them as a breath has made.” The only solid ambition is that which presses forward to a glory lasting as our immortal soul, and extensive as its powers. The only avarice which can never satiate, is an avarice of virtue and knowledge, the perfection of our moral and intellectual principle.— A new year should be the commencement of a new life, and what a new life should be, sense and revelation, time and eternity will testify. May then this season be to you the season of present felicity, and the augury of future happiness and honour, in every varied situation of your existence.

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Worcester, Saturday Night.

March, 1806.

I suppose my affection for a contested election is not much increased from apprehension of the discomfort it threatened to produce ; but in truth I have no great love for the thing upon principle. Some people fancy that the licentious uproar and tumult it occasions (though it may be bad for the time) produces great political benefits ; that it gives

the people a consciousness of their importance, and keeps alive, by this sort of periodical stimulus, a sense of liberty and its value. This is very true ; but I am unpatriotic enough to think this cant about popular liberty, only a bad argument adopted by those who were determined to find some, and could not hit upon a better. The people do not want to be reminded of their liberty by being made drunk, and bawling out “ Lyttelton for ever ;” and the patriot who thinks it a public duty thus to outrage decency, that he may keep alive a sense of his own importance, should be put into the stocks to learn better manners. The people are reminded of their liberty by every dogs-eared newspaper which they read at the alehouse on a Saturday evening ; and the liberty thus prated about would be lost in six months, if it were not better guarded by the noble barriers of a free constitution, than it is or can be by the turbulence of a mob. The only defence for a contested election is, that it is an evil necessarily incident to representation, a good so great, that it is well bought at the price of fifty evils ; but, considered simply per se, on its own merits, a contested election is productive of infinite mischief, and I verily believe, of no good whatever. The wounds it creates in a county are frequently not healed for half a century, and the waste of general morals, by destroying habits of sobriety and good order among the lower classes, is more easily conceived than estimated. But enough of this—I cannot tell you how much pleasure my late visit to

Oxford has afforded me, and I must add, that I feel indebted to you for by much the largest portion ; indeed all the pleasantest hours were spent in your company. I should find it difficult to select three hours from my whole life which have left a more delightful impression on my mind, than those passed in your room on Thursday night. Pray remember me very kindly to —— and ——, but particularly to ——, who I suspect possesses a heart and understanding considerably above the common level. His affection for poor dear —— is alone in my mind enough to render him very estimable. That name I can neither write nor think of without great pain ; it is, indeed,

———“ for ever lov’d, for ever dear,

“ Still breath’d with sighs, still utter’d with a tear.”

I do not know what I should do if brought to the test, but I feel as if I could walk round the world barefoot, to restore that noble soul to life and happiness ; and a pleasant walk it would be, for I know I should have you for a companion.

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Monmouth, Aug. 5th, 1806.

Alas ! Alas ! all my fair projects of an Irish expedition have been dashed since we parted ; and I must traverse no new regions, visit no new scenes, enjoy no new society, survey no new system of manners. I take my disappointment with prudent

good humour, considering that fretfulness is not very wise, when it vexes only oneself. Yet I could have wished to make a little range. I want it on many accounts.—My circuit, in which I have proceeded thus far, has been hitherto very pleasant, and tolerably profitable, but has furnished little of novelty to communicate. I have read some books since I have been out, of different descriptions—Cardinal Retz—Dr. Doddridge's life, which —— gave me, and recommended me to read; and which I advise you to get and read, with this assurance, that you will find it very interesting, instructive, and useful.—It must be read however as a serious work, for such it is, and the benefits to be derived from reading it are of a serious nature; but who is there that will not confess such benefits to be infinitely the most valuable which we are capable of receiving? And if we confess this, do we not act as madmen if we take no pains to secure them? I have also been reading a little work on anatomy, and am quite astonished at the Divine mechanism displayed in our animal œconomy: well might Galen be cured of atheism by seeing a skeleton—yet “these are not His glory.”—The creation of an immortal soul is beyond it all, and the mysteries of redeeming mercy infinitely removed above that. These are awful subjects for a letter, but it is good to accustom the mind to contemplate great things; it exalts and refines it; it raises us above the low passions and pursuits of a sordid and grovelling

world. It is the parent of the true sublime, in action as well as imagination. My good friend, redeem your time.

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1st Oct. 1806.

Being at sea as to your present residence, and knowing that you are of a most wandering disposition, I must inclose this to your father as my only resource. Well, in a few months, your wanderings will be over, and you will enter on a different system of life. I never saw a person yet who was not altered by marriage. It sobers even the sober. It is the commencement of a state which has no definite period, but that which is assigned also to our existence here ; so that a man may, as it were, take a survey of the whole of earthly existence upon his entry on connubial life. A survey we are too apt to neglect ; a survey indeed, which few are willing to take, because it must issue eventually in that awful change, which is no subject of pleasing contemplation to those whose hearts and hopes are chained down to this life. Let not us do so, my friend ———. The mortality of the last year may surely have taught us how fleeting are the shadows, how shifting the scenes of this world.

———“ Ubi nos devenimus illic,  
Quo pius Æneas, quo dives Tullus, et Ancus,  
Pulvis et umbra sumus.”

We too must follow, follow soon;  
 Must quit life's gay and gawdy noon,  
 Where thoughtless now we stray;  
 To the same quiet mansion hie,  
 Where Pitt, and Fox, and Nelson lie,  
 And turn to dust as they.

I need not say, here is an extempore translation of the passage quoted, for its badness must at once betray it. Seriously however, the seeing such lives as Pitt and Fox come to their close, has impressed me with feelings (which I trust are salutary) of the vanity of earthly honours, and even of splendid talents and endowments. These will only heighten their responsibility in that world to which they are gone; and it would be a happy check to vanity, if, whenever a feeling of superiority glances across the mind, we could consider it as a memento of the duties we have to perform, and the means we enjoy of performing them. Think of this my friend ———. You are soon to enter on that state which I might almost call in the words of the poet, “little understood, our greatest evil or our greatest good.” To you I trust and doubt not it will be the latter; but no truth is better worth the recollection of every man in every station, than this, that Christianity is the real bond of union; and further, that it must be the source of our felicity in this life, if we hope to enjoy the rewards it promises in the next.

To change the subject. Have you heard any



anecdotes of Fox's death? I have not heard much, though Mr. ——— mentioned, that he read Virgil to the last, but desired to have prayers read, and they were so. This is something; but oh! how little, compared with that regular consecration of our whole life and all our powers, which is the real service God requires, and which alone can or ought to satisfy him.

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Tuesday, 9 August, 1808.

It is twilight, and I cannot see; having been awake almost the whole of last night, I cannot think. So if this should be neither legible nor intelligible, you must not wonder. Our late habits, or rather our loss of habits, of correspondence, which you allude to at the beginning of your letter, are a very pretty diatribe for an exordium, and serve for me you see, as well as you; yet the case I believe is a very common one between friends, and proves nothing, but that they have grown so intimate as to be careless of ceremonies. When two youths (as you and I for example) of intelligence and feelings, with active and curious minds, warm affections, and a thousand other excellent qualities which modesty forbids me to mention, first become acquainted, they fall immediately to corresponding; this creates confidence, and cements friendship; for a while the passion is strong: they both write their best, for each is desirous to please, and the occu-

pation thence derives interest and activity. Thus it continues with some for a great length of time, where the parties are tolerably idle, and the correspondence literary; but more commonly exactly that happens, which has happened to us. The gloss of novelty wears off; each party grows pretty well acquainted with the sentiments of the other, they become so intimate that letters cease to be necessary for advancing or preserving friendship; and alas! Indolence, the siren, generally disguised under the mask of business, “obrepit non intellecta.” And so ends my tale. No, for another circumstance has just occurred, which is so creditable an excuse for a declining correspondence, that I cannot omit it. If the two friends happen to be, (as you and I again) very clear-headed and good natured, nothing in the course of nature can keep the habit of letter-writing alive above a year or two. If they do but quarrel a little about any matter that interests them, for want of sense or temper, they may go on exchanging letters, or rather controversial pieces in the epistolary style, till their passions cool, which generally will be long after their wits are exhausted; but good sense and good nature, it is clear, are neutral qualities, and excite no agitation. Therefore, as we, &c. &c. &c. “And this, Sir, is the reason why we have both been dumb.”

*Wednesday.*—I hope you did not expect me, or at least not so expect me as to feel the slightest disappointment at my absence. To say the truth, I

could not have come without great inconvenience ; and thought, on re-consideration, that to travel eighty miles on horseback, in order to spend a few hours at ———, was being rather more romantic than the sobriety of my years will allow ; for romance is generally over at five-and-twenty ; and (though I have an instinctive love for it, which I fear will never be quite eradicated,) perhaps it would be happy if its reign never commenced. In a world such as this, it generally produces much more misery than happiness ; and though it usually bespeaks delicate feelings and some of those qualities which we are too apt to admire, it is not very consistent with that spirit of placid contentment which Christianity inspires, and which a deep sense of our utter unworthiness of any blessing in the sight of God naturally must produce. Leaving however romance and romancers to their fate, this is to advise you, (as the merchants say) that my visit, though postponed, is not given up. A man may still keep his barouche, after he has laid down his whiskey ; and though my shorter journey has been relinquished, my longer remains still in project and prospect ; for if nothing hinders, (which however I cannot warrant, for I have business enough to plague though not to enrich me,) I intend visiting you on Saturday.

11 P. M. 26th Aug. 1808.

My history since we parted is not very long or interesting. I left you and Mrs. ———, I could almost say, with a heavy heart ; only that it is somewhat unmanly to allow of heaviness in an ordinary separation from friends ; yet the recollection of pleasure which is past, combined with quitting those whose kindness has bestowed it, carries with it a certain sentiment of melancholy, which is at once sad and pleasing. In truth, I know not when I have passed three days more delightfully, than those which were spent at ———, and the delight, I trust, was not wholly selfish. It arose, in part at least, from witnessing the solid and enviable happiness you enjoy, of which, let me add, it is not the least part, that you so well know how to value it. May it very long be continued both to you and Mrs. ———, unalloyed, or, at least, with as slight alloys, as in this our imperfect condition can be hoped for. Pray give my kind and affectionate regards. I hope my short visit has in some measure advanced an acquaintance into friendship, from cultivating which, I promise myself hereafter much both of pleasure and improvement.—Since my arrival here, I have been idle enough, for my law books are but just arrived ; but my leisure hours have been occupied and regaled with the new Edinburgh Review, and some of Dryden's prose works, which are to me far more pleasant. I have read two articles in the Edinburgh, the first and the last ;

the reviews of Fox's book, and Mitford's new volume. Both certainly are very able, though the latter I think much the most elaborate, and on the whole, the greater performance. There is considerable frankness and independence in the former article; and the writer has with great dexterity contrived to speak very highly of a work, the essential defects of which he has yet honestly enough declared. To be sure, expectation was most absurdly raised about Mr. Fox's History, which I fancy was principally owing to the author's high character for taste and literature. People quite forget that writing, like speaking, is an art, and one too which requires more of study and practice than the other, as more perfectness is exacted in it, "*tanto plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.*" Fox evidently had been very little accustomed to compose, or he could not have constructed many of his sentences so wretchedly as he has done; though I still hold that his style is in some parts eminently beautiful; and quite agree with him in thinking, as he seems to have thought, that our modern writers have added nothing to prose composition, which has not been purchased at too high a price. I love the simple, clear, and manly diction which was in use a century and a half ago. Addison doubtless added grace, though I think he sacrificed something of vigour; and the pleasure therefore which he gives is more delicate than poignant. There is the same difference between him and Dryden, that there is between Horace and Juvenal. I dare not decide

which is superior, but I find that I read Juvenal most. Late writers I think have contributed nothing but affectation. Latin and French idioms have been introduced, and an artificial way of writing, which is regular and glossy, but to my taste it is deficient in variety, and has rather a constrained elegance than native grace; it has the ease of a dancing master, not of a gentleman. The Scotchmen (who had to write a *foreign* language,) have been principally guilty of this. Smith is the best writer among them, that I am acquainted with. Hume's style would perhaps have been the first of all our authors, if he had been born on this side of the Tweed; but like Theophrastus, who was discovered to be an alien by his studied Atticisms, he betrays his origin by his caution and refinement. Ferguson, whom I dipped into at ———, I cannot admire. He is perfectly ennuyant; every sentence is cast in the same mould; and every part of each sentence is of the same family with the rest—"Grove nods at grove, each alley has his brother."—Blair is sweet, but somewhat feeble; and his style, above all the rest, is like a piece of joiner's work; the parts fit too nicely. Here is a piece of criticism for you, and of bold criticism too, considering that it is written to a Scotchman. Send me in revenge your judgment on our English authors. I know not how it is, but elegant literature has of late become much more agreeable to me, than philosophical speculations. In particular I find politics tiresome; and though the groves of Academus

are very solemn and composing, the myrtles of Parnassus, and soft willows that weep around the fountain of Arethuse, are more inviting. This I fancy is the effect of contrast, and to be sure, legal studies and occupations are an excellent foil to whatever is gay and graceful. But this world was not intended as a theatre of amusement, however our pilgrimage here may be cheered with varied pleasures. This plain but momentous truth must be at the bottom of all lasting happiness, as the neglect of it is too frèquently the source of wretched disappointment. May we ever recollect it; and while we receive and enjoy with gratitude the pleasures bestowed on us, reflect, that He who gave and continues both the objects of gratification and our powers of tasting it, will not allow his gifts to be perverted to his own dishonour, nor “the creature to be loved above the Creator.” Life I have often thought is like a well contrived drama. There is much of varied entertainment; there are sentiments, and characters, and shifting scenes; and even underplots, if cautiously managed, may be admitted; but there is only one great end, and whatever does not tend, either directly or by more distant consequence, to advance the main plot and work out the crisis, must be rejected as improper. A good critic cannot permit the most glowing thoughts, or happiest expression, or most passionate scene, to stand, if the symmetry of the piece is thereby injured, or its conduct disturbed. Adieu.

My dear Tom,

Sept. 11, 1809.

I will call you by a more respectful name in London, but here I really cannot; for every body talks about *Tom*, and every body loves *Tom*, and I don't see why I only should be upon my good behaviour. I arrived here last Saturday morning at breakfast time, having been kept by Mr. ——— much longer than I intended; but he is like the old man in Sinbad's voyage. Woe be to the traveller that falls into his grasp. It required a considerable effort to disengage myself, and I have promised another short visit on my return, which will be greatly to my inconvenience and delight. Mr. ——— I think enjoys his parsonage as much as possible;—to say that he is happier than usual, is being very bold; but certainly he is as happy as I ever beheld a human being. He carried me one day to Weston, and we wander'd over many a spot which Cowper's feet had trod, and gazed on the scenes which his pen has immortalized. On another day we visited Stowe—"a work to wonder at," for we were still in the land of poetry, and of music too, for Mr. ——— made the shades resound to his voice, singing like a blackbird wherever he went. He always has the spirits of a boy, but at ——— not little Sam himself can beat him, though he does his best.—From ——— the coach has conveyed me (but alas! not my portmanteau) to this seat of piety and domestic happiness. How many happy hours and days and years have been spent in



this mansion. There was a time when the sight and even the thought of such things touched me with a sensation, which I can neither communicate nor describe, half joyful, half melancholy ; the pleasure of sympathy, the pain of contrast. I could feel it still, in all its force, if I dared to cherish it ; but advancing life, though it may not teach wisdom, enforces at least self command ; and I am a thorough convert to the doctrine (though indeed a wretched practical proficient,) that “ true self love and social are the same ;” that thorough benevolence of heart is one of the most valuable secrets of happiness, and selfish thoughts or desires, no less than selfish actions, to be dismissed, as equally hostile to peace and virtue. I need hardly say that I was welcomed here most kindly, and I hope, (through the goodness of God) that I may have reason to be thankful for much more than the pleasure which I have received, and doubt not I shall continue to receive, during this visit ; else indeed I shall be responsible for great opportunities wasted. Yet to say the truth, the remembrance of the past affords me so little sense of satisfaction or security, that I should greatly tremble for the future, if the mercy of God were not greater even than the corruption and waywardness of his creatures. To be sure the depravity and blindness of man is a most astonishing phenomenon. I was reading the other day an article in the last Quarterly Review on the South Sea Mission (which by the bye is a mighty odd article for a number published in 1809 ;) from whence it appears, that the profligacy, cruelty, and

nameless abominations prevailing in those islands, once deemed so innocent and happy, are such as to threaten the actual destruction of the whole population, which they have already thinned in an astonishing manner. It seems as if God permitted such fearful scenes to be acted in parts of his creation, for the purpose of convincing those who in the sunshine of peace and civilization are ready to forget both their Maker and themselves, what sin is, and what its effects, where less controlled by divine power. I can well believe, that among the wise, though inscrutable, purposes which the Almighty proposes to accomplish in letting loose that monster the French Revolution, is the setting before the eyes of European nations, (who, alas ! too much needed the sad spectacle,) a most awful proof and warning of the depths of depravity to which the whole human race might fall, if the sustaining arm of grace and power should be withdrawn.

We want in this country a number of persons who without being in holy orders, or beset with party prejudices, or particularly distinguished from others in the same ranks of life, in respect of any thing but those points which religion prescribes or affects, shall be known as the faithful or avowed (though humble and unobtrusive) servants of God, whose piety, purity, activity, benevolence, deadness to the world, and the like, may be manifest, while at the same time their cheerful intermixture in the ordinary occupations and innocent pursuits of life may make their characters familiar to others, and their

talents and attainments enforce respect. Great things I am persuaded might be effected; for it is impossible to converse with men indiscriminately, without perceiving that religion exists in many minds, and is even a principle of considerable force, where it has never acquired a decided ascendancy: that some want encouragement, that more want knowledge, &c. Are you making a progress with Bishop Hall? It was the advice of Johnson to a young writer, not to exact from himself the joint labour of thought and composition at the same time. I will give you a piece of advice also (being sage and old and celebrated like the Doctor) if you are about to write on any topic that requires thought, think it *fairly out* before you put pen to paper. Industry is the greatest saver of time I know. And now you are set up for an author, do your best to be sufficiently vain and irascible, with a tolerably large share of pertinacity, and you cannot fail of the two great blessings of penmanship—fame and starvation. I do not know that I have ever said, and perhaps without saying it you will not have the grace to understand it, that my very bad library is entirely at your disposal now and ever; only beware of the dust.

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My dear Friend,

21st Sept. 1809.

I think your kindness and my perverseness proceed in parallels; but the real reason why I have

not written before is, that I managed to mislay your former letter, forget Sir ——'s direction, and forget too, both how long you proposed staying with him, and where you were bound afterwards. In the mean time arrives your last kind letter, ordering me not to apologize for not answering your former one (which order you see how I obey ;) and reminding me of my faults, only by the kindness and confidence it expresses. Indeed I believe you in saying that you do not impute my silence to any decay of affection, and I thank you for it. Your former letter reached me in town before I set out on my late pilgrimage. In your last but one, you made inquiries about ecclesiastical history for ——, for whose kind postscript I fear I never returned thanks. I fully intended to have sent her my little stock of information on this matter forthwith, as ladies are entitled to expect alacrity in those who are honoured with their commands ; and she will believe me when I say, that I am much more eager to please her, than the most perfect politeness could make me. This intention however, like too many others, has hitherto borne no fruit ; and in truth, now that I am actually writing, I can do little more than confess my incapacity to supply any useful information. This only I know (which you probably know already with as much certainty as I) that Mosheim has compiled a tolerably correct and entertaining narrative of the principal events which have happened in the history of the Church, understanding that word in its loosest sense ; and that Milner has written an account of

the changes which befel the Church, in the spiritual sense of the word, from the death of our Saviour to the time of the Reformation ; to which a pretty considerable volume has lately been added (by Isaac Milner, the Dean of Carlisle, brother to Joseph the historian) treating of the Reformation. The three authors together present a sufficient view of ecclesiastical concerns during the first 1550 years : but they are rather voluminous. Pray give my kindest regards to ———, and tell or read her this, and add, what I am persuaded her own piety would suggest (yet which she will forgive me for mentioning,) that the holy Scriptures, particularly the New Testament, furnish by far the best light, direction, and antidote to the reading of ecclesiastical history. I know of no study in which it is more necessary to carry along with us an intimate acquaintance with the standard of faith and holiness delivered in holy writ.—It happens of necessity that the most valuable part of the Church story, the lives, opinions, tempers, and practices of the most eminent Saints, has been lost. These men contributed in general but little to the changes in Church or state, which it is in the office of the annalist to record. They lived and died servants of God in spirit and truth, but, for the most part, disinclined to meddle in worldly concerns, and certainly quite indifferent to celebrity. Their kingdom, their hope, their prize, their glory, was that inheritance which fades not away, reserved for them in Heaven. We need not therefore be surprized to find strange corruptions

early over-running the Church ; shocking acts of violence committed under the cover of religion ; and even some of the best characters, whose actions are preserved, tarnished with great faults. All these things were so ; and the wisdom of God, I doubt not, permitted them so to be, that those only who seek the truth in humbleness and sincerity may find it. Yet there were undoubtedly in every age many, whose very names are forgotten, that sustained in their principles and exhibited in their lives the purity of the Christian faith, following the steps of their blessed Master, trusting in his merits, and conformed to his example. To many I believe ecclesiastical history is full of snares ; to the humble conscientious Christian it is full of instruction. He who first published the glad tidings of salvation to man, has ever watched over his servants with the tenderest love. His eye is now on me who write, and on you who read. I pray God, we, and all who are dear to us, may continually become more and more sensible of this. I have great need to pray this for myself, and hope, my friend, that you will have the kindness at all times to lend me your assistance, to cherish and improve in me whatever good thing it has pleased God to work in my heart, and to correct whatever is evil. I must bespeak also my friend ——'s kind services ; promising to render the same to both according to my knowledge and opportunities.

Dear Sir,

Sept. 1810.

Your cover inclosed two letters, both so kind and acceptable that I am rather unwilling to answer them jointly, but the materials of a reply to each are so much the same, that they will hardly bear separation; and Mrs. ——— will not, I am sure, think me the less sensible to the peculiar kindness of her note, because I do not express the pleasure and gratitude I feel for it, directly to her. To be remembered at ———, with interest and affection, is, I can truly say, in my estimation, a happiness that would over-balance much severer sufferings and privations than those which I have been called on to support.

I wish it was in health, as it is often observed to be in character and manners, that men become what they find themselves reputed to be; for then the congratulation which you received before the assembly of magistrates would prove something better than barren compliments; however, I am glad to hear that you have been able to endure the fatigues and inconveniences of a long journey without detriment to your health, though I had hoped that the effects of such a tour would have been better than merely negative. It is something to ascertain that we are capable of exertions which were thought doubtful; for after all, health, like riches and rank, is principally valuable as it confers power and liberty.

Your account of Loch Katrine makes me feel how much I have lost by my confinement this sum-

mer; but I do not despair of yet meeting you on the ridges of Benbenue, if you realize your project of a second visit to those quarters.

My own history is this: I was on the point of setting out for Scotland, when half persuaded by Mr. ———, and half led by what is commonly called accident, I consulted Dr. Reynolds (who has long attended my sister) about an old troublesome cough to which I had paid very little attention. This circumstance (through the goodness of God) has probably saved my life. Dr. R. ordered me immediately into the country, and by frequent bleedings, with strict regimen, &c. has pretty effectually reduced an inflammation on the lungs, which had gained some height, attended with pleuritic symptoms. The bleedings have now been suspended for near a fortnight. Indeed I am to be bled again to day on account of some slight indications of reviving inflammation; but on the whole, I am certainly much better, and though considerably reduced in strength, should hardly acknowledge myself an invalid, if the cough did not continue still undiminished. Notwithstanding this, I feel considerable confidence of a perfect recovery (I speak according to the ordinary probability of things, without forgetting who is the Sovereign Disposer of every event); but I now fear it must be purchased at a very high price. When I saw Reynolds and Sir H. H. a week ago, they both strongly intimated the necessity of a warmer climate. Yesterday the former came down here, and I asked him



what prospect there was of my being able to resume my profession in November. He told me, with great kindness of manner, but very intelligibly, that there was none. This however being a matter of very great moment in regard to my future prospects in life, it was determined that a fortnight more should elapse ; that Sir H. H. should be called in once more, and that he and Reynolds should give an ultimate judgment. It is however too clear to my conviction, from the language of both, that unless some very unexpected and improbable change takes place in the interval allowed, they will absolutely insist on a cessation from business for some months. This will be a very heavy blow. It must greatly injure my professional prospects, and may prove entirely fatal to them. Yet I know not why I should feel uneasy, and am sure I ought not to repine : for He who has made and governs us, certainly must know what is best for his creatures ; and I do not at all doubt that if I were better acquainted with myself, and the real state of things, I should approve and prefer what he is pleased to appoint. And this too is but cold philosophy, compared with the feelings of joy, trust, resignation, and love, which the Gospel encourages and commands us to cherish towards God, as a reconciled and most merciful Father in Christ Jesus. I am greatly obliged to Mrs. ——— for what she says on this subject.

I must conclude shortly, for the time for bleeding is arrived, and the operation will disable my writing-arm. I have only begged a few minutes to finish

this. I am much obliged to you for your kind intention of visiting me here ; but being debarred of speech by express order, I am afraid I must deny myself the gratification, which would probably prove in some degree prejudicial.

When my destiny for the winter is decided, you shall know it. If I am obliged to retire for a time from my profession, I shall go to a southern climate, probably Sicily ; and the thoughts of wandering over the fields of Enna, and perhaps stretching my travels to Greece and Constantinople, are so pleasing, that I await the decision of my judges without great uneasiness. Yet I know this is fancy against judgment. My mind, I thank God, has been, through my whole confinement, and continues to be, perfectly tranquil and cheerful.

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Thursday.

My dear Madam,

I can write only a very few lines ; but a few I must write before I go. I hope you and Mr. ——— will believe me very grateful for all the varied kindness shewn me during my illness. I assure you, not only I, but my Father and Mother have felt it very strongly.

It was a real concern to me that I could not be allowed to see you ; but the mischief done by over-exertion was so serious, that a general order of exclusion became absolutely necessary, and has been

rigorously observed. I am certainly better, but not what I was.

I cannot conclude without assuring you, that no change of place will alter the sincere and deep feelings of gratitude and affection which I shall always cherish toward you and Mr. ———. Wherever I am, I shall think (and often) of ——— with peculiar feeling, and bless God for the lessons of truth and piety which I have there received. May I ask as a favour I shall greatly value, that you and Mr. ——— will remember me in your prayers ; particularly I would request your petitions for true repentance and a lively faith.

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[At parting from his Father, when going abroad the first time, he put into his hand a letter, desiring him not to open it until next morning. It contained the following passage :]

16th October, 1810.

I owe you more than I can ever repay, for all your unwearied kindness and attentions to me during my illness. I think it will be a satisfaction to you to know, that I have enjoyed every comfort during my illness that I could possibly desire, and have suffered no inconvenience except what was inseparable from the complaint ; and so much has this been softened by your kindness and my Mother's, and that indeed of all around me, that the

two months of my confinement have really passed, on the whole, very happily, and I shall always look back upon them with peculiar interest. May God repay to you and my dear Mother all I owe you!

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*To the Rev. ———.*

October 23rd, 1810.

My dear Friend,

Your most kind and truly Christian letter reached me here some days since, and believe me I am very grateful for so affectionate a remembrance. I can only send an invalid's reply, for writing has been almost forbid; but wherever I go, you shall not be forgotten, and I shall never remember you without recollecting also the warmth of friendship you have always expressed and shewn towards me. I please myself too, with believing that though far distant, I shall live in your recollection, and even in your prayers. It has pleased God to send to me what, in common language, would be called a severe affliction, but I cannot but humbly hope it is rather a dispensation of mercy. After two months of languor and confinement, I am obliged to quit for some time my profession and friends, and seek for a restoration of health in a warmer climate. It is indeed, my friend, but too probable that an improper eagerness after advancement may have rendered this chastisement necessary, and I sincerely thank

you for the faithfulness and honesty of the suggestion. May it work at least in me an humbler disposition, and then I shall have little cause to lament any worldly losses it may occasion. I am at present waiting for the sailing of the *Hibernia*, which will probably take place in a few days. My present state of health is not alarming, the worst symptoms having been subdued; but there is little prospect of re-establishment in this country, and great danger of course from an English winter. In the realms where I am going, I fear I shall seldom be reminded of the great concerns of religion by external institutions, or by the congenial feelings and conversation of pious friends. When you remember me in your prayers, as I am sure you will, let me request that you will ask for me an abundant supply of grace to withstand temptation, and grow in the knowledge and love of God and Jesus Christ. Adieu, my dear friend. That you may enjoy every blessing, spiritual and temporal, is the fervent wish of your sincere and affectionate friend.

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Florian, Malta, Dec. 16,—closed Dec. 20, 1810.

My dear Sir,

Though I have not before found a convenient opportunity for writing, I can truly say that you and Mrs. ———, and your young circle, have been very, very often in my thoughts since I left England: and the remembrance of the happiness I

have enjoyed at ———, and the active and affectionate friendship shewn me at the time when I most needed such supports will not be weakened by time or distance. Yet 2000 miles seems a vast distance to be removed from every friend. I sometimes almost regret having come so far, and made the separation so complete. I do not, however, *deliberately* regret it, for there was no nearer point that would, all things considered, have been so eligible. After so long a silence, you will have some right to expect a letter full of valuable or curious information; but I have little as yet to communicate, and write, partly because I know it will give you pleasure to hear, partly to gratify myself; for a letter is at least the shadow of conversation, and seems to bring our correspondent nearer to us. I cannot help hoping too, that even the distance which is now placed between us, will not prevent my sometimes hearing from you and Mrs. ———. Such packets will indeed be very valuable to me, both as an assurance that I am remembered by those whom I most wish to remember me, and (which is of still greater moment) as friendly mementos on the most important of all subjects, which is too apt to be forgotten, or at least less earnestly pursued, amidst the novelties and distractions necessarily incident to a traveller. I trust you will have heard, long before this reaches you, of our safe arrival at this island. Our voyage was remarkably prosperous, and as pleasant as an expedition by sea can be to an invalid. The truth is, he

requires many comforts which a ship cannot supply, and is not fit to struggle with the roughnesses which winds and waves will sometimes expose him to.

We entered the port of Valetta on the day and hour three weeks after we went on board at Spit-head. Thus was a prosperous voyage brought to a happy conclusion, and every thing seemed to have been ordained for our comfort and advantage, and I was thinking, I hope with gratitude, of the peculiar goodness of God in averting every danger, and supplying so many gratifications; when intelligence was brought which cast a shade over the prospect. It appeared that we were in quarantine for having touched at Gibraltar, and (the Apollo being ordered off to sea,) that the passengers on board must be sent to the Lazaretto. This was disagreeable enough to those who were in active health; to me it was extremely serious; for the Lazaretto here, as indeed in most places, is a wretched habitation. When Howard was at Venice, he went, as he was accustomed to do, into the Lazaretto from motives of benevolence, and volunteered a quarantine. But it nearly cost him his life; for notwithstanding the firmness which long habit and regimen had given to his constitution in resisting contagion, the state of the air in the apartment where they lodged him was such, that he was seized with a fever, and would probably there have perished, if he had not, with characteristic presence of mind and fortitude, applied for a quantity of lime, and with his own hands white-washed, and thereby purified, his room. I

have prosed on about this quarantine affair longer than I intended, for I mentioned it at first, principally to introduce a religious observation on the course of the dealings of Providence ; but it would take up more room than I can now spare.

Mrs. ———, in one of her last letters, gave me some very kind and important advice respecting tranquillity of mind : will you be so good to assure her that I have not forgotten what she said upon it, in which I cordially concur, and for which I feel sincerely grateful. I dare not say that my practice is worthy of her precepts, yet it has pleased God to bless me with considerable serenity of mind during my late trials, so that though I have often been deeply affected, I have really suffered very little from any corroding anxiety respecting the future. The past has been to me a source of great uneasiness ; yet after some strong emotions, I thank God, I was enabled to feel tranquil, and repose with some confidence on the mercy and merits of my Redeemer. I must close this long rambling epistle, which indeed I do not expect that you should have the patience to read through, but when you are tired you will hand it on to Mrs. ———.

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Florian, Malta, Jan. 27, 1811.

My dear Madam,

I remember you mentioned in one of those letters written to me during my confinement in England,



which I shall ever recollect with the warmest gratitude, that you had learned from Mr. ——— to think of absent friends on a Sunday. I do not know if Mr. ——— would hold writing to them to be within the spirit of the rule ; but as in my present exile, I think on mine (I believe) every day, and many times a day, I know not how otherwise to give, in that particular, any distinction to the first day of the week. This is a little like trifling on a subject that is really serious, so I will have done ; only I cannot think it a misemployment even of the most sacred season, to converse by letter with those, who are associated in the mind with its best feelings and most pious recollections. I have often longed since I left England for a continuance of your correspondence, as I have often needed it ; and it was some disappointment to me, when a packet did at last arrive, to find that it brought me no letter from ——— ; but indeed the date of the latest letter I received was so distant, that I am not surprised I did not receive more. I should look for another packet with considerable anxiety and interest, if the intelligence I received by the last, respecting my dear Sister's health, had been less melancholy. But now I dread the arrival of worse news, and would willingly compromise to hear no news at all from England, so that I might be left in possession of the little hope which uncertainty always affords. It was my most earnest prayer that she might not be taken from us in my absence, and indeed it would have been difficult to persuade me to

leave England, had I anticipated such a blow ; and yet I ought to have anticipated it. I do not know how you have felt on first receiving afflicting intelligence ;—probably very differently and far more piously than I ; but I own I cannot boast of having attained to that blessed state of mind, in which such dispensations are received with a smile of heavenly satisfaction. On the contrary, I think such occasions have taught me more of the real corruption of my nature than any other. They have taught me also the importance of not trusting too exclusively to the affections in religion ; these have been dreadfully disturbed whenever unlooked-for distresses and disappointments have fallen on me ; and had my whole stock of religion consisted in them, I tremble to think what might have ensued. The sheet anchor of the soul under such circumstances, I have always found to be a deeply rooted and settled intellectual conviction of the wisdom and goodness of God ; this never has been shaken, because I well know that my little sufferings, however bitter, can never affect materially the weight of evidence on which this great truth reposes. The understanding therefore approved, even while the heart rebelled, and so by degrees (through the mercy of God) evil sentiments were overcome, and better affections gradually attained. Forgive me all this foolish egotism ; I have written what my feelings dictated, without much reflection, trusting to that kindness for forgiveness which I am not afraid of over-estimating. Let me, however, add one ob-

servation which grows naturally out of what I have been saying, and does not begin with the silliest of all monosyllables. We find love inculcated in the New Testament as the chief commandment and great principle of Christianity: that in which we are made perfect, and resemble God, who is most emphatically described to be Love. Yet the Apostles from time to time inculcate the necessity of fearing God, and when St. John declares that perfect love casteth out fear, I own I think he means more than a base servile fear. Is there not wonderful wisdom and mercy in thus keeping alive a principle which at first sight might have been expected to be abandoned as belonging to a less perfect dispensation? Could the best among us be trusted, if I may so speak, with the single injunction to love God with all his heart? I do myself believe, and am indeed fully convinced, that it is of the very highest moment to graft in the mind a most awful and humbling sense of the Majesty, Supremacy, and unspeakable Perfection of the Almighty,—of moment, I mean, even to those who in their best hours are able to act from an higher principle, and delight in the service of their Maker. The weakness of our nature doubtless requires a principle to guard us against sin, as well as a principle which may advance us in holiness; that we may dread to offend, even when for a little while we cease to love. The fear of God seems to be the great barrier which should be planted behind us, when we endeavour to press forward in the path of

righteousness ; lest losing through carelessness or corruption the life of those heavenly affections which at first inspired us with energy, we remain exposed to the temptations of sin, without any internal principle of defence. And now instead of asking forgiveness for egotism, I must ask it for prosing ———.

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Florian, Feb. 12th, 1811.

My dearest Mother,

The packet from England is arrived, and has brought us intelligence of the solemn and afflicting event which has lately taken place. That my dearest Sister's happiness is unspeakably increased by her great change, I do not feel the slightest degree of doubt. For her therefore it is impossible to mourn. For you and my dear Father and all her near relatives, I do indeed feel very deeply ; but I doubt not that God, who is full of compassion, has given, and will give, support and strength proportioned to the affliction. I have yet learned no particulars, having declined, for the present, reading the letters ; but hereafter, perhaps, we shall both be sufficiently composed to talk these things over together, with a melancholy pleasure ; but with feelings far different from those who have not the consolations of Christianity ; or having, disregard them. The separation which it has pleased God to ordain, is but for a time ; for those who are dead in Christ

will God bring with him; and St. Paul would not have used this as an argument why we should not mourn as those who have no hope, if it did not imply a re-union to those we have loved on earth. This text appears to me very conclusive, on a point which has been often agitated, and is peculiarly interesting to all who are parted from what is dear to them. But indeed, the whole tenor of the Gospel seems to me to speak the same language. When the saints or true servants of God are spoken of, they are described as "the joint-heirs with Christ," "the children of God," "his family in heaven and earth," "the citizens of a city that hath foundations," "the inhabitants of the new Jerusalem:" and in the Revelations, the redeemed are represented as surrounding the throne in great multitudes, and following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. Surely all this implies that in Heaven there is a society of the faithful, somewhat, though faintly, resembling that on earth. Indeed, it is difficult to say what is meant by the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, so much insisted on by St. Paul in the fifteenth chapter to the Corinthians, if the mutual recognition of friends and relatives is not implied in it. I do not therefore myself in the least doubt, that all of us, who by the Holy Spirit shall be sanctified and made meet for the enjoyment of everlasting life, will again meet the dear departed saint from whom we are now separated. And thanks be to God, though the way is strait, it is not dark. We need but consider what our Sa-

viour was, and labour to be like him. I have often thought, and the idea was first suggested by a very excellent man, that one of the best ways of repressing evil passions and resolving doubts, when circumstances arise that give birth to either, is to consider for a moment, if this event had happened to our blessed Saviour while on earth, or in his presence, how he would have acted, or directed a disciple to act. May I request, my dear Mother, your prayers and my Father's, for such spiritual assistance, that I may grow continually in grace, and daily be made more conformable to the image of Him "who gave himself for us, that he might purify to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." So shall we all meet at last before the throne of grace, whatever partial and temporary separations may precede our final and eternal union.

My health and strength have gone on improving, without any relapse, and I hope I am now out of the reach of danger from any such change of season as is to be apprehended in these parts. What I have always dreaded most is, lest the means adopted to cure the complaint on my lungs, should bring me into a low nervous state, like that in which my dearest Sister lingered for so many years; and which she supported with such angelic patience and heavenly-mindedness.

I do most willingly renew my assurance to my Father and you, that the recovery of my health shall be my first object during the whole time I re-

main abroad. Pray thank my Father very much for his letter, and portion of a letter. One passage in Mrs. ———'s letter I will transcribe. After speaking of your visit to ———, and of my Father, and you, and Aunt H. very kindly, she adds, "I did not think when I saw your sweet Sister, that God, in his love and mercy, had intended thus to cut short her sufferings. It is a great pleasure to me to think that I saw her; the impression of her angelic countenance, and her cheerful efforts to bring forward your favourable symptoms, while she calmly mentioned her own fatal ones, struck me with admiration and respect."

My dear Mother, the few lines you added to my Father's letter have given me unspeakable satisfaction and comfort. Had you wished for me at Hastings, on any other account than for my own gratification, or if my dear Sister had wanted me there, it would have wounded me to the soul.

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13th Feb.

I do not venture to trust myself with thinking much on the subject which most presses on my mind; there are so many things that I could wish to have said or done, and so many afflicting associations accompanying, that I feel it my duty to busy myself as much as I can about other things; but there is one idea which has been continually present to my mind, and has given me great consolation,

and even pleasure. My dear Sister's feelings were so sensitively awake, and the general system of her health so fatally disturbed, that I have often grieved at heart, to think how little of satisfaction and happiness she was likely to find in that after life, from which it has pleased God in mercy to remove her. Now *she is with One who will shield her from every suffering*; whose peculiar attribute is tenderness, for so He was described by the prophet: "the bruised reed he shall not break, nor quench the smoking flax;" "He shall not strive nor cry;" and his very mission was "to bind up the broken-hearted." I do not know that the matter will bear a close examination, but I assure you, in thinking of my dear Sister, I have felt a consolation and delight in recollecting passages of this kind, which I am persuaded I should not have felt, if the Scriptures had described our Redeemer only as wise, holy, just, and good. I mention it because what is relieving to one mind may be so to another, and happy indeed should I be, if by any means I could lessen the weight of affliction which must be felt by you and my dear Father.—It will be a satisfaction, I am sure, both to you and my Father, to know that my Uncle and I have lived together, and continue to do so, in perfect harmony and good will. He is very kind to me, and I hope I feel grateful for it. The unvaried kindness and friendly attentions, which I have ever received from General Oakes, are such as I shall remember through life with the warmest gratitude. His behaviour to my



Uncle has also been most kind and friendly. There are others in this place for whom I feel much affection, and from whom I shall part with regret. This is one of the pains, and indeed the great pain of short residences.

Adieu, my dear Mother, begging my kindest love to my Father, to whom I shall write by the next opportunity. I am your ever affectionate J. B.

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Florian, Feb. 17, 1811.

My dear Sir,

Your very kind letter reached me at a time when I stood greatly in need of the consolation it is calculated to produce : for the small packet which conveyed it, brought me the news of one of the very heaviest afflictions which could have befallen me—the loss of my dearest Sister ; a stroke for which a letter from my Father, about three weeks before, had in some measure prepared me ; but the heaviness of which preparation might divide, but could not diminish. I left England, certainly with no reasonable hope of seeing her again ; but hope and reason are too often strangers to each other ; and the pain I suffered in imagining such an event was so great, that I in a manner set myself against it, and did not believe, because I would not believe, that this winter would prove more fatal than those which had preceded it. A week which has now passed since the arrival of the packet, has in some degree calmed

my feelings ; and every circumstance attending the departure from this world, of one little fitted to struggle through it, is so consolatory and indeed delightful, that I am almost ashamed of being so much affected : but there is something in death naturally terrible to man.—It is the first separation from any near relative, or friend, that I have experienced ; and at such a time a thousand recollections of past scenes of pleasure or endearment crowd upon the mind, and bring with them the bitter reflection that they are gone by for ever. Yet let me assure you, (indeed you must have known it experimentally far better than I,) that notwithstanding these weaknesses, Christianity vindicates all her greatness in the midst of sorrows such as these ;—the full and undoubted persuasion which I entertain, that my dearest Sister now rests with Him who will shield her from every suffering, is a satisfaction such as I would not exchange for the wealth of worlds. I would not recall her if I could ; and feel a new and powerful incentive to holy exertion, in the hope that I may one day be allowed to join her.—Forgive me, my dear Sir, for employing so much of the short letter it is in my power at present to send, on this subject. I am greatly obliged to you for your very kind and pious suggestions respecting it ; they have I hope already some influence, and I trust they will acquire more.

You express a wish to know what I imagine may be the probable effect of the changes which the French revolution has wrought in the world,

upon the States bordering on the Mediterranean.— I shall be more competent to form an opinion on this subject after having visited Sicily, as I propose shortly to do ; but I confess (though I quite agree with you in thinking that the evils arising from bad forms of government and absurd institutions have been much under-rated,) I have some doubts whether the advantages which you hope may result from the changes that have taken place, can reasonably be anticipated. I have not room here to state the reasons which make me hesitate in hailing with joy your brighter auguries ; but shall be exceedingly glad on some future occasion, either on paper or (if it please God, to permit) orally, to discuss this subject, which is one of the most sublime and interesting that the political world has ever supplied.—One thing I plainly see, and there I think you will agree with me, that the example of successful violence is very dangerous.—The leaders of the French revolution, (and above all the extraordinary person who at present governs that country) by the union of great abilities with the most daring disregard of all moral restraints, have conquered Europe. This is a tremendous precedent ; but of these things more hereafter.—I wrote to Mrs. ——— about a fortnight ago, and will write again the next opportunity. The few lines in which she speaks of my dearest Sister are to me inestimable.—I do yet not exactly know when we shall leave this place, or what our motions will be hereafter.—My idea was, to have spent March in Sicily, and in April to have made a short excursion

sion by way of Zante into Greece ; but my taste for the amusement of rambling is now lessened, and the earnest entreaties which I receive from home not to hazard my health or life, make me feel bound to be much more considerate than I might otherwise be. The temptations on the other hand are really great. It was but yesterday that one of the pleasantest men in the navy offered to take me on a cruize up the Adriatic in his frigate—I really think I would give any one of the fingers on my left hand to go, but I believe it must not be.—The kindness and friendly attentions we have received in this place have been such, that I shall feel some pain in leaving it ; to General Oakes in particular I am bound by the strongest ties of gratitude. He understands the true secret of winning affection ; which is not to be purchased by one or two great favours, but may always be secured by continued attentions, and that detail of kindness which can only be the fruit of a true benevolence and real interest in your happiness. The climate of Malta is certainly very fine : the rains, when they fall, are semi-oriental, coming down like a cataract and breaking up the roads ; the winds too are such as might have justified the ancients in feigning this to be the habitation of Æolus himself : but in spite of these inconveniences which are but occasional, the purity of the air, and mildness of the temperature during winter, make the island a very eligible residence for an invalid. It wants trees and English laws for its convenience and beauty.

Leskard, Cornwall, Aug. 6th, 1811.

My dear Sir,

I am sure it will give you and Mrs. ——— pleasure to hear that, by the favour of God, I am safely landed in England, after a long passage in the packet of very near two months. We cast anchor in Falmouth harbour an hour or rather more after midnight on Saturday last (a readier pen would have said between one and two on Sunday morning,) having been at sea since the 12th of June. I have come home contrary I confess to the advice which Mrs. ——— has more than once given me in her very kind letters, but not I assure you in any manner from a neglect or forgetfulness of it. The same advice has I own been enforced from other quarters ; but none of my friends in England were fully aware of the extreme difficulty, not to say impossibility, of finding any station in the Mediterranean, which would be at all a proper residence for me during the summer months. I know but of one —Castrogiovanni, which indeed was sometimes mentioned to me, and respecting which I might perhaps have hesitated, if I had not been there : but to have seen it, is enough to determine any being with eyes—(most undoubtedly any one possessed of rational faculties,) rather to make the circuit of the globe, than fix his residence there.\* The far-famed Etna (for such is Castrogiovanni) the theme of so many delightful effusions in poetry and eloquence, is now the very bathos of wretchedness ;

and, that wretchedness may have its proper accompaniments, it is at present garrisoned by a large corps of Neapolitan troops, who hate the English from loyalty as well as instinct, and are like most other English-haters, themselves hateful to every body else.—In short (for I perceive I am somewhat prolix) I thought it much more expedient, after frequently considering the subject, to sail to England, even though it should be necessary to return after a short time, than stand the hazard of a summer in the Mediterranean—I am a good deal later than I intended or wished to be: but this has been rather a trying voyage; for our vessel was crowded, and a little lady of six months old, who slept in the cabin behind me, very innocently (but very unfortunately) kept me awake two nights out of three during the whole passage; a ratio which in eight weeks makes a large sum total: the consequence is, that I have derived much less benefit from this voyage than I had hoped, and the pain of feeling myself recede, when I should have been advancing, was much increased by the very great anxiety I felt, to cherish and nurse up all the health and strength I could, for my arrival in England; having reason to fear that my friends there, and particularly my dear Mother, entertained much higher expectations, than I could hope at the very best to realize.—The truth is, that though recruited, I am far from being recovered.

I have never answered a very kind letter which you wrote me; for though I filled a sheet and a half at Messina, during my second visit to that place in

May last, intending to send it to you, I thought it approached so near to the Irishman delivering his letter with his own hands, that I destroyed my labours. There was one passage in your letter which strongly fixed my attention at the time, and has lived in my recollection ever since: it is that, in which you say, that you “have enjoyed enough of the happiness of life to convince you of the benevolence of the Giver, and that it is the characteristic scheme of his providence to provide for the happiness of his creatures in every state of being, if they do not deliberately rebel against him.”—I too am fully convinced of this great truth, more deeply and sacredly convinced of it (I think,) than of any other in the whole circle of moral science—and yet I do assure you, there have been many seasons in which I have felt my best convictions almost sink under me, and have leant as it were on the support of your authority, glad to find a prop for my own weakness.—The pains of protracted illness are indeed very great: “to be weak, is to be wretched, doing or suffering.”—I know full well, that I have merited far severer chastisement than that which has been inflicted; and the divines sometimes direct us to reflect on this, in our seasons of trial—Indeed it may well silence complaining, but it is sad consolation.—He who believes that he is afflicted only that he may be made more perfect and meet for a never-fading inheritance, who can measure the favour of God by his chastisements, may well suffer joyfully; but how different is the case of that man, who fears that his

chastisements are penal judgments, rather than mercies. I do not however mean exactly to describe myself under either of these two characters, and indeed am almost ashamed to speak of my little pains, as if they were a great matter; but it has struck me very forcibly of late, that a deep conviction of the real characteristic essential goodness of God, not resting on that slight acquiescence with which it is generally received, but founded on a careful examination of the Scriptures, and a diligent and considerate survey of the nature and course of His providence in the constitution and government of the world, which may furnish the mind in the hour of trial with sufficient evidences for this great truth; is of infinitely of more importance than is ordinarily imagined, and forms indeed a very large part of that faith, which is always represented as the main spring of all virtuous action, and only source of genuine and abiding holiness. Of course I do not mean a blind goodness, which has no respect to the character of those towards whom it is exercised; and yet is it not true (I think the sentence in your letter to which I have alluded implies it) that the terms in which the goodness of God is spoken of in the Scriptures, and the evidences to which the external world supplies, prove a benevolence which vastly transcends a mere readiness to reward those who obey him? Are we not justified in saying, that where there is but a willingness to obey, ay perhaps but a faint willingness, He will watch, and cherish, and encourage, and improve it, and wait



to be gracious, and bear with many infirmities, and finally abandon no one till every hope of reformation is past! This is a great and elevating subject, and happy are they whose knowledge of it is both just and settled. But the night has stolen on me, and I have slept so little of late, that I have no inclination to abridge the seasons of repose.

Plymouth, Wednesday Evening.—

On looking over what I wrote last night, I feel a little discomposed to see how much appearance there is of a complaining dissatisfied spirit. But I will not alter it, for I am sure your candour and kindness will make large allowances—larger than I merit.

I have wandered a good deal since I wrote to you, Messina, Malta, Gibraltar, and so to England, a country which I valued before I left it, but the value of which I never adequately knew till then. I am come home a most passionate patriot, proud of being an Englishman. The feeling has vulgarity enough in it, for as far as I can observe, it is universal; and yet I know not in matters of feeling whether universality may not be the best criterion of truth. Why is it that this noble land has been so little celebrated in song, while the best poets of Scotland, Thompson, Burns, and W. Scott, have all written in praise of their native country. Are “the mountain and the flood,” “the glen of green Breckan, and burn stealing under the long yellow

broom ;” are all that is great and beautiful in nature, objects of juster admiration, or more truly sublime, than that moral elevation, that genuine dignity of character, courage softened with humanity, freedom chastised and heightened by loyalty, the intelligence, the knowledge, the activity, the fervour of love, that pervade and glow through every quarter of this astonishing island !—I have yet to thank you for the very kind reception which you gave to the rhymes I sent you some months ago ; I have woven a few more in the course of my wanderings through Sicily, and on my passage home. They are very few, and very slight, but such as they are I will send them. If I continue an invalid, (which I consider as by no means improbable, so far at least as to shut me out from my profession,) I shall probably cultivate the fine arts, much more than would have been possible or proper in a life of business ; and I look forward with eagerness to the study both of drawing and music, yet in some respects poetry is much above them both ; they hold a sort of border territory between sense and intellect, admirably suited to entertain and refine a being such as man, composed of opposite qualities, and subject to the influence of his senses, as well as bound to cultivate his higher faculties. But poetry is almost wholly conversant with intellectual and moral objects, and speaks far more to the understanding and feelings, than to the senses ; its field too, is far more extensive, as no less an authority than Mr. Burke has shewn. But what in point of convenience is above

all, is, that poetry may be composed at any time when the mind is free ; it requires no apparatus—  
 “ pernoctat nobiscum, peregrinatur, rusticatur.”

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Cawsand Bay, Oct. 26, 1811.

My dear Father,

We had rather an awkward accident coming off on Thursday ; the barge, which was quite full, struck twice on a reef of sunk rocks that are very dangerous, and where many have been lost. Providentially, we only just brushed them ; but had there been three inches less water, it is probable the next wave would have filled the boat, and those who could not save themselves by swimming would have perished. Of the many imminent dangers to which we are exposed how few are there which we notice or remember with a becoming gratitude !

I am happy to say that we are at last fairly at sea. I passed the rest of Saturday and the greater part of Sunday alone on board ; the weather very unpromising and the rain falling in torrents. But on Sunday afternoon, the wind, which had been veering eastward for some hours, seemed to assume a more settled character. The whole party came off with some dispatch, and we were under weigh soon after four. There was so little wind that I thought we must have warped out. However we managed to get round Penlee point, and finding more wind in the Channel, were soon running at the rate of

nine knots, for the *Menelaus* understands flying as well as the *Apollo*. Nothing could be more beautiful than the moment when we were clearing the bay. The north-easterly wind had swept away all the darkness that had for some days filled the atmosphere; the sun was setting on the right with more magnificence than I remember to have seen since I left the Mediterranean; the moon on the opposite quarter, though half veiled in clouds, threw a bright gleam on the waves, and the increasing darkness made this line of light every moment more beautiful; in the horizon the *Ediston* was visible, and, last but not least, our noble frigate, with all her sails set, was gliding majestically down the waters.

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Falmouth, Oct. 31, 1811.

My dear Madam,

A few lines I know will be acceptable, though I have no very agreeable intelligence to communicate. We got out of Cawsand Bay on Sunday evening, after having made two previous attempts, and sailed down Channel with a fair wind. But on Monday the wind got round to the West and became exceedingly heavy; we were at that time near Ushant, within sight of the French coast. The night of Monday was trying, the ship rolled violently, and any thing like rest was impossible, and on Tuesday the weather continuing very wild and the wind quite

contrary, we were glad to take shelter in this harbour. Here we shall stay till there is a prospect, which we have not at present, of putting to sea in better auspices. I was much harassed by the two nights spent in the Channel, and had some very unpleasant sensations about the chest, though thank God without any worse symptoms. Two quiet nights have restored me a good deal, but the sleeping accommodations on board are so bad, that I cannot look forward to the voyage without apprehension. I endeavour however to consider, that all these things, and their issue, are appointed from above, by Him who is too wise to err, and too merciful not to desire the happiness even of the least of his creatures; that life is short, and those things may much more justly be deemed good and desirable, which tend to fit us for a better state, than those which only promote our happiness in this.

Where the mind is fully persuaded that death only occasions a change in the nature of our existence, not the termination of it, every thing assumes a new character; pain and pleasure, prosperity and sorrow, lose their ordinary meaning. But such is the weakness of human nature, that not only is death terrible, but it is generally difficult to be heartily pleased with any thing that is good only with reference to a state of existence different from that which we now enjoy. Do you remember a scene in a play, (objectionable enough in some parts,) Measure for Measure, between Claudio and his Sister, on the

approaching death of the former!—It is very fine and almost dreadfully so.

I have mentioned my fears for the approaching voyage; it is but right that I should notice the agréments. These consist in a very fine vessel, and a very pleasant party. I have seen enough of Lord William to be very well pleased that he is to be the Commander in Chief on board the *Menelaus*. There are other very pleasant men on board, who would be thought so, even in select society. A cough warns me to conclude.

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November, 1811.

While waiting for a boat on the beach at Tangier, we met with a French sailor, a petty captain who commanded a little privateer that cruizes about and robs in those quarters. Some of our party fell into conversation with him. The man spoke with horror and hatred of the Spaniards, who he said murdered the French wherever they met them. General —— asked him what the French did in Spain, and why, having a good country at home, they could not be content to stay there: the man seemed to feel the pertinency of the remark, but replied only to the last part, “ Ah! Je le sçais bien, il n’y a qu’une France!”

Palermo, Dec. 14th, 1811.

My dear ———,

I have just now taken possession of two rooms which ——— has been kind enough to give me in his house, (or ‘piano’ rather, for we live here as you do at Edinburgh, in stories,) and I cannot better employ a vacant hour, than in telling you how much I am indebted to your friend, and thanking *you* for it. I do not say this in joke, but in unfeigned sincerity, being well assured that I am chiefly indebted to the favourable, I fear, flattering, reports of me, which your kindness has led you to make, for the facility I have experienced in obtaining his good will and friendly offices. I rejoiced very much in finding that he was at Palermo when I arrived here, and I need not say that my pre-disposition to think highly of him has been in perfect unison with the impressions that a personal acquaintance has produced; for certainly there are not many men under whose roof I should venture to place myself upon so little previous knowledge. I exceedingly like what I have seen of him, and (which is a testimony of more value) he is very much approved and admired by all here whose good opinion is worth possessing. He knew me to be an invalid, and heard that I had found no convenient lodgings; the rest I have already told, and you will believe that I feel sincerely grateful for such an attention. At the distance from London which I suppose you now to be,

you will not readily hear much of me ; so I may venture to tell you a little of my history without fear of repeating what is already known. I embarked on board the *Menelaus*, a remarkably fine frigate commanded by Captain Peter Parker, on Sunday 13th October, having being hurried into Portsmouth from Widley, by an express, the same day ; that evening we dropped down to St. Helen's, and the next set sail for Plymouth, which place we reached on Wednesday after a prosperous voyage. From Portsmouth I had only two companions de voyage, Major—— and Mr. —— ; at Plymouth we waited about ten days, and after having weighed anchor from Cawsand Bay three several times unsuccessfully, at last cleared Penlee Point on one of the sweetest evenings that ever shone on Mount Edgcumbe, and surely the fairest lights of Heaven might be proud of illuminating such a Paradise. No wonder I should write poetry, and still less wonder that being written, I should suspend my prose narration to insert it. *La voila :—*

Adieu ! adieu ! dear happy shore,  
 Where Freedom reigns, where Beauty smiles ;  
 Long may the circling Ocean roar  
 The Guardian of these favour'd Isles.

When high the crested billows swell,  
 When tempests chafe his angry breast,  
 The deafening peal to me shall tell  
 Of social bliss and sacred rest.



And as the mingling sounds decay,  
 And as the surging waves repose,  
 When sinks the gale with dawning day  
 In fitful murmurs to its close.

The hollow gust that travels by,  
 Shall many a kindred thought renew ;  
 And sad remembrance heave a sigh  
 To early Love and Absence due.

For there my infant tales were told,  
 And there my boyish sports were played,  
 When blythe the careless moments roll'd,  
 From morn to evening's twilight shade.

And there on manhood's opening year  
 The rising star of rapture shone ;  
 Ah hope ! too long to Fancy dear,  
 To bleeding Fancy only known.

When parch'd beneath the solar ray,  
 Far from the tamarind's friendly bough,  
 Or stretch'd where evening gales allay  
 With dewy breath my burning brow,

How oft shall memory's eye retrace  
 The scenes of earlier hope and joy !  
 &c. &c. &c.

That's all.—But I have written more stanzas than these, on a different and higher subject, which I

will transcribe at the close of this, for though I do not like to double an enormous postage, I rather think you will have as much pleasure in reading my rhymes, as in any thing which can ordinarily be purchased for five shillings.—Is this vanity, or is it the confidence of a long-trying friendship? I am willing to hope the latter. Yet I principally rely on the subject for covering the defects of the poetry. To proceed with my narrative; at Plymouth we took on board *La Sua Eccellenza* Lord William Bentinck, his brother Lord Frederic, Frederic Lambe, Sec. de Leg., General M'Farlane, and Colonel Adam. The two last I had known in Sicily, and liked. With the latter indeed I am become quite intimate, and a very sensible, friendly, and worthy man he is. I am indebted to him for much kindness. It would have been most unthinking of the winds and waves if they had overwhelmed such a party as this; but they are thoughtless creatures enough, and I cannot say what might have happened if the *Menelaus* had not proved an excellent sea-boat; for we encountered off Ushant, on the second night of our voyage, such a gale as would make most of us look very serious, had we been on board a worse vessel; and as it was, we were all glad, after driving about under storm-staysails for twenty-four hours, to shelter ourselves in Falmouth harbour. At Falmouth we staid waiting the winds' pleasure rather more than a week; so that we did not ultimately sail from England till the 7th of November, on which day, with considerable

difficulty, we got to sea. Again we met with a stiff breeze directly in our teeth, at the entrance of the Channel, and were beginning to think we must run for Cork, when appearances began to improve; the wind first abated, and then shifted, and so rapid are the vicissitudes of a sea-life, that in four days after our rough usage, one hundred miles to the west of the Lizard, we were gliding swiftly round Cape St. Vincent, without any sensible motion, and on one of the softest and most delicious summer evenings imaginable. I doubt if a transition more complete or more striking can any where be felt, than that which I have twice experienced in sailing southward. What the weather is in our Channel in the month of November you may readily imagine; but that month, which is one of the worst with us, is the delight of the more southern regions—*l'Été de St. Martin*. I do not know that I ever experienced in England weather so perfectly delicious as that which prevails during this season in latitudes 35 and 36. At Tangier we shortly arrived, and there we all spent some hours on shore, and I, for the first time, saw a specimen of oriental manners. We went first to the English Consul, (where by the way, we met the celebrated Colonel Charmilly who resides there,) and from thence were carried by a fine, venerable, Moorish guide, first to the Sub-Governor (for the Chief, who is a great man, was at Tetuan); he was sitting cross-legged on a mat, in a sort of stone lodge, and the whole appearance was so humble, that we with difficulty re-

pressed our smiles : we made our bows respectfully ; “ he from his state inclined not,”—or at least the inclination, if any, was scarce perceptible. But we were not punctilious, and went on to visit the castle, where the Governor resides. It was striking from its novelty, and by no means a contemptible habitation. The apartments belonging to his Haram were really elegant, and retained marks of the ancient Saracenic grandeur. We next visited the Bazar, where I was much amused with the busy scene around me, and particularly pleased to see a groupe of camels reclining on some rising ground, expecting their burthens. They looked as savage as every thing else around them. The dress and physiognomy of the Moors are highly striking. The interior of the town miserable, the exterior picturesque towards the sea ; the surrounding country grand and desolate. All this was new to me, and I am glad to have seen it. But it is time to leave Tangier. Of Gibraltar I have nothing new to say. During a whole fortnight after leaving it we beat against contrary winds on the Barbary coast almost as high as Algiers, and were beginning to murmur a little at our ill fortune, when a favouring breeze reached us, and after a pause of a few hours at Cagliari, brought us safe to Palermo.

Malta, March, 1812.

My dear Sir,

The experience of the last winter has, I hope, strengthened one Christian principle, and that not the least valuable ; I mean Trust in the goodness and watchful providence of God. I expected a very dreary winter,—I have passed a very pleasant one ; and that owing to a coincidence of little events which I could in no manner foresee, and had not the slightest share in arranging. Had I not come out with ——, had not —— happened to be at Palermo, had he not had a house just where it was, and what it was, &c. &c. &c., my winter must have passed very differently ! Such things seem little, but I cannot help thinking it is intended by Providence that we should observe them ; and if the consideration of them awakens (as it ought) gratitude for the past, and a cheerful resignation for the future, it must be beneficial. I have been often struck with the indications of the justice, wisdom, and goodness of God, which are furnished in the passing events of this life : how he defeats the wishes, yet satisfies the wants of his creatures ; how he punishes their sins in ways they little feared, yet makes the very punishment so to abound with mercy, that it becomes not only a school of instruction, but a source of every grateful and pious affection. I am sometimes puzzled by the dispensations to which others are subjected, but can truly say, that in the little events which befall myself, I see abundant

cause for increased faith, thankfulness, and adoration. On the whole, I by no means regret having made the passage as I did. The party was so pleasant that it was in a great measure a compensation for the inconveniences to which I was subjected. Indeed, they were considerably diminished by the kindness and attention which I received from all my companions. Certainly, whatever may be the faults or deficiencies of our nature, good-nature and benevolence are not wanting among our fellow creatures. I meet with them every where.

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Jan. 5, 1813.

I am much in your debt, and really have intended writing; but though I have on the whole been surprisingly well, I had for some little time a slight complaint which made writing inconvenient to me. It has passed by, and I have stood all the cold weather with great success and vigour. I can perfectly enter into all your "little desagrémens" described in your former letter. But, my friend, this is nearly the history of all situations in life. When I first entered on the law, I was surprized and disgusted to find how large a portion of time and labour must be bestowed upon matters which appeared not even to enlarge my stock of professional knowledge, still less to have any value not purely technical. Depend upon it that although your labours and ac-

quirements may not be very nicely proportioned, you will be able by the active application of your mind to extract, from occupations which may appear little, much knowledge of mankind and of business which will be useful in after life; and I am quite sure that you will gradually acquire habits which, though perhaps rather painfully gained, will be of great value, if you accustom yourself to consider all the little circumstances that you would be glad to alter, as constituting a system of discipline for the mind which it is your business to render profitable. This seems rather stoic philosophy, and you will think me perhaps, as Job did his friends—"a miserable comforter;" but I know your kindness too well to fear being misunderstood; and am persuaded that if it is of great importance to acquire that effectual vigour of character and understanding which, like a sound digestion, renders all aliment nutritious. Will you forgive me for suggesting two things more? Endeavour to form a well-weighed opinion on most of the topics of public discussion, or on the most important. But let it be *an opinion*. Do not stop half-way, content with knowing a good deal that may be said on both sides of the question. This is just the bewildering ramble of idleness, and leads no where. In forming your project *seize generals*, do not be embarrassed with details and little circumstances, more than the nature of the question renders unavoidable. This advice-giving spirit is very troublesome—Is it not? If you are angry, send me some in return.

Jan. 16, 1813.

All you say respecting young women in the higher classes of society, is I believe very true, and very important. It is now many years, since I was first struck with the very curious arrangement which takes place in a rich and highly civilized society in these respects.—Young women who move in the more polished circles, not only enjoy, in a state of gay and thoughtless idleness, the wealth which has been earned by hard labour and severe privations, but they acquire almost unavoidably, an idea of refinement and high breeding, which leads them to ridicule or despise those very qualities, which either have been the means of procuring the riches of which they are tasting the sweets, or are inseparably united to the industrious habits by which they are acquired. The fortune of women seems always to be in extremes: in a rude state of society they are the slaves of men, in a polished community their idols. Did it ever occur to you to observe the sort of praise bestowed on different qualities in different classes of society, and how it varies with an exact reference to the demands (if I may so say) of the class? In the religious world the term of eulogy is “a very pious man.” In more active life “a man of very considerable ability.” Among elegant scholars and literati “a man of a fine taste, an elegant scholar, &c.” Among the money-making and trading classes “a very industrious fellow.” In the army and navy “a very gallant officer.” Among



ladies in the fashionable circles “a very agreeable man, quite a delightful creature.” It has often struck me exceedingly to hear these titles applied by amiable young women of the better class, to persons destitute of almost every respectable quality, but of polished manners, and an easy flow of gaiety in mixed circles.”

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Feb. 22, 1813.

My dear Madam,

I have not time to write both to you and Mr. ———, though much in debt to both. But though the assurance is not I am persuaded necessary, and can be of little value, I am anxious to say how sincerely I felt for you in your late loss, as well as in your present anxieties. I do not ask to hear again at present, because I would not add to the trouble and weariness which such seasons, and the anxiety of other friends, always create. But you will readily believe that there are few, and I shall not easily be persuaded that there are any, who can feel a more lively interest upon this occasion than myself. I too am under considerable anxiety at present; for my dear mother has been ill, and though I hope better, was by no means recovered when I last heard, and I am so very strongly attached to her, that I do not well know how I shall sustain that separation which according to the ordinary laws of our existence can hardly be at a very

great distance. I believe it is almost instinctive in us to refuse to contemplate what appears very dreadful; for though I know all this, it rarely occurs to me, or is dismissed so eagerly, that the system of my life is little affected by an event which every day brings nearer without making me better fitted to sustain it. However there is no divine precept of which I have felt the wisdom more than the maxim of our Saviour, "Take no thought for the morrow." Our present state of existence is besieged by so many possible calamities, that a remedy must be found either in the distractions of our daily occupations, or in that far better wisdom which an implicit resignation to the will of God will bestow. The more I see and feel, the more deeply I am persuaded that the only true wisdom, virtue, and happiness of man is to be found in the absolute surrender of himself and every thing that can affect him, into the hands of his Creator; accepting his will as the law of his life, with a cheerful humility, and resting on him with implicit confidence, for the bestowal of whatever is good. But you know all this better than I do.

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May 10, 1813.

My dear Madam,

I am in a mood so nearly bordering on melancholy, that it is but common charity to be brief.

It is, perhaps, reason enough for sadness, that I

am about to leave those who for near seven months have contributed all that the most delicate and unvaried kindness can contribute to my happiness. But, as somebody has said, life is made up of adieus.

Indeed, indeed, perfect resignation is no easy duty. However, I have lived long enough to know that we serve a gracious and tender Parent, who "keepeth not his anger for ever." "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning!"

---

May 18, 1813.

My dear Madam,

It is a considerable disappointment to me not to be able to spend a day with you before Friday, but I must be in London to see friends and arrange some business. A fine lady would clear the whole list of the former in a morning, and die of ennui before dinner, but I dare not hazard fatigue; and do not think me a mere child, but I have grown so tender from sickness and indulgence, that it is really all I can do to find nerves and courage for facing this rough world.

When I see you at ———, it will be a twelve-month since I arrived there last year, and the roses will again be blowing, and the sofa again on the lawn. I was going to add a few expressions of sadness, but it is far better to acknowledge with a grateful heart the goodness of God, who has pre-

served us through another year, and blessed us, and given to us the cheering hope and promise

That Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,  
And man's majestic beauty bloom again  
Bright thro' the eternal year of love's triumphant reign.

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May 21, 1813.

I do feel strongly that a perfect and cheerful resignation is true wisdom, and to say the truth I have such a conviction of our blindness, and the uncertainty of all earthly good, that though my imagination cannot but sometimes shape events, so as to form some bright visions in perspective, I really would not, even if it were permitted me, presume to arrange the very least of them according to my notions of convenience and happiness. And thus all musings end where they should indeed have begun ; " Trust in the Lord and be doing good." " Through faith and patience we inherit the promises."

I could say a great deal about your letter, but I have only room for one remark which I endeavour frequently to keep in mind. It is this\*—Unhappy tempers, jealousies, &c. &c. being exceedingly painful to those who suffer under them, almost unavoidably become objects of horror and dislike, in a

\*[This related to a person almost unknown to either party.]

degree quite disproportioned to what we feel towards other faults. Now the proper measure of our love to each other should not be agreeableness, but goodness ; and it is absolutely necessary through the whole range of Christian philosophy, not to let our judgment be disturbed by temporary pains and pleasures.

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Sep. 16, 1813.

The narrative of Buonaparte's force is very curious and would be very frightful, if we did not know that he is a weak, blind, miserable being, fulfilling the purposes of the Almighty, (while he fancies he is establishing his own greatness,) and liable every instant to be confounded and overwhelmed, adding another to the many examples of the vanity of human projects and achievements when not coincident with the law of their Creator. It is a curious subject of speculation, how far these vast exertions really undermine his strength.

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Widley, Nov. 18, 1813.

My dear Madam,

It is very considerate in you not to date your letters, it saves your correspondents much self-reproach. I really do not know how long it is since your last arrived. Yes, I see by the covers it is only a week.

which is a pleasing surprize. I know it was very welcome, though the account it contained of your health was of a kind to make me feel anxious, a sensation which these cold winds have not diminished. I cannot help hoping (for it is necessary to hope something) that you will be better in town, which I believe to be a much warmer winter residence than its rural vicinity.

Thank you for not commending my last essay. I wish you and Mr. ——— would tell me the faults without reserve. It is my own folly if I am displeased, and I shall certainly be ashamed to own it. My brains are out—poor brains indeed to be so soon exhausted. Their dimensions appear to be just equivalent to three-fourths of a sheet of paper. Finally, then, my health is good; I think I have gained strength, and gather courage for the winter. But “all is in his hands.”

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Dec. 21, 1813.

My dear Madam,

I am delightfully in arrear to you. But first let me thank Mr. ——— for his criticism, which appears to be very just. I assure you I shall feel much indebted to him, and to you, for all criticism literary and moral, and it is my sincere intention to profit by it. But alas! I know too well, and experimentally, that of human uncertainties, my intentions are among the most uncertain. Your two

letters contain a great deal more than I have room to answer—so imperfect a thing is correspondence. Indeed philosophers say, that language is very imperfect too, and I cannot deny it; but it does pretty well for such beings as Men and Women. Is not the pleasure which we find in social intercourse, a striking part of the evidence of the goodness of God? Language was necessary for the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge; but it was not necessary that the employment of it should be so agreeable in common conversation, and so highly delightful in an intimate friendly intercourse. The more I see, and feel, and observe, the more deeply I am persuaded of the bounty and mercy of our Heavenly Benefactor. I am persuaded that the most glowing description of his goodness, is but a faint and shaded delineation of that bright Original, which, through the worthiness of the Redeemer, all his sincere servants shall hereafter behold.

---

1814.

It is by comparing considerable intervals of time, that we feel how great are the changes which it pleases God gradually to effect in our situation and circumstances. One day is generally much like another day, or like some other days which have preceded it; and if we only-attend to the present moment, such is the force of habit, which grows

almost as quickly as the events which govern it, that we seem still to be moving along the same road, while every occurrence appears quite in the ordinary and natural course of things. But no person, I think, can cast his eyes backward, and consider how many unlooked-for coincidences have concurred to produce any existing state of things, without feeling astonished at the originality, (if I may so speak) even if he be insensible to the wisdom and goodness which characterize the economy of God. I love to recall such images from time to time, that the details of life may not so fill and occupy the mind, as to shut out those nobler views of the government of our All-wise and Heavenly Father. I feel too a delight not unmingled with awe ; while I recollect the evidence of beneficence which they contain, and the weight of grateful obligations which they bear with them. Oh ! what should we be without a Saviour ! surely if that source of hope and consolation were withdrawn, it would be almost as fearful to taste the mercies of God, as to feel his chastisements : “ Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.”

Happiness will not rest on the wretched instability of worldly honours or possessions, which a single breath of fortune can dissipate, and which, even while they are retained, for the most part produce misery rather than peace, by presenting false colours to the mind, and teaching men to find satisfaction in things which God never intended for their proper good. Happiness depends upon character, not upon circumstances. These few words contain a truth,



which, if thoroughly believed, would go far to convert even this fallen and degraded world into a Paradise. “ Having food and raiment let us be there-with content.” “ A man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;” his happiness is to be found in a conformity to God, his original, and his end.



# SELECT PIECES

*IN VERSE.*

---

TO HIS MOTHER.

1798.

THOU dearest object of my earliest love,  
Whom Nature's voice first taught me to adore,  
Ere rising Reason's mandate could approve,  
What Heaven-taught Instinct had inspired before;

O what a race my weary feet have run,  
Since last thy image met my wishful eye !  
Then waft me hence, thou quick revolving sun,  
To that lov'd region of eternal joy.

For where can man in Heaven's high realms beside,  
Heart-soothing peace and gentle pleasure find ;  
If senseless Apathy in Stoic pride,  
Constrain each nobler feeling of the mind ?

'Tis warm Affection's links that mildly join  
 In sacred sympathy each kindred soul,  
 When rich with mercies from the hand divine,  
 Days, months, and years in blissful silence roll.

Such were the hours that once in rapture flew,  
 While every day increase of bliss supplied:  
 With every hour some sweeter pleasure grew,  
 Each wish prevented, and each want untried.

Yet, e'en while Freedom spread her charms around,  
 While laugh'd the Morn, and every joy was mine,  
 Could fancied sorrows real pleasures wound,  
 And Passion thwart Reflection's cool design.

Fool that I was—full oft I vow'd in vain,  
 To rule my life with Reason's sober sway;  
 'Till headstrong Passion snatch'd the slacken'd rein,  
 And chas'd Reflection's milder power away.

Then, when o'erwhelm'd I lay with fancied woe,  
 Thy present image cheer'd the darkling scene;  
 Methinks e'en now thy gentle dictates flow,  
 Queen of each thought, of each affection queen.

O yet while Youth smiles in its earliest prime,  
 This ruffian soul with meekest thoughts inspire,  
 Thoughts like thine own; e'er the rude hand of Time  
 Light every spark, and fan the rising fire.

While thus entranc'd I sooth'd each wishful care,  
 With silent Meditation's gentle power,  
 Slow sunk the sun, while pour'd on Night's dull ear,  
 These awful dictates charm'd the sacred hour :

- “ Say why, my son, thus pensive and alone,  
 “ Does thy sad heart with fancied sorrows mourn ?  
 “ Think'st thou these childish sighs, this abject groan,  
 “ Can bid the scenes of former bliss return ?
- “ Know then, that years on hasty pinions fly,  
 “ Not pleasure's poison can their force destroy ;  
 “ Silent we steal thro' life, are born, and die,  
 “ Catch fancied bliss, and taste unreal joy.
- “ But oh ! how wretched he, whose infant heart  
 “ No mother's tender precepts e'er refin'd ;  
 “ To him no joys can Love's sweet balm impart,  
 “ Or soft Affection soothe his tortur'd mind.
- “ Go then, to Heaven thy pure devotions pay,  
 “ Go soothe thy mother's soul with filial zeal,  
 “ Tear from her heart each anxious care away,  
 “ Feel what you are, and dare be what you feel.”

## ON THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

## A SCHOOL EXERCISE.

YE fields, where yet in sunny pride,  
 The limpid streams of Avon glide ;  
 How oft, your vocal banks along,  
 Has swell'd the rapture-darting song,  
 While Shakspeare pour'd the swelling strain,  
 And Echo sooth'd the list'ning plain ?  
 Again, ye fairy phantoms, rise  
 In mystic visions to my eyes ;  
 Again, again 'appear, ye airy throng ;  
 See where the scenic sisters glide along !  
 First comes blithe Comedy with jovial air,  
 Gaily she flings her loose robe round,  
 Lightly swimming o'er the ground ;  
 To their lov'd Queen the sportive Nymphs repair ;  
 Wit, Humour, Fancy, Whim, around her move,  
 Now swell the soul with joy, now melt with love.  
 Mirth roars aloud, as reeling o'er the plain  
 In Falstaff's form he leads the jocund train.

Hark ! the glad woods with songs resound ! \*  
 Echoes the sylvan scene around ;  
 Every heart dilates with pleasure,  
 Each (since worldly cares are gone)  
 In himself enjoys a treasure ;  
 All are jovial—all but one :  
 He alone with cheerless eye  
 Pores pensive o'er the brawling brook,  
 Or, lost in native melancholy,  
 Roams through the woods with down-cast look ;  
 Through Nature's walks expatiates unconfin'd,  
 And stores her latent treasures in his mind.

“ Ye spirits, by whose magic aid †  
 “ Sol's noontide beams I have obscur'd ;  
 “ Have Neptune's raging billows staid,  
 “ Or darkness through the ether pour'd ;  
 “ Ye, to whose quick celestial care  
 “ The wondrous power is given,  
 “ To shake with elemental war  
 “ The kindling vault of heaven ;  
 “ To chase the ebbing waters as they flow,  
 “ Tread the salt ooze, or plumb the abyss below ;

\* “ As you like it.”

† “ Tempest.”

" This my last command obey :  
 " Hence to freedom,—hence away !  
 " Thou wonder-working wand,  
 " Sceptre of supreme command ;  
 " Subject once to Prospero's hand,  
 " In the deep waves buried lie,  
 " Buried in obscurity.  
 " Hence, ye elves, the charm is gone.  
 " The spell is broke, the work is done."

Next came pale Tragedy, with down-cast eye,  
 While from her breast she heav'd full many a sigh :  
 With native dignity, the moving queen  
 Pass'd gently on, in sable stole array'd ;  
 With cheerless eye she view'd the sprightly scene.  
 Nor crystal fountain, nor embosom'd glade  
 Could charm the sorrows of her heart to rest ;  
 For pensive grief was heavy at her breast.  
 On Shakspeare's tomb she cast a mournful look,  
 While from her lips these mingled accents broke :—  
 " Farewell, my favourite son !—No more  
 " Shall Shakspeare grace the British shore !  
 " Who now shall try the genuine art  
 " To charm the passions, and to mend the heart ?  
 " With thee that art to Heaven is fled,  
 " For thou art number'd with the dead."



See the faded monarch's form  
 O'er the bleak heath wildly roam ! \*  
 Spurn'd from his perjur'd daughter's home,  
 He braves with frantic rage the howling storm.  
 Ye dread vindictive thunders roll,  
     Ye wild winds roar around,  
 Ye lightnings flash from pole to pole,  
     And blast the affrighted ground.  
 Ye winds, ye lightnings, thunders dread,  
 Touch not yon sire's anointed head :  
 See where aghast he stands, and spurns relief,  
 In all the maddening agony of grief.

Are the weird sisters gone ? †  
 On airy wings they darted on.  
 The deed is done !  
 Oh balmy peace ! Oh inward rest !  
 Thou guerdon of the virtuous breast,  
 Where Heaven-born pleasures dwell !  
 Macbeth, Macbeth, the deeds of death,  
 With dread control, oppress thy soul,  
 And weigh it down to hell :  
 No pomp can drown the voice of conscious sin,  
 Tho' all seem fair without, still gnaws the worm within.

\* " King Lear."

† " Macbeth."

Hark ! heard ye not an half-sunk groan ? \*  
 Methought I heard an angel moan !  
 Look where he comes, while madness fires his brain.  
 Can drowsy opiates soothe the fiend  
 That preys upon his tortur'd mind,  
 And give him back to balmy peace again ?  
 Ah no ! Othello's occupation 's o'er,  
 The great, the bold Othello is no more !  
 Thou thund'ring cannon's fatal roar,  
 Ye plumed troops, and the big war,  
 Farewell, farewell, farewell !  
 Ye trumps, ye piercing fifes, ye horrors fell,  
 That make ambition virtue,—all farewell !  
 Yet say, lost peace, and wilt thou ne'er return ?  
 Must sad Othello then for ever mourn ?  
 Methought I heard a spirit cry,  
 “ For ever.” Yet let pity plead.  
 No, Desdemona's parting sigh  
 Has call'd down vengeance on thy head.  
 Ah, fond deluded wretch ! Iago's art  
 Has poison'd all the treasures of thy heart.

Pity touch the trembling strings : †  
 Hark ! a maniac wildly sings,

\* “ Othello.”

† “ Hamlet.”

While she scatters here and there  
 The beauties of the lavish year :  
 “ They laid him down deep in the ground,  
 “ And flow’rs they scatter’d around :  
 “ A grassy bed supports his head,  
 “ In earth they laid him low ;  
 “ Yet where he lies, the lilies rise,  
 “ And violets round him blow.  
 “ There’s dill for you, and pungent rue,  
 “ With rosemary so rare :  
 “ Ah weep for me, whom thus you see  
 “ A prey to wild despair !”  
 She said,—and with a wild scream  
 Flew to her father’s grave ;  
 Then plung’d into the cold stream  
 And sunk beneath the wave.

’Tis now the dead of night ; o’er half the globe •  
 Deep gloomy Darkness spreads his murky robe.  
 Hark ! what a groan was there !  
 ’Tis gone, and seem’d to cry,—  
 “ Richard, despair ! despair !  
 “ Remember me, and die !”  
 O Conscience, Conscience ! thy divine control  
 Freezes each nerve, and harrows up my soul.

O yawn not, thou insatiate tomb,  
 Enwrapt within whose awful gloom  
 Death sleeps in dull repose :  
 See, see, where now aghast they stand,  
 A meagre, pale, and grisly band.  
 Avaunt, avaunt, dull shades ! O let mine eyelids close.  
 Yet say, my soul, can Richard dread  
 The empty shadows of the dead ?  
 Avaunt ! I sicken at the sight ;  
 With horror from my couch I start ;  
 O Conscience, how dost thou affright  
 With fancied fears the guilty heart !  
 Avaunt ! not shallow Richmond's utmost power  
 Can match the tortures of this midnight hour.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once  
 more,\*

Shall British heroes give the combat o'er ?  
 On, on, my friends, be men indeed,  
 And spurn the insulting foe ;  
 Know, glory is the warrior's meed,  
 The height of bliss below.  
 In peace let soft humanity  
 Each fiercer thought assuage,

\* " Henry V."

While meek-eyed mild humility  
 Shall mitigate your rage ;  
 But when the war-denouncing sound  
 Thunders our sea-girt isle around,  
 Let haughty Gallia know,  
 While on the slaughter-reeking plain  
 She views her noblest heroes slain,  
 Britannia is her foe.  
 See, see, e'en now the Gallic warriors fly ;  
 On, on, my friends ! St. George and victory !

'Twas thus in Fancy's airy cell  
 The heaven-taught poet sweetly sung,  
 While music flow'd like nectar from his tongue,  
 And own'd his powerful spell.  
 Then hail thou bard of endless praise,  
 The wonder of our later days !  
 United we behold in thee  
 The glories of the tragic three,\*  
 Their feeling, grace, and energy.  
 Thy honours shall with ages grow,  
 Like streams enlarging as they flow ;  
 Time shall new beauties still explore,  
 Till time and thou shall be no more !

\* " Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus."

## ABRADATES AND PANTHEA.

A SCHOOL EXERCISE.

1799.

THE brazen trump, hoarse thundering from afar,  
 Had rung the signal of approaching war ;  
 When wildly starting from disturb'd repose,  
 Rouz'd by the sound, the sad Panthea rose,  
 While each dread summons, like a poison'd dart,  
 Shot through her frame, and rankled at her heart.  
 Trembling, at length, 'mid thousands gather'd round,  
 With hasty steps she reach'd the martial ground ;  
 Where fiercely burning with unconquer'd zeal,  
 Bold Abradates cas'd his limbs in steel.  
 Her tender arms a pleasing burthen brought,  
 Love-prompted labours which herself had wrought,  
 A figur'd shield with circling orbs enroll'd,  
 And a rich belt whose texture flam'd with gold.  
 These to her lord, (ah ! impotent to save !)  
 Trembling she stretch'd, and kiss'd them as she gave ;  
 Then all collected spoke, and speaking prest  
 His manly bosom to her aching breast.

“ Go, Abradates, arm’d in virtue go,  
 “ Assert thy worth, and crush th’ insulting foe ;  
 “ May Heaven propitious on thy arms attend,  
 “ From dangers guard thee, and from wounds defend ;  
 “ May this firm shield each hostile dart repel,  
 “ That lord protecting whom I love so well ;  
 “ Whose form, more faithful than the sculptor’s art,  
 “ Impressive love has stamp’d upon this heart.  
 “ For O ! where’er thy fates or fortune lead,  
 “ In life to flourish, or in death to bleed,  
 “ My kindred spirit shall attend thy call,  
 “ With thee shall triumph, or with thee shall fall.  
 “ Then let thy love this parting pledge receive,  
 “ Perhaps the last Panthea e’er shall give ;  
 “ And when thou sink’st oppress’d with toil and pain,  
 “ Say, shall my image nerve thy arm again,  
 “ Edge thy keen sword, inspire thy latest breath,  
 “ And point the way to conquest or to death ?  
 “ For know, this throbbing heart would less bemoan  
 “ Thy fall untimely, than thy honour gone ;  
 “ Since fate, tho’ adverse, grasps the meed of fame.  
 “ And death is glory, when to live is shame.”

She ceas’d, and half suppress’d a rising sigh,  
 While the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Through his bold heart the soft infection stole,  
 And kindred feelings touch'd his manly soul.  
 " Adieu," he cried, and rais'd her drooping head  
 She wishful follow'd where the warrior led ;  
 Then silent turning, sought her Virgin train,  
 And oft look'd back, slow moving o'er the plain.

Ah ! hapless pair, your loves, your lives are o'er,  
 And Fate exulting cries, " Ye meet no more !"   
 E'en as the dauntless hero mov'd to war,  
 Death shook his lance triumphant o'er the car ;  
 Funereal spirits stamp'd the warrior's doom,  
 And Pity wept o'er Virtue's early tomb :  
 For ah ! no more shall fond Panthea's care  
 For her lost lord the fragrant bath prepare :  
 From his tir'd brow unbind the beaming crest,  
 Or clasp the robe of triumph o'er his breast.  
 E'en now, while trembling at some cause unknown,  
 Pensive she mourns her Abradates gone,  
 While oft her bosom heaves with anxious pain,  
 While oft her eye starts wistful to the plain,  
 And each low groan that strikes her wakeful ear,  
 Thrills thro' her heart, and speaks of danger near ;  
 E'en now, o'erthrown beneath the Egyptian sword.  
 Lies the pale image of her bleeding lord,



While the grim ruffian, ere his sense has flown,  
Stamps on his breast, and taunts his dying groan.

Ere yet arriv'd the messenger of woe,  
Her heart presaging felt the fatal blow ;  
Onward she rush'd impatient of delay,  
Thro' warring crowds, while phrenzy led the way ;  
Her maddening aspect calm'd the raging storm,  
And swords play'd harmless round her beauteous form.  
Heedless she pass'd, and mute with horror sped  
O'er mangled heaps, the dying and the dead.  
But, when her lord's expiring corse she found,  
The life-warm blood yet welling from the wound,  
Aghast, she paus'd ; nor spake, nor wept, nor sigh'd,  
Big passion swell'd, and feeble utterance died.  
Her fainting limbs the weeping train upbore,  
And safe convey'd her to Pactolus' shore.  
Then, when at length from transient death she rose,  
And life returning brought returning woes,  
The first sad sight her opening eyes explor'd,  
Was the pale shroud that wrapp'd her conquer'd lord.  
She saw, and starting up in wild dismay,  
Bath'd his wide wounds, and clasp'd his death-cold  
clay ;  
Each stiff'ning limb with burning kisses press'd.  
His head reclining on her panting breast :

And "O!" she cried, "my ever-honour'd lord!  
 "In death lamented, as in life ador'd;  
 "Say, must we part? Shall conquering fate divide  
 "Souls whom one love inspir'd, one friendship tied?  
 "While yet we flourish'd in life's little day,  
 "My pride was love, my pleasure, to obey.  
 "Thy will was sacred, and thy wish once known,  
 "Each want prevented, and each wish my own.  
 "Did hunting call thee, or did music fire?  
 "I snatch'd the spear, or touch'd the warbling lyre.  
 "But what avails to count my sorrows o'er,  
 "Or dream of pleasures I can taste no more?  
 "Can Love's gay flower in Death's cold regions  
     bloom,  
 "Bud o'er the urn, or blossom in the tomb?  
 "Yet, e'en within those melancholy shades,  
 "Tho' passion sleeps, and fond affection fades,  
 "My love through life shall still with ardour glow,  
 "In death unconquer'd seek the realms below,  
 "Then to thy kindred soul in peace return,  
 "For ever triumph, and for ever burn.

"O had these arms but rais'd thy languid head,  
 "Ere the last breath of fluttering life was fled;  
 "Then might Panthea o'er thy corpse have hung,  
 "And caught the whispers of thy dying tongue;

“ Then might her tender cares, with lenient power,  
 “ Have calm’d the tortures of thy parting hour.  
 “ Now on this shore, a prey to wild despair,  
 “ I deck thy shroud and braid thy golden hair ;  
 “ Or gaze with horror on that faded form,  
 “ Once young in vigour and in beauty warm.

“ How chang’d the scene, since first my youth-  
     ful charms

“ Kind fate intrusted to thy faithful arms ;  
 “ When smiling Hope, in glowing colours strove  
 “ To trace the fictions which my fancy wove,  
 “ Of endless rapture and connubial love !  
 “ Ah ! dear delusive visions, all farewell !  
 “ Grief enters now where fancy lov’d to dwell ;  
 “ Gay thoughts no more my pensive soul employ,  
 “ But Sorrow sickening tracks the steps of Joy.

“ ‘Thro’ these grim festering wounds that gore  
     thy clay,

“ Burst the keen point that ravish’d life away ;  
 “ Those death-cold drops that chill thy pallid brow  
 “ Mark the fierce tortures of the fatal blow.  
 “ Where was Panthea, when the hostile sword  
 “ Pierc’d the lov’d bosom of her bleeding lord !

“ Perhaps, O killing thought, that ruffian blade  
 “ Her arm had warded, or her prayers had staid ;  
 “ Perhaps herself its fury had withstood,  
 “ And bought her Consort’s safety with her blood.

“ Hence, coward arms, that faithless to your care  
 “ Betray’d that glory ye were form’d to share.  
 “ Did not my hands your death-fraught texture frame,  
 “ To guard my Hero through the paths of fame ?  
 “ Horror !—these thoughts my faltering words control,  
 “ And dreadful day-light bursts upon my soul.  
 “ Ah, hapless Damsel, blame not us, ye cry,  
 “ For thou who bad’st him conquer, bad’st him die !

“ Great Gods ! no more.—My throbbing pulse  
     beats slow ;  
 “ This yet was wanting to complete my woe.  
 “ Yes ; ’tis enough.—Dear injur’d Lord, I come,  
 “ And she who kill’d thee shall attend thy doom.”  
 She spoke, and fell.—Yet ere her spirit fled,  
 On his pale corse she laid her languid head,  
 Her twining arms around his body press’d,  
 These last sad words slow issuing from her breast ;—

" 'Tis done, lov'd ghost.—Ah, yet a moment stay,  
 " Till my freed spirit burst th' encumb'ring clay ;  
 " Beneath one marble may our limbs repose,  
 " The end of all our love, and all our woes.  
 " There future ages shall our tomb adorn,  
 " The thoughtless listen, the unfeeling mourn ;  
 " And every realm that hears our deathless fame,  
 " With Abradates blend Panthea's name !"

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## LETTER TO HIS SISTER JANE.

1803.

My pretty pen, the Muses say  
 You must resume your former play,  
     Tho' now forgotten long :  
 For Jenny bids you rhyme again ;  
 And say, shall Jenny ask in vain  
     The tribute of a song ?

You see, my dear, (nor think it rare,)  
 How complaisant we Poets are,  
     When gentle Ladies sue :  
 Your letter came, your vows were heard,  
 And lo ! the nonsense of your Bard  
     Comes dancing back to you.

Yet heed not thou the Poet's trim,  
But deem this idle child of whim

A simple letter still :

Then, tho' the words in numbers flow,  
My thoughts are privileg'd, you know,  
To wander as they will.

And trust me, tho' they wander wide,  
The Muse their little flight shall guide

To rest at last on you :

And oh ! forgive the artless theme,  
Should serious numbers ill beseem

A Bard of twenty-two.

I own that Fancy, gaily drest,  
May suit a youthful Poet best,

To bribe a youthful ear :

And e'en my Jane perchance would smile,  
Should Flattery's voice her heart beguile,

The Siren tale to hear.

But Fancy is an idle thing,  
That flutters high on gilded wing,

The sport of every wind :

And Flattery, as she murmurs by,  
Tho' sweet her hum and honied thigh,  
May leave a sting behind.

Then pass the follies of the day,  
 The noontide breakfast, midnight play,  
     That charm the simpering Belle ;  
 Gay parties blest by Ladies fair,  
 Where we poor Poets seldom are,  
     For reasons sad to tell.

Pass too the soft and tinkling chime,  
 That shepherd's smit with love of rhyme  
     To frowning maids rehearse ;  
 When Damon grovelling on the earth,  
 Sighs Goddesses and Angels forth  
     In Namby Pamby verse.

Alas ! those humble strains alone,  
 Which Truth's severer eye may own,  
     My simple love can give :  
 A *kindred* love, by nature taught  
 To breathe in every ardent thought,  
     And triumph while we live.

And life, my Jane, wears on apace,  
 Though yet to us the busy race  
     Appear but now begun ;  
 Swift glides the smiling morn away,  
 And evening hastes in mantle gray  
     To hail the setting sun.

Oh ! may your morn unclouded shine,  
 And pleasures genuine, pure, divine,  
     In transport dance along ;  
 And evening, as it closes in,  
 Unhurt by care, unstain'd by sin,  
     The blissful scene prolong.

And see, the spirits bounding high,  
 The frolic wit, the sparkling eye,  
     A buoyant heart declare ;  
 The rosy cheek of purest bloom,  
 That smiles at dangers yet to come,  
     If dangers yet there are.

Then hence each dark presage of ill ;  
 That roving eye shall sparkle still,  
     Those playful accents flow :  
 That joy is transient all agree,  
 But if the mind be pure and free,  
     Why so is sorrow too.

Chill is the wisdom, e'en tho' true,  
 That paints in shades of deepest hue  
     The path we all must tread :  
 Blest, who to shadowy prospects blind,  
 Can move with firm yet cheerful mind,  
     By Faith and Virtue led.



Heaven knows, my Jane, what you or me  
Some fifty summers hence may be ;

And Heaven that knows will guide :  
The present is our proper care,  
And they who study what they are,  
For future years provide.

Oh! I could tell how wasted time—  
But Jenny sure will seize the prime,  
And every hour employ ;  
And better may her care succeed ;  
So shall a purer virtue lead  
To more substantial joy.

Say, would she live the Poet's theme ?  
Let ev'ry artless feature beam  
With innocence and truth ;  
Where modesty and goodness shine,  
The female face is half divine  
Without the aid of youth.

So shall the charms which Nature gave,  
(For charms you know all Ladies have,)  
The fleeting years survive ;  
And emulous of brighter days,  
Beauty shall lend her mildest rays  
To beam at fifty-five.

Say would she win—[Here about fifteen stanzas are lost, of which the writer has only recollection enough to speak to their general excellence, as greatly superior to that of any which precede or follow them.]

Adieu!—Be this my Jenny's boast,  
 E'en from the friends who lov'd her most  
     She pilfer'd all she could :  
 As Bess was gentle and resign'd ;  
 Cheerful as Willy, Harriet kind,  
     As either Parent good.

Domestic thus when least at home,  
 Her kindred heart, where'er she roam,  
     Shall tell us whence she came ;  
 And Phœbus, as her just reward,  
 Will sure inspire a better Bard  
     To celebrate her fame.

## LINES

*Written before he went abroad for the Recovery of  
his Health.*

1810.

TRANQUIL and blest my years have flow'd  
     By no rude fortune tried ;  
 For life was young, and Hope bestow'd  
     What wiser Heaven denied.  
 Then shall I shrink or murmur now,  
 If pain and sickness chill my brow,  
 And praise the gracious God no more,  
 Who gave me health and joy before ?

Though gloomy Winter in his train  
     Lead Darkness, Want, and Fear,  
 Wilt thou Almighty Love arraign,  
     And mourn the ruin'd year ?  
 See, see, the vernal fountains flow,  
 And Summer bends his golden bow,  
 Till Autumn's mother lap be crown'd  
 And Mirth and Plenty dance around.

Then let the low'ring storm increase,  
 Around the darkness roll,  
 Some wandering gleam of joy and peace  
 Shall reach my fainting soul :  
 Mid the deep shade, the roaring wind  
 Shall speak of brighter heavens behind,  
 And bid me through the veil survey  
 The chambers of eternal day.

God bids the sun ascend the skies,  
 And Heaven and Earth rejoice ;  
 He speaks, the rushing whirlwind flies,  
 Obedient to his voice.  
 Through the dull eve, the blithsome morn,  
 He leads the changing Seasons on,  
 And still those smiling Seasons tell,  
 That He who rules them, rules them well.

Thus over life's wide darkling plain,  
 Unheeding as we roam,  
 Thro' many a path of joy and pain  
 He leads his children home.  
 And though sometimes in prospect view'd,  
 The winding way seem dark and rude ;  
 Ah ! who the backward scene hath scann'd,  
 Nor bless'd his Father's guiding hand !

*On leaving England for the South of Europe, in  
consequence of Illness.*

1810.

OH ! tell me not of happier hours  
Mid summer vales and myrtle bowers,  
Of Cities that in sunny pride  
Float on the softly-circling tide,  
And every dream that hovers o'er  
Eretria's\* bright and classic shore.  
I know that southern climes are gay,  
I see their Zephyrs gently stray ;  
Soft as they breathe o'er hill and plain,  
My weary senses wake again ;  
Yet other joys my heart would know,  
Than these can feel, or those bestow.

For e'en beneath the olive shade  
Disease, and Pain, and Death invade,  
And soon my wasted strength may know  
The sad return of former woe.

\* A classical name for Sicily.

Say, will those laughing fields supply  
 Attendant Friendship's cheering eye ;  
 A Mother's soft and ceaseless care,  
 A Sister's smile, a Father's pray'r !  
 Where these dear joys my heart sustain,  
 I'll think eternal summers reign ;  
 But reft of these where'r I be,  
 The gayest clime is sad to me.

Health has a thousand stores to boast,  
 Sweet are its joys, and light their cost :  
 Boon Exercise : the genial hour ;  
 With Melody's enchanting power :  
 And Wit and Art the triumph share ;  
 And Love's soft smile is speaking there.  
 Nor needs the firm and hardy hind  
 These joys from simpler sense refin'd ;  
 Blithe as he carols o'er the leas  
 He dreams perchance of joys like these ;  
 Then laughs aloud, the vision flown,  
 For Health is rich in health alone.

But when the fading eye grows dim,  
 And fails each faint and wasted limb,  
 And short and frequent pantings shew  
 The sad disease that lurks below ;

Will Mirth allay, can Pleasure calm,  
 The hurried pulse, the burning palm ?  
 Go bid the festal board be crown'd,  
 Let the soft voice of Music sound,  
 And Art and Wit and Learning spread  
 Their treasures round the sick man's bed ;  
 With deafen'd ear, with heedless eye,  
 The silent sufferer turns to die.

Yet e'en in Misery's sharpest pains  
 One dear and sacred joy remains ;  
 When the worn eye, that wakes in fear  
 From fever'd visions hovering near,  
 Meets some lov'd smile, whose angel power  
 Has cheer'd and grac'd a gayer hour ;  
 Still, still, its magic charm is there,  
 Tho' touch'd with Pity's softer air ;  
 And dear to love, to memory dear,  
 It brightens through the starting tear ;  
 Like the glad bow, by fancy drest,  
 That beams on Evening's watery vest.

Then blame me not, if sad and slow,  
 My parting accents faintly flow.  
 Yon bark, whose gallant streamers fly,  
 Shall waft me to a southern sky ;

There, if my curious steps explore  
 Girgenti's bright and classic shore,  
 Coy Arethusa's fabled tide,  
 Or giant Ætna's mountain pride,  
 Yet shall one viewless form be nigh,  
 One dearer image fill my eye ;  
 From vulgar joy, from grief refin'd,—  
 The shade of all I leave behind.

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### ELIZA'S URN.

MALTA, FEB. 1811.

I CANNOT pause where thy ashes sleep,  
 And moulder in decay ;  
 O'er thy grass-green sod I must not weep  
 To chase my griefs away :

But oh ! in the last faint light of even,  
 I can lift a secret pray'r ;  
 I can raise my streaming eyes to Heaven  
 And see thy spirit there.



Wide to the horizon's utmost verge  
 The circling billows roar,  
 And far, far away is the western surge  
 That beats on my native shore ;

But yon fair orb that I gaze on now,  
 I lov'd ere I learn'd to mourn,  
 And the beam that lightens this throbbing brow,  
 Rests on Eliza's urn.

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 1812.

THINK not, because thy quiet day  
 In silent goodness steals away ;  
 Think not, because to me alone  
 Thy deeds of cheerful love are known,  
 That in the grave's dark chamber laid,  
 With thee those gentle acts shall fade :  
 From the low turf where Virtue lies,  
 Shall many a bloodless trophy rise,  
 Whose everlasting bloom shall shame  
 The laurell'd Conqueror's proudest name.

For there the hoary Sire shall come,  
 And lead his Babes to kiss thy tomb ;  
 Whose manlier steps shall oft repair  
 To bless a Parent buried there.  
 The Youth, whose grateful thought reveres  
 The hand that ruled his wayward years ;  
 The tender Maid, whose throbbing breast  
 Thy gentle Wisdom sooth'd to rest ;  
 And he, who well thy virtues knew,  
 When Fortune fail'd, and Friends were few :  
 All who thy blameless course approv'd,  
 Who felt thy goodness, or who lov'd,  
 Shall crowd around thy honour'd shrine,  
 And weep, and wish an end like thine.

And still, as wint'ry suns go down,  
 When winds are loud, and tempests frown,  
 And blazing hearths a welcome give ;  
 Thy name in many a tale shall live.  
 And still, as cheerful May resumes  
 Her hawthorn sweets and heathy blooms ;  
 By upland bank and mossy lee  
 Shall many a heart remember thee.  
 But chief shall Fancy love to trace  
 Each mental charm, each mortal grace ;

These, these shall live through many a year,  
 To Truth, to Love, to Virtue dear ;  
 And pour a mild instructive strain,  
 When Wisdom lifts her voice in vain ;  
 Shall Youth's unthinking heart assuage,  
 And smooth the brow of careful Age.

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### CANZONETTE.

'Tis sweet, when in the glowing West  
 The sun's bright wheels their course are leaving,  
 Upon the azure Ocean's breast,  
 To watch the dark wave slowly heaving.

And oh ! at glimpse of early morn,  
 When holy monks their beads are telling,  
 'Tis sweet to hear the hunter's horn  
 From glen to mountain wildly swelling.

And it is sweet, at mid-day hour,  
 Beneath the forest oak reclining,  
 To hear the driving tempest pour,  
 Each sense to fairy dreams resigning.

'Tis sweet, where nodding rocks around  
 The nightshade dark is wildly wreathing,  
 To listen to some solemn sound  
 From harp or lyre divinely breathing.

And sweeter yet the genuine glow  
 Of youthful Friendship's high devotion,  
 Responsive to the voice of woe,  
 When heaves the heart with strong emotion.

And youth is sweet with many a joy,  
 That frolick by in artless measure;  
 And Age is sweet, with less alloy,  
 In tranquil thought and silent pleasure.

For He who gave the life we share,  
 With every charm His gift adorning,  
 Bade Eve her pearly dewdrops wear,  
 And dress'd in smiles the blush of Morning.

“ —TRAVELLER, whence comest thou ?”

- “ From dark Ætna’s burning brow ;
- “ From the vineyards that recline
- “ On the sunny Apennine ;
- “ From Hymettus wet with dew,
- “ And the walls of stout Corfu ;
- “ From the isles whose bright array
- “ Gems Byzantium’s spangled bay ;
- “ From the fields where Peleus’ son
- “ Deathless fame in battle won ;
- “ From Assyria’s cloudless sky,
- “ And the happy Araby ;
- “ From Imaus’ marble pile,
- “ And the cliffs, whose dark defile
- “ Shades the fountains of the Nile.

- “ I have wander’d empires o’er,
- “ Many a sea, and many a shore ;
- “ I have trod the utmost plain
- “ Of ancient Shinaar’s haughty reign,
- “ Where, in shapeless ruin, lie
- “ The mouldering masses dark and high.
- “ Trophies that old Time has won
- “ From the mighty Babylon.

“ I have pierced the desert deep,  
 “ Where huge Tadmor’s glories sleep;  
 “ And my weary limbs have laid  
 “ To slumber in the marble shade.  
 “ Oft the boding night-bird’s sound  
 “ Woke the drowsy echoes ’round;  
 “ Oft, upon my startled ear  
 “ Distant fell the voice of fear;  
 “ And, as I listen’d, from below  
 “ Faintly clang’d the Tartar bow.

“ I have pressed with pilgrim feet  
 “ Sion’s high and holy seat,  
 “ And wept to see the Paynim dare  
 “ Lift his godless falchion there.

“ I have watch’d the day go down,  
 “ By Delphi’s crags, and forests brown,  
 “ And seen her rising glories thrown  
 “ On the sun-bright Parthenon.  
 “ Many a fierce meridian beam,  
 “ Many a night-dew’s drenching stream,  
 “ Damps of death, and winds of flame,  
 “ Have pierced my faint and faded frame.  
 “ Woe, woe, the luckless hour, that tore  
 “ The wanderer from his parent shore!”

## THE SABBATH.

1812.

WHEN God from dust created man,  
 Six days beheld the growing plan,  
     Six days his Power confess'd ;  
 'The seventh, in festal joy arrayed,  
 His perfect work, well-pleased, surveyed  
     The Almighty Sire, and bless'd.

And, mindful of that solemn Day,  
 His grateful sons their homage pay  
     Before the eternal throne ;  
 With hymns of praise and pious prayer,  
 His everlasting rest declare,  
     And, joyful, wait their own.

For not in vain by twilight here,  
 With many a doubt, and many a fear,  
     Our pilgrim path we tread ;  
 A little learn, a little do,  
 Observe, discover, hope, pursue,—  
     And mingle with the dead.

Beyond the dark and stormy bound  
 That guards our dull horizon round,  
     A lovelier vale extends ;  
 Messiah rules in mercy there,  
 And o'er his Altar, bright in air,  
     The morning star ascends\*.

Oh ! holy Seat of Love and Peace,  
 The sounds of war and conflict cease  
     Within thy quiet reign ;  
 And every flower of fairest hue,  
 That once in favoured Eden grew,  
     Shall rise and bloom again.

For thee the early Patriarch sighed,  
 Thy distant glory faint descried,  
     And hailed the blest abode ;  
 A stranger here, he sought a home,  
 Fixed in a city yet to come,  
     The city of his God.

And oft by Siloa's haunted stream,  
 In heavenly trance, or holy dream,  
     To faithful Israel shewn,  
 Triumphant over all her foes,  
 The true, the living Salem rose,  
     Jehovah's promised throne.

\* Revel. 2. 28.—22. 16.



Yet, yet, a few short hours must run,  
 And, God's unchanging purpose done,  
     The immortal day shall dawn ;  
 Even now on yonder mountains grey,  
 Methinks I see a wandering ray  
     Proclaim the approaching morn.

Come, Saviour, come, Creator Lord,  
 Substantial Light, eternal Word,  
     Thy chosen Seed redeem ; \*  
 Awake as in the elder time,  
 And marshal all thy hosts sublime,  
     And bid thy banner stream.

And oh ! while yet we linger heré,  
 With promised grace descend and cheer  
     Our doubtful path below ;  
 That strong in Faith, and warm with Love,  
 With steady aim our feet may move,  
     Our grateful bosoms glow.

\* Isaiah, 51. 9. Rev. 19. 11—14.

## A FRAGMENT.

“For ye are not come unto the mount that might be  
touched, &c. &c.”—Hebrews, xii. v. 18.

OCTOBER, 1813.

CHILDREN of God, who pacing slow  
Your pilgrim path pursue,  
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,  
To God's high calling true ;

Why move ye thus with lingering tread,  
A doubtful mournful band ?  
Why faintly hangs the drooping head,  
Why fails the feeble hand ?

Was the full orb that rose in light  
To cheer your early way,  
A treacherous meteor falsely bright,  
That blazed and passed away ?

Was the rich vale that proudly shone  
Beneath the morning beam,  
A soft illusion swiftly gone,  
A fair and faithless dream !

Oh ! weak to know a Saviour's power,  
 To feel a Father's care :  
 A moment's toil, a passing shower,  
 Is all the grief ye share.

The Lord of Light, though veil'd awhile  
 He hide his noontide ray,  
 Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile  
 To gild the closing day ;

And bursting through the dusky shroud  
 That dared his power invest,  
 Ride throned in light o'er every cloud  
 Triumphant to his rest.

And there, beneath his beam renew'd,  
 That glorious vale shall shine,  
 So long by trembling hope pursued,  
 And now for ever thine.

Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,  
 The faithless doubt remove ;  
 Redeem'd at last from guilt and fear,  
 Oh ! wake thy heart to love.

A Saviour's blood hath bought thy peace,  
 Thy Saviour God adore ;  
 He bade the throb of terror cease,  
 The pains of guilt He bore.

For not to Sinai's flaming height  
 We lift the fearful eye,  
 Where clouds and shades of fiercest night  
 Proclaim Jehovah nigh :  
  
 The lightning shaft in vengeance aim'd,  
 The tempest's awful hour,  
 Whose funeral notes too well proclaim'd  
 The law's condemning power ;  
  
 All, all are fled ;—in Levi's line  
 The anointed Elders fail ;  
 An holier voice, an arm divine  
 Hath rent the mystic veil.  
  
 No more, &c. &c. &c.

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## THANKFULNESS.

JANUARY, 1814.

SING to the Lord with cheerful voice,  
 From realm to realm the notes shall sound,  
 And Heaven's exulting Sons rejoice  
 To bear the full Hosanna round.

When, starting from the shades of night  
 At dread Jehovah's high behest,  
 The Sun arrayed his limbs in light,  
 And Earth her virgin beauty dress'd ;

Thy praise transported Nature sung  
 In pealing chorus wide and far ;  
 The echoing vault with rapture rung,  
 And shouted ev'ry morning star.

When, bending from his native sky,  
 The Lord of Life in mercy came,  
 And laid his bright effulgence by,  
 To bear on earth a human name ;

The song by Cherub voices raised,  
 Roll'd through the dark blue depths above,  
 And Israel's Shepherds heard amazed  
 The Seraph notes of peace and love.

And shall not Man the concert join,  
 For whom this bright creation rose ;  
 For whom the fires of morning shine  
 And eve's still lamps that woo repose ?

And shall not he the chorus swell,  
 Whose form the incarnate Godhead wore ?  
 Whose guilt, whose fears, whose triumphs tell  
 How deep the wounds his Saviour bore !

Long as yon glittering arch shall bend,  
 Long as yon orbs in glory roll,  
 Long as the streams of life descend  
 To cheer with hope the fainting soul;  
  
 Thy praise shall fill each grateful voice,  
 Shall bid the song of rapture sound;  
 And Heaven's exulting sons rejoice  
 To bear the full Hosanna round.

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## HYMN FOR A CHARITY SERMON.

JULY, 1814.

GOD from his throne above the skies  
 This darkling orb surveys;  
 And bids the sun in glory rise  
 To cheer a guilty race.  
  
 Alike to court and lowly glen,  
 Alike to friend and foe,  
 Freely for all the sons of men  
 His daily bounties flow.

Nor rich with mercies less divine  
 Immanuel's holy name,  
 When Heir and Lord of Judah's line  
 The great Deliverer came.

No bounded love, no partial grace,  
 The Heavenly Heralds sung ;  
 They told of joy to every race,  
 Of praise in every tongue.

For wide as ocean ranges round,  
 And far as winds can rove,  
 From Salem swell'd the solemn sound  
 Of pardon, peace, and love.

Oh! then, while wing'd to Heaven in prayer  
 Our grateful accents flow,  
 For all the gifts we freely share,  
 And all the hopes we know ;

Be our's the joy with ready zeal  
 To hail a Father's will ;  
 The love a Saviour felt to feel,  
 The work He wrought fulfil.

So through the earth shall mércy reign,  
 And God by mércy won,  
 Receive his long-lost world again,  
 The kingdom of his Son.

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# PSALM XXIV. PARAPHRASED.

JEHOVAH's throne is fix'd above,  
 And bright through all the courts of love  
 His Cherub Choirs appear ;  
 Ah ! how shall man ascend so high,  
 A feeble race condemn'd to die,  
 The heirs of guilt and fear !

Shall towering strength, or eagle flight,  
 Essay to win the sacred height  
 By Saint and Seraph trod ?  
 That living light, that holiest air,  
 The guileless heart alone shall share,  
 The pure behold their God.



Yet think not that with fruitless pain,  
 One tear shall drop, one sigh in vain  
 . Repellant swell thy breast ;  
 See, see the great Redeemer come,  
 To bear his exiled children home  
 Triumphant to their rest.

Even now from Earth's remotest end  
 Ten thousand thousand voices blend  
 To bless the Saviour's power :  
 Within thy temple, Lord, we stand  
 With willing heart, a pilgrim band,  
 And wait the promis'd hour.

Then high your golden portals raise,  
 Ye everlasting gates of praise,  
 Ye heavens the triumphs share ;  
 Messiah comes with all his train,  
 He comes to claim his purchas'd reign,  
 And rest for ever there !

## PSALM XLII. PARAPHRASED.

## PART I.

As panting in the sultry beam  
The hart desires the cooling stream,  
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,  
So longs my Soul, O God ! for thee,  
Athirst to taste thy living grace,  
And see thy glory face to face.

But rising griefs distress my soul,  
And tears on tears successive roll :  
For many an evil voice is near  
To chide my woe, and mock my fear,  
And silent memory weeps alone  
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

For I have walk'd the happy round,  
That circles Sion's holy ground,  
And gladly swell'd the choral lays  
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,  
What time the hallow'd arch along  
Responsive swell'd the solemn song.

Ah ! why, by passing clouds oppress'd,  
 Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast ?  
 Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,  
 Whom never suppliant sought in vain ;  
 Thy strength, in joy's extatic day,  
 Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

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## PART II.

O GOD ! my heart within me faints,  
 And pours in sighs her deep complaints ;  
 Yet many a thought shall linger still  
 By Carmel's height and Tabor's rill,  
 The Olive Mount my Saviour trod,  
 The rocks that saw and own'd their God.

The morning beam that wakes the skies,  
 Shall see my matin incense rise ;  
 The evening Seraphs as they rove,  
 Shall catch the notes of joy and love,  
 And sullen night, with drowsy ear,  
 The still repeated anthem hear.

My soul shall cry to thee, O Lord,  
 To thee, supreme incarnate Word,  
 My rock and fortress, shield and friend,  
 Creator, Saviour, source, and end ;  
 And thou wilt hear thy servant's prayer,  
 Though death and darkness speak despair.

Ah ! why, by passing clouds oppress'd,  
 Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast ?  
 Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,  
 Whom never suppliant sought in vain ;  
 Thy strength, in joys extatic day,  
 Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

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PSALM CXXI. PARAPHRASED.

To Heaven I lift mine eye,  
 To heaven, Jehovah's Throne ;  
 For there my Saviour sits on high,  
 And thence shall strength and aid supply  
 To all He calls His own.

He will not faint nor fail,  
 Nor cause thy feet to stray ;  
 For Him no weary hours assail,  
 Nor evening darkness spreads her veil  
 O'er His eternal day.

Beneath that light divine  
 Securely shalt thou move ;  
 The sun with milder beams shall shine,  
 And eve's still queen her lamp incline  
 Benignant from above.

For He, thy God and Friend,  
 Shall keep thy soul from harm,  
 In each sad scene of doubt attend  
 And guide thy life, and bless thine end,  
 With His Almighty Arm.

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## PSALM CXXIII. PARAPHRASED.

LORD, before thy throne we bend,  
 LORD, to thee our eyes ascend ;  
 Servants to our Master true,  
 Lo, we yield the homage due ;

Children, to our Sire we fly,  
Abba, Father, hear our cry!

To the dust our knees we bow ;  
We are weak, but mighty Thou ;  
Sore distress'd, yet suppliant still  
We await thy holy will :  
Bound to earth and rooted here  
Till our Saviour God appear.

From the Heavens, thy dwelling place,  
Shed, O shed, thy pardoning grace :  
Turn to save us :—none below  
Pause to hear our silent woe ;  
Pleased or sad, a thoughtless throng,  
Still they gaze and pass along.

Leave us not beneath the power  
Of temptation's darkest hour ;  
Swift to seal their captive's doom,  
See our foes exulting come :  
Jesus, Saviour, yet be nigh,  
Lord of Life and Victory !

## A FRAGMENT.

1814.

“AND what is God?” the Grecian Tyrant cried.  
 “The question claims a pause,” the Sage replied.  
 A day he ask’d ;—the hours their course fulfil ;  
 A second came ;—a day was wanting still.  
 A third ;—in vain, for still the subject grew,  
 Too vast to measure, and too bright to view.  
 Nor think, that he, whose reason proved too small  
 To grasp the mind that made and governs all,  
 In Superstition’s mystic mazes stray’d,  
 By ancient song and Delphic dreams betray’d.  
 No fabled God he sought ; no Pagan Jove  
 On Ida’s height, or in Dodona’s grove ;  
 Or where retir’d on Libya’s thirsty plain,  
 The dark impostor held his humbler reign :  
 A brighter field his wakeful eye explor’d,  
 And labouring thought pursued as fancy soar’d.  
 Where Morn’s bright tresses stream along the skies,  
 He mark’d the Orb of day majestic rise ;  
 He saw his bright wheels track the ethereal plain,  
 And mild descending meet the western main :

Then, as still Evening came, serenely shone  
 The Moon refulgent on her silver throne,  
 With every star that leads the circling year,  
 Or gems the girdle of the vaulted sphere.  
 Intent the sage their marshall'd hosts survey'd,  
 And paus'd, and worshipp'd in the midnight shade ;  
 But onward soon his active spirit flew,  
 And still new wonders open'd on his view.  
 In thought he saw bright Nature stand display'd  
 With all her charms, in all her wealth array'd,  
 Mother of arts and arms, whose ancient sway  
 A thousand realms, a thousand lords obey ;  
 From where Euphrates swells with eastern pride,  
 And rapid Tigris rolls his bridge-less tide ;  
 From the deep shade whence Nilus' fountains pour  
 Their fruitful streams to Egypt's utmost shore ;  
 From pine-clad Atlas, and the fabled Isles  
 Where plenty reigns, and spring for ever smiles,  
 To those fair fields that fam'd Hydaspes laves,  
 The Chersonese, and Ister's turbid waves ;  
 And Scythia's farthest wilds.—Before him lay  
 The mighty prospect, mountain, lake, and bay,  
 Forest, and sounding flood, and hill, and plain,  
 Dark with perpetual storm, or waving rich with grain.  
 Lo ! where Sabea's happy shores extend,  
 Fresh odours breathe, and spicy clouds ascend ;



See Phrygia's lawns in flowery verdure gay,  
 See purer gales o'er bright Ilissus stray ;  
 Eternal clouds on huge Ripheus roll'd,  
 And Thracia flaming with barbaric gold.  
 Here frosts for ever reign, and winter roars ;  
 There the full vine her purple tribute pours :  
 A thousand herds on rich Emathia low,  
 And flocks unnumber'd fleece her hills with snow ;  
 O'er Libya's fields the lordly lion roves,  
 In Tempe's vale the turtle tells her loves ;  
 Beside those lofty towers, that fruitful plain,  
 Where Agrigentum holds her wealthy reign,  
 The fiery coursers flew, inured to bear  
 Her dames in peace, her mighty chiefs in war ;  
 For Agragas was then, nor prouder shone  
 The jewell'd pomp of Persia's regal throne.  
 Now sad and silent all her glory lies,  
 Save where yon Fanes in mouldering beauty rise ;  
 They, sole surviving, grace the classic scene,  
 And mark the spot where greatness once has been.  
 Above, below, through ocean, earth, and air,  
 All all is life ; the God is every where.  
 He form'd the Eagle's rapid wing for flight,  
 Curv'd his strong beak, and clear'd his piercing sight ;  
 He bade the timid Ostrich scour the plain ;  
 He fring'd with gold the Peacock's painted train.

The Halcyon's plume is His ; and every song  
 That sweetly sounds fair Hybla's woods among.  
 There, ever mindful of her early day,  
 Sad Philomela pours her plaintive lay ;  
 The blue Jay roving o'er the thymy vale,  
 Drops his spread wing and drinks the thrilling tale.  
 Around ten thousand busy insects play,  
 The thoughtless tenants of the noon-tide ray.  
 Born with the beam, their happy race they run,  
 And sink to silence with the falling sun.  
 Yet oh ! approach, that short-lived form behold,  
 Mark his blue helm, his cuirass strip'd with gold,  
 His silken limbs in filmy lustre spread,  
 And the lithe antlers waving o'er his head ;  
 How firm the threads that bind each springy limb !  
 How beams that eye which one short hour shall dim !  
 Immense profusion, which could thus array  
 A worm, a mite, to frolic for a day !  
 Nor less old Ocean's azure fields declare  
 Unbounded power in wisdom working there.  
 But oh ! what voice can tell, or thought explore,  
 The countless tribes that people every shore,  
 Or peaceful slumber in the coral cave,  
 Or ride exulting on the roaring wave !  
 For every form is there ; they float, they swim,  
 Ply the soft oar, and bend the jointed limb :

There is the slimy Seal, the unweildy Whale,  
 The Oyster valv'd, the Lobster cas'd in mail,  
 The Dolphin brightest of the watery train,  
 And Turtle slumbering on the milky main.  
 There sails the ravenous Shark in tyrant pride,  
 His faithful Pilot fearless at his side ;  
 There the huge Porpoise floats, while sportive round  
 The spangled Trout and active Tunny bound.  
 Oft by those shores, where stretch'd in slumber lay  
 The summer wave in Oran's peaceful bay,  
 Or far on western seas with side-long sail  
 Haul'd close and brac'd to meet the adverse gale,  
 What time fast sinking to his rosy bed,  
 The Sun's full beams a prouder lustre shed ;  
 Oft have I seen the mingled troops advance,  
 Bask in the smooth, or lead the liquid dance ;  
 Or bounding swift and high in gambols rude,  
 Dash through the brine pursuing and pursued.  
 Joy play'd around them, Pleasure blithe and strong  
 Curl'd the blue billows as they shot along :  
 That my sad heart has leap'd, though press'd with pain,  
 And felt the pulse of rapture beat again.

Oh ! then, what gladness wak'd the Sage's soul  
 Whose ardent thought survey'd the amazing whole !

From sea, from shore, tall cliff, and lowly dell,  
 He heard Creation's choral anthem swell ;  
 The high Hosanna, borne upon the gale,  
 Breath'd through each grove, and stream'd from every  
     vale ;

Bright Arno's waves responsive murmurs sung,  
 Dark Ida's heights with echoing rapture rung ;  
 And air and ocean, as it swept along,  
 Raised a glad shout to swell the general song.

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### ARETHUSA.

*Written on the road from Palermo to Syracuse.*

“ WHO is he, whose toilworn brow  
     “ Bends towards my crystal cave ?  
 “ Lives there one who worships now  
     “ Arethusa's slighted wave ?

“ Many a summer's sun has pass'd  
     “ O'er Eretria's burning plain,  
 “ Many a howling western blast  
     “ Swept along the wint'ry main.

- “ Still beside my sacred stream,  
     “ None the song of joy renew,  
 “ Silent springs the morning beam,  
     “ Sad descends the evening dew.
- “ Not such was Freedom’s early day,  
     “ By haunted stream and hallow’d grove,  
 “ When rapture poured the festive lay,  
     “ When rung the lyre to mirth and love ;
- “ And youths in Fancy’s wizard hour  
     “ Would on this favour’d marge recline,  
 “ And maidens hung the votive flower.  
     “ An offering at my virgin shrine.
- “ But fierce around this lowly dell,  
     “ The flames of war and conquest spread,  
 “ My sons for freedom fought and fell,  
     “ My frightened maidens wept and fled.
- “ Ah ! woe betide the cruel sword,  
     “ And woe befall the luckless day,  
 “ That gave me to a tyrant lord,  
     “ That swept my children all away !
- “ Now strangers hold this classic bower,  
     “ My meads, my groves, my altars spurn.  
 “ And rudely crush each hallow’d flower,  
     “ That lightly wreathed my agate urn.

- “ Yet still, when sinks the dewy eve,  
 “ The Muses love to wander here,  
 “ And many a mystic dance they weave,  
 “ Beside my current deep and clear.  
  
 “ And sacred still that current flows,  
 “ Though lost to Fame, and silent long,  
 “ The seat of joy and soft repose,  
 “ The fount of harmony and song.  
  
 “ Stranger, welcome :—lay thee down  
 “ Where the vernal roses grow,  
 “ Weaving many a flaunting crown  
 “ For the Nymph that glides below.  
  
 “ Resting oft on balanced wing,  
 “ Here the wild-coot tells his tale ;  
 “ Here the bending reed doth sing  
 “ Blithly to the passing gale.  
  
 “ Art thou weary ? soft descending,  
 “ Gentle airs shall round thee breathe,  
 “ And my tinkling current blending  
 “ Pour its liquid notes beneath.”

[Having arrived at Syracuse, and visited the filthy pool now termed Arethusa, I determined to write no more.]

## TRANSLATION OF AN ITALIAN SONNET

*(Written upon the summit of Plinlimmon, a mountain in  
Wales.)*

WITH pensive heart and trembling steps I tread  
 These savage heights, with Alpine horrors crown'd;  
 While eagles scream around their stormy head,  
 And the hoarse torrents pour a solemn sound.

'Tis awful! here no grovelling thought can dwell,  
 Where all is vast, magnificent, and high;  
 I feel, I feel the ascending spirit swell,  
 Though faint the foot, and wearied be the eye.

Ah! treacherous heart, by earth-born cares depress'd,  
 Why rove thy thoughts amid the sordid throng.  
 Where sensual pleasures clog each vulgar breast,  
 And gold and glory trail their pomp along!

Oh! mount at length to Heaven on rapid wing,  
 There in thy native empyrean glow;  
 And blest with peace, and bright in endless spring.  
 Smile at the clouds that shade a world below.

DECEMBER, 1814.

“ CHILD of Man, whose seed below  
“ Must fulfil their race of woe,  
“ Heir of want, and doubt, and pain,  
“ Does thy fainting heart complain ?  
“ Oh ! in thought one night recall,  
“ The night of grief in Herod’s hall :  
“ There I bore the vengeance due,  
“ Freely bore it all for you.

“ Child of Dust, Corruption’s son,  
“ By Pride deceiv’d, by Pride undone,  
“ Willing Captive, yet be free,  
“ Take my yoke, and learn of me ;  
“ I, of Heaven and Earth the Lord,  
“ God with God, the eternal Word,  
“ I forsook my Father’s side,  
“ Toil’d, and wept, and bled, and died.

“ Child of doubt, does fear surprize,  
“ Vexing thought within thee rise ;  
“ Wondering, murmuring, dost thou gaze  
“ On evil men and evil days ?



“ Oh ! if darkness round thee lower,  
 “ Darker far my dying hour ;  
 “ Which bade that fearful cry awake,  
 “ My God, my God, dost thou forsake !

“ Child of Sin, by guilt oppress’d,  
 “ Heaves at last thy throbbing breast ?  
 “ Hast thou felt the mourner’s part ?  
 “ Fear’st thou now thy failing heart ?  
 “ Bear thee on, belov’d of God,  
 “ Tread the path thy Saviour trod,  
 “ He the Tempter’s power hath known,  
 “ He hath pour’d the garden groan.

“ Child of Heaven, by me restored,  
 “ Love thy Saviour, serve thy Lord ;  
 “ Seal’d with that mysterious Name,  
 “ Bear the cross, and scorn the shame ;  
 “ Then, like me, thy conflict o’er,  
 “ Thou shalt rise to sleep no more :  
 “ Partner of my purchas’d Throne,  
 “ One in Joy, in Glory one.”



# SELECT PIECES

*IN PROSE.*

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## ON THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF PRIVATE AND PUBLIC EDUCATION.

THAT Education is necessary to improvement, and that youth is the season best fitted for it, are truths too evident to need demonstration.

I am aware that, in this “Age of Reason,” some are willing to deny the latter; but being not yet so far advanced in the theory of modern argumentation, as to think the caprices of the weak, or the sophistry of the wicked, sufficient to overthrow a system established for ages, and sanctioned by the approbation of the best, and the practice of all, I assume these truths as axioms.

It would be happy if the same unanimity which prevails as to the general principle, could be discerned in the application of it. But here opinion and prejudice interpose; and on no subject, perhaps, are the

plans proposed more widely dissentient. Nor can this be matter of astonishment. The mind of every man is, in some degree, warped by constitution, habit, or example ; in addition to which, we have reason from the fairest analogy to believe, that the original constitution of our minds is not less various than the formation of our faces ; which are so intimately allied, yet so artfully distinguished, as alone sufficiently to prove the Omnipotence of their Maker. Our minds then being thus dissimilar, we shall necessarily differ most in those subjects, on which we think most ; and Education must always be a prominent object of contemplation, as in its success or failure nothing less than the welfare of empires is involved.

The ancients thought, and justly, that the tuition of youth was a matter of public moment, and the civil power was called in, to regulate, direct, and enforce it : but whatever considerations might impress on their minds the importance of the subject, must surely in these days act with double effect ; for, in proportion as Revelation is greater than Philosophy, and things eternal than things temporal, so much should the Education of a Christian be raised above that of an Heathen.

I am far from wishing to decry personal accomplishments : superiority of every nature is desirable ; but all more minute excellencies must be omitted, because their comparative importance is very disproportionate, and the subject is at best too wide. The acquisition of Virtue and Knowledge are the two

great objects in Education ; not that even these can be considered as competitors for eminence. So much superior are the qualities of the Heart to those of the Understanding, that could unsullied Innocence be purchased by the sacrifice of every other consideration, the price would be cheap, and the purchase inestimable ; but such was not the will of our great Creator. It is therefore our business, while we cultivate every moral virtue, to promote at the same time every intellectual attainment ; and those who will be content to pursue the latter, in subservience to the former, will be gratified by discovering, that Science is to Religion what Pope describes Criticism once to have been to Poetry :

“ Then Criticism the Muse’s handmaid prov’d  
 “ To deck her charms, and make her more belov’d.”

When I thus allow every superiority to moral excellence, some perhaps will think the contest ended ; but I cannot think myself maintaining a paradox, when I doubt at least, whether a private education be most congenial to Virtue.

At first view, I confess, Innocence and Retirement seem to be twin-sisters, and the imagination expands with rapture in surveying her fair creations ; where Youth is trained up in Simplicity and Piety ; where the heart beats with genuine emotions ; where no competition alarms, no temptations allure, and no examples vitiate. Alas ! these Elysian Regions only want existence to realize perfection ; but that is a requisite which experience informs us

they shall never have : for even beneath the shade of privacy, can the Serpent of Sin distil his poison ; and though the world with all its luxuries and all its corruptions be excluded, yet human nature will remain, nor will all the sanctity of obscurity preserve its shades from violation. The beams of Ambition perhaps may be excluded, the splendour of Greatness be eclipsed, or the charm of Competition be dissolved ; but the less exalted passions may still riot without control ; Hatred, and Revenge, Envy, and Discontent, Fraud, Lust, and Duplicity, will find an ample field even amid the gloom of Solitude. These are enemies whom no art can elude ; who laugh at the fear of extirpation, and set prevention at defiance. Planted at our birth, they have fixed their roots even in the recesses of the Heart ; and, when they are eradicated, it must cease to beat. Whatever labour may be required to mature the produce of Virtue, we can all bear melancholy testimony to the prolific vegetation of Vice. The passions are self sown, self reared, self ripened ; and stand little in need of examples to instruct, or opportunities to encourage them. Happy they, who in Solitude shall be able to check their growth by the restrictive aids of Religion : but I fear even the the fondest Enthusiast must confess with the inimitable Johnson, that “ The life of a solitary man is certainly wretched, but not certainly devout.”

Nor are the dangers of a private education confined to the corruptions of Nature. No one is, in fact, totally secluded. Even those who are most

rigidly confined, must be under the eye of a Parent, a Guardian, or a Tutor; and, if the principles of these be bad, how desperate is the situation of the Pupil! The very possibility of such an event, where even the hope of safety seems precluded, will be a considerable weight to throw into the balance against all the perils of public tuition. Yet could we, indeed, be always private; could the seclusion of youth be protracted to our old age; and a whole life glide away, “The world forgetting, by the world forgot;” I should not hesitate to prefer a private education with all its disadvantages, to the hazards of a public school. But, alas! such is not the lot assigned to a man. A wider field must be opened to us; we have nobler duties to perform, and other virtues to exercise. The gay images of childhood must melt away, the visions of youth be dissipated, and infancy ripen into manhood; and the bark, which has long rode in the harbours of Security, be launched at once on the ocean of Life. Are there then, in this awful voyage, no eddies to be avoided, no difficulties to be subdued? Will the rocks glide away before the helm of Innocence, the current yield to the oar of Simplicity, or the tempest cease to howl around the canvas of Confidence? Surely, if there be dangers, Ignorance and Inexperience can be little qualified to encounter them: for how will he, who has been basking in the beams of parental Fondness, be able to elude the seductions of Voluptuousness, or penetrate the veil of Hypocrisy? Folly will entangle her minion in mazes, from which

Fraud can alone extricate him; or Violence will terrify him into meanness, which will first appear useful, then necessary, and at last justifiable.

Yet let it not be imagined, that I am an advocate for the morals of public schools; I know their depravity. Man is too corrupt to be innocent even when alone, and our propensity to ill is increased, in proportion as it is countenanced. There is hardly a crime in the whole catalogue of enormities which does not pervade the walls of our public academies: but, though the temptations are more, I am not sure that the dangers are greater: and though not so vain as to suppose, that the dreams of Philosophical Purity can ever be realized in these nurseries of Learning, yet I cannot but think that some enormities might be checked, and some virtues fostered. In the present comparison, therefore, I am not bound to suppose the line of public Education so impure, as at present it is: yet, even in its present state of depravity, it must not be forgotten, that many noble qualities, if I may not call them virtues, are necessarily inherent in it. Courage and Generosity, Candour and Activity, Obedience and Content, if not universal, are certainly prevalent; and though I can hardly venture to eke these out into a catalogue of merits, yet surely they may operate as a counterpoise to some of the deformities. Upon the whole, I believe, that though purity may in theory seem peculiar to domestic instruction, yet it will not often be found, that those who are estimable in life owe their merits only to the privacy of their early years.



Should it be thought, that, after every deduction, the balance still preponderates in favour of that form of instruction, whence temptation is most excluded; some allowance must still be admitted for the superiority which the other side will claim in point of Science, and from which, if justly arrogated, an argument may perhaps be drawn in defence of its morality, since it is at least to be hoped, that as we grow wiser, we shall grow better. This superiority, however, will doubtless be contested, nor am I prepared to say that the contest will be rash. It is extremely difficult, in such cases, to balance exactly the claims of either party, since each peculiar excellence is opposed by some competitor. The principal advantages attendant on public Schools and Universities, are: 1st. The learning of the Præceptors, for, as Quintilian justly observes, "*Optimus quisque Præceptor frequentîâ gaudet, ac majore se theatro dignum putat.*" 2dly. The company, conversation, and advice of many characters celebrated, at least in those pigmy stages, for Virtue, Learning, or Talents: such acquaintance serves, at the same time, to increase our knowledge, and repress our vanity; for Solitude is the nurse of Pride: "*necesse est enim sibi nimium tribuat, qui se nemini comparat.*" 3dly. and principally, That spirit of emulation which "gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent;" that "fever of renown," which electrifies the most torpid, which calls the sluggard into action, and impels the heedless to exertion; that principle of ambition in short, "*quæ*

licet ipsa vitium frequenter tamen causa virtutum est." He who sees excellence cannot but admire it, he who admires will envy, and he who envies will imitate; till, like the Czar, he is taught to conquer by the victories of his enemies. This is the nostrum which has formed the Hero, the Statesman, and the Scholar, and in this peculiarly rests the advantage of public seminaries, where we catch the fire by a kind of attractive infection, and grasp that generous principle inculcated by the Prince of Poets,

“ αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν, καὶ ὑπείροχον εἶμεναι ἄλλων.”

On the other hand it must be confessed, that the opposite system is not without its advantages. If the tutor is less able, he is generally more attentive; and it may even be started as a doubtful proposition, whether the greatest men make the best masters. If the society of Learning be excluded, the factions of idleness, and cabals of the ignorant, are also shut out; and, though I never can admit any principle to be of equal cogency with the spirit of emulation, yet, certainly, the respect and affection generally contracted for a private guardian, may operate powerfully, while leisure and abstraction from hurry and tumult will allow every good intention its full play. Thus the characteristic excellencies of each, though differently distributed; are nearly equivalent; nor, in this general view, can it be easily decided to which superiority may belong. When, however, these qualities are considered in reference to any particular character, the motives of choice may become evident; since it is obvious, that peculiar

forms will be suitable to peculiar dispositions : thus the timid must be animated by encouragement, and the licentious repressed by severity : yet, even here, the disparity is perhaps less than may be supposed ; for diffidence may be roused by scholastic tumult, and riot circumscribed by tutorial vigilance. In comparing the acquirements for which each situation is celebrated, experience will be a better guide than theory : and, I believe, it will generally be found, that the public scholar is superior in classical knowledge, and the private in general information : here then again contrarieties clash, and here again must comparison be waived. Perhaps it may be agreed, that a strong inference may be drawn in favour of Academical Institution from public usage and universal approbation, but I know not whether much can be hoped from this evidence : that most practise it, is certain, but that most approve it, is, at least, problematical ; and though it must be owned that the uniform consent of mankind forms in general a violent presumption in favour of that to which it has been annexed ; yet, perhaps, the present case may be allowed as an exception ; for the convenience, relaxation, and indolence allowed to the parent by the intervention of public schools, offer so strong a temptation for preference, that the evidence is thereby rendered suspicious : and though the records of glory may be unrolled, and the titles of the illustrious displayed to dazzle and confound us, yet surely that system can stand little in need of exculpation, in which St. Paul and St. Polycarp

were educated ; which has produced an Homer, a Pascal, and a Pitt. Such names, though they cannot ensure superiority, at least preclude contempt, and pour a cloud of glory round their tutoress like Venus before her son :

Screen'd from the foes behind whose shining veil,  
The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail.

Thus far, then, if my conclusions be correct, little pre-eminence can be claimed by either party, and thus far, therefore, my proposition remains still disputable ; but, however equal the immediate advantages may appear, a consideration is yet reserved which would incline the balance, were it less equally suspended. Surely, all who have been blessed with a liberal education must anticipate my sentiments, when I say, that the treasures to which I allude, are to be found in the acquaintance, connexions, and friendships usually contracted there, where choice is most widely diversified. With these no minute accomplishments can be set in competition. From these even the voice of envy dares not detract. It is in vain to urge the dangers of combination of vice, and the evils resulting from the society of the wicked ; all blessings must be attended with hazard proportionate to their eminence ; and the same argument, if extended, would forbid us to act, to read, or to meditate. But shall the apprehension of possible misfortune rob us of those endearments which are the balm of life ! Shall we never taste the cup

of satisfaction for fear its beverage should be poison? or leave the rose to wither in neglect, because a thorn may wound the unwary? They surely can have little sense of the happiness to be derived from virtuous attachment, who would instill so frigid an opiate, or freeze every feeling of the heart into the rigour of torpid Apathy. Whatever be the peril, every generous mind will grasp at attainment, where the blessings of acquisition are so disproportionate; and he who has either virtue or feeling, who can study his own happiness, or promote that of mankind, must foster with ardour those connexions, whose advice may regulate the great, whose example may animate the indifferent, whose affection may cheer the unfortunate. If life be indeed but too wretched, let us not despise that alleviation which a gracious Providence has bestowed. If human wisdom be but too fallible, let us not reject the only prop which can support it. Carte closes a laboured panegyric on the great Duke of Buckingham, by observing, that his defects were owing to the want of a friend and counsellor. Pitiably indeed must be his lot, who stands single in this tempestuous ocean, with no confident to trust, no companion to cheer, and no friend to support him. As for me, let me be poor, oppressed, or unfortunate, but let me not be friendless, and Distress herself will be powerless. Surely of all curses which human malice has framed, that ancient one is the most horrible, "*Ultimus suorum moriatur.*"

Thus, then, we have hastily touched on the prin-

cipal points of competition, which distinguish each great outline of education : much indeed has been omitted, and most of what has been said will appear obvious ; but the latter, if an imperfection, could hardly be avoided, on a subject which has been, from age to age, a common-place of discussion ; and the former is less to be lamented, because the disquisition is at best theoretical. Should the question, as is probable, remain for ever undecided, the difficulties of choice will not, therefore, be increased, or the world be precluded from growing wiser, abler, or better ; nay, it may be doubted, whether a decision which would close the dispute for ever might, in any degree, tend to disembarass the old, or forward the hopes of the rising generation. The real question which it is our interest to determine, is, whether a public or private education be best adapted to *my particular child* ; and even this is oftener decided by accident or convenience, than from conviction or argument. This, at least, is clear, that it is the duty of every parent to pursue that plan which will ultimately conduce most to the welfare of his offspring ; and though the diffident may sometimes hesitate, or necessity compel an involuntary adoption, yet, where choice is fairly open, no one need long hesitate what system to prefer. The great Creator, when he implanted qualities, afforded us also the means of displaying them. These then, we must watch, and to these refer, as the lines of direction. All plants are not indigenious, and while the Briton triumphs in his oak, the Indian

reclines under his palm tree. Thus it is with animals, with seasons, and with climates: the rugged liberty of the Spartan would have ill suited the effeminacy of Asian dependence: but though panaceas are rejected, many medicines may possess powers of general utility; and as the constitution of this country, though unadapted to every state, might diffuse blessings over the majority of mankind, so will it be found, that a public Education, however dangerous to some, is preferable on the whole for the generality of students: “Alieno in loco haud stabile regnum est.”—Seneca.

THOUGHTS ON THE PROPOSED IMPROVE-  
MENT OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

1808.

Les femmes docteurs ne sont point de mon gout ;  
Je consens qu'une femme ait des clartés de tout,  
Mais je ne lui veux point la passion choquante,  
De se rendre savante à fin d'être savante.

MOLIERE.

REFORMERS, if they are honest, deserve well of their countrymen ; for the office is troublesome and invidious. Yet there are errors, which they are apt to fall into, so considerable, as to render their labours sometimes worse than useless. One, in particular, is very common, because a small share of vanity will occasion it. This is an anxiety, of which the reformer himself is perhaps hardly conscious, to fix upon some subject for improvement, wherein no striking deficiency had been before observed, and towards which, therefore, the public attention had not been directed. The love of originality, which is common to all ingenious men, obviously points to this : but it is equally obvious, that he who is determined to be original, is in great danger of being wrong ; and that if the world



has not noticed a particular deficiency, some presumption exists that there is no deficiency to be noticed.

There is another fault, of which reformers are sometimes guilty, that grows very naturally out of the last. Having, according to the acknowledged liberties of their company, expressed a great deal of astonishment that their countrymen should have paid so little attention to the object in which they propose an amendment, they go on wondering, and declaring their wonder, on the same account, long after the cause has ceased, and when, it may be, men, women, and children, are writing and talking about nothing else.

I am not sure whether the most intelligent of those who have lately published on the subject of female improvement, have not fallen into both these errors. They have written largely, and very earnestly, on the propriety of elevating, in no small degree, the studies and intellectual attainments of women. Yet it is very questionable (as shall presently be considered) whether, attending to the actual state of things, and not forgetting the necessary imperfections of our nature, such an alteration is at all needed. They have complained too, and still complain loudly, that the world, in both sexes, either from levity or a judicial blindness, is insensible to the importance of this their favourite theme; though it so happens, more attention has been paid to it, and more letter-press expended upon it,

within the last fifteen years, than during the fifteen, or even fifty, centuries which preceded them.

The last of these facts will hardly be denied, but the first deserves to be more fully inquired into.

Among the persons who have engaged in discussions respecting female improvement, there subsists a great difference of sentiments; but both sides have, as by consent, proceeded on the assumption of the point which I wish to see more fully considered. They have each taken for granted, that the existing state of female attainments is very low. Proceeding on this hypothesis, one class of writers maintain, that thus it ought to continue. The other, with much more liberality, but perhaps with less of sound judgment than of good intention, contend that improvements are very desirable. I venture to doubt whether both these bodies of disputants are not in error. The first indeed are so wrong, that they have no chance of ever getting right. Yet the mistake of the latter class may be the most serious, because it is a practical one. If the cultivation of female talents is at present, on the whole, about such as it ought to be, no interference is necessary, and tampering will probably do harm. At the least, this is a question which must be examined before we can advance a step securely; and this is just the question which, with their pardon be it said, all our worthy reformers have hitherto slipped by.

It may be as well here to dismiss at once those

writers and talkers (thinkers they are not) who are pleased to insist, not only that women actually are ignorant and foolish, but that they ought always to be so. Nothing truly can be more impertinent than the liberties which such gentlemen take in this matter. They profess a jealousy of female improvement. It is natural, that, being stationary themselves, they should feel no pleasure in the advances of others: but what right have they to be thus jealous? Is the sex subject to their control? Are women bound to make choice of occupations according to their fancy? What concern have they with those whose discretion they think themselves authorized to question? This only—that they may some day wish to marry, and have therefore a slight interest in the character of the body from which they must then select. They need not, however, to feel any alarm. Were women much more highly educated than they generally are, there must still be very many of slender wit, and still more slender attainments, who will make them suitable companions. Such “congenial souls” they may easily find, and will have the satisfaction of transmitting simpleness to their common offspring;

“ So Duncce the second reigns like Duncce the first.”

But the other body of writers on this subject are, in every view, well entitled to a grave reply; for professing, as I do, to agree with them, in respect to the general benefits of intellectual cultivation;

and holding it clear that we have not the slightest right to debar women of those benefits if they wish to possess them ; it is plain that my doubts, as to the soundness and safety of their conclusions, must arise from an original difference in our facts. If, however, they are mistaken in these, the inferences, of which they feel so secure, may not only be false, but dangerous ; and the amendment they propose, nothing better than mischievous meddling.

In considering whether the present state of female knowledge is below its just level, we must bear in mind the infirmities and imperfections necessarily incident to the mechanism of society, and to man himself, the mechanist. Doubtless it would be very desirable to increase, in a ten-fold ratio, the wisdom and virtue now subsisting in the world ; to make men, as well as women, much more knowing than they are. But this we are sure is impracticable by any sudden efforts. The whole of the social system must move on together ; and though one part may accidentally, and for a short time, get the start of the rest, such an advantage is seldom great or lasting : chances come to all, and the race, in a long run, is pretty even. Whatever wishes, therefore, we may cherish for the general improvement of our species, or of woman, the loveliest part of it, if upon the whole it appears, that the average attainments of the sex are at present such, as with reference to the general state of things, of civilization and social advancement, they

ought in reason to be, so that they are not lagging in the march; there seems to be no occasion for special interference in that quarter, and there is even room to fear that it may not be altogether harmless.

If, in order to determine on the main fact which is disputed, no evidence could be resorted to but the personal testimony of writers, the decision might be adjourned to the Greek Calends; for what authorities could be adduced which must not be questionable? Men can judge only from what they know, and no one in this country knows many women intimately. We can tell of singular specimens of ignorance or knowledge; but this is of little service. An average is wanted; and, upon such limited observation, how shall an average be taken? The laws, too, by which the intercourse between the sexes is regulated, are so peculiar, that female excellencies and deficiencies are seldom fairly estimated. Women are either adored or despised; for who can resist the fascination of wit and elegance united? And how few are those who will inquire for other merits, where these cannot be found? Some better assistance, then, is desirable in the solution of this problem; and two considerations, at least, may be mentioned, which make it generally improbable that feminine talents should be insufficiently cultivated in an age of wealth and improvement.

1. We all know that, in the advance of social prosperity, riches, ease, and knowledge gradually

rise out of each other; and no one will deny that women, in some measure, partake of the common improvement. Let those who do, look into the receipt-books of our great-grandmothers. But there is this peculiarity observable, that the very increase of wealth, which supplied men at first both with the means and motives for cultivating their understandings, soon bars *their* progress. The order of the world makes it unavoidable, "*Opposuit natura;*" for as industry is augmented in every quarter, each art and profession is more perfectly separated from its neighbours; and men, from the growing eagerness of competition, are forced to yield themselves more entirely to the course of profitable employment they have chosen. They become, therefore, more technical. Less of that which tends to elevate or embellish the mind, can be learned in a profession, and less can be learned out of it. But no similar obstacles oppose themselves to the growing condition and accomplishments of the female world. The accumulation of riches only gives to them a greater command of ease, books, and every facility for instruction. It multiplies, too, continually the number of those who will be ambitious of some intellectual attainments; and by multiplying their number, at once gives a price to knowledge, and withdraws the reproach of singularity. One may venture then to say, that women must have a tendency to improve longer than men; and whoever considers the state of things in this island, will find it difficult to per-

suade himself, that the causes above mentioned are not already acting on both the sexes with great force.

2. Educated and intelligent men have so strong an interest in the cultivation of the female mind, that it is hardly to be thought intellectual pursuits can become general in one sex, without a similar spirit being communicated to the other. This must be done before knowledge can really become a blessing to us. At the best, till then it is only a solitary blessing: and none more keenly feel the wretchedness of solitude than the speculative and studious. To them, conversation is a medicine as well as an amusement. But the coarse joyousness, or coarser contentions of men, afford them little relief: the kindness, the vivacity, the grace, the facility of women—these are what they seek; and these possess a charm which neither the discovery of truth nor the attainment of the highest honours can bestow. The rigid brow of philosophy is relaxed, the languid eye of erudition lightens with rapture. Wit is heard with pleasure where it can excite no jealousy; and the flattery of female attentions steals to the heart with a softness and poignancy which never yet belonged to the loudest pæans of triumph. But who are the women who will thus reward the wise and learned? Are they the airy, giddy things, whose hours are wasted between the toilet and ball-room, whose industry never approaches nearer their brains than the adjusting a head-dress? They will prattle at a rout with a *petit-maitre*, and flutter

round the circle of gaiety, like butterflies in a parterre. But a man of sense and knowledge—*Quelle bête!* A scholar—a scarecrow! They look at him, as they would at an Otho or mummy, with a mixture of curiosity and contempt, and turn away to giggle. He seems an antique, lately discovered at Pompeii, with the dust brushed away, and

“Stepped from his pedestal to take the air.”

In truth, nothing can be more distressing to a man of letters little accustomed to the world, than the buzz and frolics of a girlish circle. But it is not to be credited, that, in an age of knowledge, those qualities which principally confer superiority among men, should long be permitted to deprive their possessors of all pleasure in their intercourse with the softer sex. The wisest and most intelligent on both sides will discover the mistake, and folly be pushed aside. Knowledge enjoys so decided a superiority above ignorance, and the interests of both sexes so strongly favour its just appreciation, that we may venture to say, it is impossible for women to continue their admiration of flippancy and folly for any great length of time after genius and learning are become frequent. They must feel some desire of being approved by those to whom the public world does homage: and men too well know the value of female attention not to cherish the growth of a principle, which, whether rooted in vanity or reflection, must prove in its developement their happiness and



honour. Let it be recollected how long it is since learning has been highly esteemed in this island, and the inference flowing from these remarks will be very obvious.

Upon general views then, without looking about for instances, there seems little reason to apprehend that women are at present less intellectual than they ought to be. If we turn to life, I cannot think we shall see reason to alter our judgment.

Women are not profound scholars and philosophers: it is admitted. They know but little of the Greek accents, of the doctrines of curves, of exchanges, and of paper credit; those learned ladies excepted, who are at home in every thing. But there is one sort of philosophy which they understand more practically, and more deeply too, than any of us. I mean the philosophy of the human heart. This is their great field of inquiry; and the knowledge they here acquire is not gained by reading or thinking, but by observation on common life. In the midst of company and diversions, in the quiet of the domestic circle, in happiness and in distress, they are still gaining new acquaintance with the human sentiments, passions, and affections, in their simplest forms, and in all their combinations, natural and sophisticated. These they reach by that delicacy and justness of feeling which is peculiarly their own, and which a more scientific system of education would probably disturb. Now this knowledge of the human heart is just that which to the sex is most valuable. Condemned as they are,

partly by the ordinance of Providence, and partly by the ungenerous tyranny of men, to a state of dependence, their condition would be wretched indeed, if they possessed no resources by which to qualify or elude the domination of strength. But what they cannot attempt openly, they can, and frequently do, indirectly effect. As daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers, they have continual occasion to improve and exercise their knowledge of the heart, in foiling the passions and violence of men, in fixing or recovering their affections, in preserving the peace and animating the dulness of domestic life, and in training the infant mind to whatever is fair and amiable. Their attainments in *humanity* are their best arms, which serve for defence, and use, and ornament. Let us not insidiously or cruelly attempt to tear these from their hands, under the pretence of recommending a more regular system of mental discipline. They are necessary for the happiness of both sexes. Nor let us deceive ourselves and them, by the silly pedantry of fancying that human nature can only be studied to advantage in Hartley or Hutcheson.

There are many walks too of literature, and even science, in which women pretty generally excel. A great proportion of the higher classes are familiar with French and Italian; and German has of late been introduced into that fashionable coterie. What stores of instruction and elegant amusement are thus opened to them! They do not perhaps enter into nice disquisitions on the structure of the different

languages ; they trouble themselves little with the prosody, and never inquire why the French compose in alexandrines, the Italians in stanza, and the Germans in hexameter : but their tastes are cultivated, and their minds enriched. Who is there, capable of relishing the grace and dignity of Racine, the ever-varying charms of Ariosto, or the sublime effusions of Klopstock, that would spend his thought to examine the merits and defects of French versification, with its alternations of male and female couplets ; or lose himself in the angry squabbles of Corneille and Monsieur Scudery, about the old and new drama ? Women are pretty good linguists, though not deeply versed in philology ; and if they only read what is best worth their reading, should we call them shallow and ignorant, because they have a quicker sense than we of the beautiful and sublime ? If I am to judge between Madame Dacier and Madame de Sevigné, saving the dignity of criticism, I must really give the apple to the latter.

I would willingly recount every province of knowledge, whether elegant or profound, which is become tributary to the ladies ; but their encyclopédie is too extensive for my feeble grasp. History and belles-lettres, chemistry, botany, natural philosophy, with twenty sub-divisions of science, the names of which are hardly known in the vulgar world, now flourish under the female patronage—"All sciences, all arts, their spoil !" What can writers mean by calling women ignorant ? A poor man, whose time is oc-

cupied in the business of common life, hardly dares to open his lips in a fashionable circle, for fear of getting into some confusion about the composition of a favourite gas, or the history of a semi-metal. Formerly if a man knew enough of botany to observe, that the petals of a particular plant are *cruciform* and *divaricated*, he passed for a prodigy ; but now, the lady turns short upon him, and adds, that it has been since discovered they are *gash-serrated with peduncles in whirls round the stem*. In truth, if the weekly lectures at the Institution were continued through the autumn, the conversation of fashionable females, like the sacred languages of Egypt and Hindostan, would be quite unintelligible to common mortals ; but thanks to their good memories, the fair students have all to begin again the next spring.

Seriously however; though there is enough of affectation among ladies on these subjects, would there be affectation of knowledge if knowledge were not become creditable ? The truth is, that there is scarcely any thing new or curious, elegant or amusing, to which female attention is not directed. Amidst such restlessness of research, it is surely too much to expect us to believe that women are generally uninformed.

Nor let us forget what are termed accomplishments. We hear it frequently insisted, that too much time is dedicated to these. It may be so ; but they are of no mean value. The polite arts, among which music and painting are without doubt the

most excellent, are to society what the entablature is in architecture. They do not sustain the building, but they adorn it. And by whom can every graceful art be so properly cultivated, as by those in whom the most finished ideas of beauty are seen embodied? For what is beauty without grace? “Vera *incessu* patuit dea.”

Upon the whole, if quickness of perception, delicacy and justness of taste, an easy flow of sentiments and language, flexibility and facility of understanding, wit both subtle and poignant, original combinations, and a deep acquaintance with the human heart, are any indications of a cultivated mind, we need not feel alarmed for the present race of females in the higher classes. Their attainments indeed, in the different walks of knowledge, must vary with their opportunities. Women who are married in early life cannot, and ought not, to devote their hours to speculative occupations: they have nearer and dearer interests to attend to. But single women generally supply the absence of domestic affections by those intellectual pursuits, which may divert their minds, and render their company and conversation attractive. These are the natural and (if the pleasures of religion are excepted) the best resources of solitude. Even among them, it must be owned, we never see a Cotes or Newton, a Clarke, or Rhunken: perhaps rarely a Corelli or Reynolds. And why should we desire it? Yet, without flattering the sex, we may observe, that some of the first literary characters of the present age and the last have been

found among them. When I mention Mrs. Carter, Mrs. More, Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Burney, need I add any thing to justify the assertion?

“I call that,” says Milton, “a complete and generous education, which fits a person to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices both of public and private life.” In public life, women cannot be tried; but let the sufficiency of their education be judged by the general propriety of their behaviour, their constancy in distress, their moderation in prosperity, their fulfilment of every active and every passive duty. We talk freely of their love of follies, and delight to dwell on the foibles visible in the sex—foibles sometimes growing out of their very excellencies; but if the merits of education may be judged by the character and conduct of the students, Cambridge, and Oxford, and Edinburgh, must yield the palm to that course of female institution which has not hitherto been thought worthy even of being formed into a system. There are great mistakes about these matters. We deceive ourselves with the word education. Formerly this meant learning Latin and Greek at school, and going through the old courses of philosophy at college. It is still confined, with men, principally to intellectual discipline. But the present modes of instruction among women have this advantage, that the head and heart are trained together. Their dispositions are regulated; their manners are formed. Girls might be made excellent scholars as well as men;

but then, other things must be neglected. How would the poor things tremble at entering a drawing room! How would they mangle a fricandeau! Should we like to see their caps awry, or perhaps a group of sister students in Palmyrene simars and stomachers after the fashion of queen Zenobia! Let women be compared with men, in taste, curiosity, thirst of knowledge, and a quick relish of whatever is brilliant, lofty, or affecting; in propriety of manners, in their dispositions and affections, in prudential and moral conduct; and it may boldly be affirmed, that men would be "honoured by the rivalry." If such be the effects of their present system of education, I repeat with Milton, that "I call that a complete and generous education."

So much for the alleged deficiencies in the fair sex. When, after listening to the deep-drawn sighs that are breathed around me, I turn to the living world of women full of spirit and intelligence, my mind is irresistibly drawn to the image of the evil genius surveying Athens, whose tears indeed were less unreasonable, because they were the tears of malignity:

Tritonida conspicit arcem  
Ingeniis, opibusque, et lætâ pace virentem,  
Vixque tenet lachrymas, quia nil lachrymabile cernit.

I shall now endeavour to point out how serious are the mischiefs which would attend any striking change in the existing system of female discipline.

Though the writers on this subject decline to propose any specific plan for supplying the present deficiencies in the education of women, (a reserve, by the bye, which does more credit to the prudence than to the generosity of such practical philosophers,) it is evidently their wish to give it throughout a character of greater severity. They are anxious that women should be taught to think more and reason better. Doubtless, thought and reason are noble faculties; but our masculine censors seem to be but poor moral arithmeticians; for while they calculate their gains pretty confidently, for a mere project of speculation, we hear nothing of any opposite account, of any waste in this shifting of capital. It is natural, however, that those who think highly of women as they are, should estimate with some seriousness the value of what is put in hazard by a new adventure. Let us see whether the amount is inconsiderable. Let us see, too, whether the proposed improvements may not bring with them some inconveniences not generally anticipated.

Women are at present remarkable for grace. This quality breathes through their whole character, and is perhaps its greatest charm. Yet who can doubt that habits of severe attention to the sciences, or even to their usual studies cast into a more scientific shape, would destroy something of that delicacy and flexibility of understanding for which the sex have hitherto been admired? We may rest assured that the same causes and effects will ever be found allied, whether men or women are the subjects of our ex-



periment: and what a regular system of discipline produces in one sex, it will produce in the other: “*Abeunt studia in mores.*” Their characters will alter with their pursuits. The number of our philosophers may be multiplied, but Philosophy must then be seen only cased in mail and armed at all points, instead of moving in a light drapery, with the Graces dancing round her. Women are at present celebrated for the activity and glow of their imaginations. We shall be told, that this faculty will rather be regulated than injured by a rigid system of institution. It may be doubted, however, whether so artificial a regulation would be desirable; and it is far more doubtful whether thus to regulate will not be to destroy. Whoever considers the nature of this enchanting faculty will perceive, that the ideas which it presents to the mind, however grand or beautiful, are generally very inaccurate; as objects seen through a mist will lose in distinctness what they gain in magnitude. Indistinctness is one source of the sublime; and a principal reason why women possess a greater command than men over those images which raise the thoughts and touch the feelings, doubtless is, that they are less accustomed to define their ideas accurately; that first impressions are received and retained in all their vividness, without being squared and nicely measured by the rule and compass of reason. Mr. Gibbon said he relinquished the mathematics because they injured his imagination; and though we may think, as a man, he cherished his favourite faculty too fondly.

it would be difficult to contest the truth of his experience.

Is it, then, desirable that women should sacrifice their present grace of mind and richness of imagination, in order to become forcible and accurate reasoners? If reason were a rare commodity, it would be necessary to procure it at any price; but, in the occupations of our busy world, there is such a constant demand for this great article of necessity, that we need not trouble ourselves to make laws and give bounties for providing a supply. On the contrary, it should seem prudent to secure, if possible, a fund of the more delicate faculties, which are not absolutely requisite for our existence, though they administer very largely to our happiness. Such are those which still flourish in the female world. Is there not also a natural affinity between that character of the understanding now peculiar to women, and the qualities we love to contemplate in the sex? Can we, without a sort of revulsion in our feelings, consider a timid, gentle, affectionate creature, disentangling all the mazes of metaphysics, floundering in the Serbonian bog of politics, lost in infinite simals, or deep in dust and lore amidst the antiquities of history and languages? In a social view the matter is of great importance. "Manners make the man;" and women make the manners. Surely these are of some moment. A true delicacy in all the offices of social and domestic life is one of the best criteria, as it is one of the fairest fruits, of civilization. Woe to the nation that shall renounce

it. They will descend fast into barbarism and brutality ; for the gates of that dark passage stand open day and night—it is only the ascent which is difficult. Let us not rashly put in hazard that elegant refinement which is at once our honour and happiness. Science cannot civilize a people ; and, in a busy community, such as ours, we may be sure that the belles-letters and polite arts will not long continue to flourish, if they are discouraged among those who principally possess taste and leisure to cultivate them. Even morals are interested in this question, for there is a close alliance between every part of the human microcosm. “ *L’imagination tient de plus près, qu’on ne croit, à la morale.*” This is a great and sublime truth, though too extensive to be here expanded. It is also beyond a doubt that delicacy of sentiment and manners is, at least in an irreligious age, the very sanctuary in which female honour is enshrined. Let me add too, that this scheme of working up men and women into the same sort of coarse, heavy, marketable commodities, has a sort of “ *bourgeoisie*” about it that is quite odious. It is contrary even to our nature, which hates uniformity, delighting in contrast, variety, light, and shade. Thus the grandest harmonies of Handel owe much of their effect to his rich and ever-varying modulation ; his airs are as delightful as his fugues. Painters do not finish the fore-ground and the off-skip in the same style.

The social evils, then, which may probably flow from a new system of female instruction, are of no

trifling amount. There is a loss, too, which men must suffer, so serious that I cannot omit it, though I do not think the inquiry should, in general, have much reference to our convenience. We know the charms of female conversation; their grace, their ease, their vivacity, the inimitable justness of their ideas, and simple propriety of their language. Alas!

How shall we live without them, how forego  
Such sweet converse?

Yet these, too, must be resigned, if the projected improvements take effect: for we must not hope that the scholar will ever condescend to that careless prattle, which now delights our faculties, and relieves the weariness of this work-day world. Will not the metaphysician weigh her ideas, and measure her words? Women, like men of talents who are without occupation, will consider company as a field where their powers are to be exhibited. Conversation will become a struggle of wits; and then adieu for ever to that easy, playful interchange of sense and nonsense, which is the charm of charms, the light fringe that skirts the sable drapery of life. If such are the blessings of a high state of social improvement, may we ever be humble and happy. In truth, civilization is a sad leveller. It destroys the most striking objects in the natural world, and all originality of character and energy of the passions in the moral. Something, however, it has still left us, —the vale, the babbling stream, the sunny meadow,

with the smiles and simple vivacity of woman, sweeter than all the inanimate world can give. Why should we deprive ourselves also of these pleasures? Why should we force nature to our own unhappiness?

But the most singular, and, from its boldness, the most amusing circumstance in this dispute is, the confidence with which our masters of wisdom are pleased to assume, that women, at least, will be greatly benefited by their reforms. This they think a sufficient indemnity against any other losses; and, supposing their self-complacency reasonable, it might indeed be accepted as such. But the perfect ease with which these gentlemen announce the advantages of their own system, is, I confess, far from convincing me of its real efficiency. On the contrary, one is reminded of a *ruse de guerre* sometimes practised in a certain great assembly, when the minister, having a measure to propose of the most questionable nature, takes occasion, in introducing it, to anticipate with confidence the unanimous concurrence of the house. Let us advert only to three considerations, and the reader will then judge how far women are really interested in the adoption of a new style of education.

1. It has been observed, that the most valuable knowledge which the sex at present possess, is, their acquaintance with human nature. Now, if it were only matter of doubt whether an altered system of mental discipline would affect them in this particular, surely they ought to refuse to place so

great a treasure in jeopardy. “*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.*” Let not women put in hazard their principal weapon of defence. But it really is not doubtful. The experience of ages has proved, that those who analyze are less intimately acquainted with human nature than those who feel; and if women, instead of piercing to the recesses of the heart by a perception peculiarly their own, acquire a habit rather of curiously dissecting the various phænomena that are witnessed, they will soon lose that practical intimacy with the passions which they now possess, and which is necessary to their happiness. They will know the anatomy of the mind better, but they will sacrifice the power they enjoy of directing all its movements. They will understand men like Marivaux, not like the Duchesse de Longueville, or Madame de Maintenon. This is a difference of great moment; it is the same we can imagine to subsist between a rhetorician and an orator; between the pedant who would have instructed Hannibal how to win battles and Hannibal who won them.

2. The education of women naturally adjusts itself with greater or less accuracy to the station they must fill and the duties they have to perform in life. Thus at least it is, when things are allowed to pursue their own course; and one of the great mischiefs of an ill-advised interference is, that this natural adjustment is apt to be deranged. For scarcely any thing can be said to be good or bad in this world, unless its dependence upon or relation

to some other things be considered. Thus we all love refinement: yet who is there that does not see, how a too delicate taste unfits the possessor for the duties of common life? Sensibility is the first of charms; but woe to the wretch, who, regardless of the coarseness and apathy of mankind, cherishes feelings exquisitely alive to every sentiment of pain and pleasure. Imagination fascinates and delights us: imagination is the rack of exalted spirits. All these things are so, because we can neither wholly separate ourselves from the world as it is, nor alter it at pleasure. In a higher state of being, it may perhaps be safe to cultivate the best instincts of our nature to the most exquisite perfection; but here we must bow to the necessity of our condition; and let us bow cheerfully, for it is the ordinance of God. Why is it then that these things are overlooked, when we talk of improvements in the sex? Surely our benevolence slumbers, or we should recollect, that if, by a more elevated course of education, women should be qualified for higher employments than the order of the world will permit them to engage in, their industry will have purchased for them a more exquisite misery than the inventive malice of man ever has contrived. What! can we form no idea of that agony and rebellion of soul, that storm of conflicting passions, which tosses and agitates a spirit conscious of powers that have no field for exertion, that we are willing so carelessly to lead the softer sex, now cheerful and contented, to an elevation, which, like the Assyrian mount when Satan alighted

on it, must be to them a scene of distempered and distracting emotions? Women at present are happy in the simplest occupations. An airing, a dance, the fire-side, the tea-table—all are grateful in their turns:

—————With art so subtly true  
From ev'ry herb they draw the healing dew.

Happy indeed, if they but know their happiness! How changed will be the whole prospect, should their minds, invigorated by a hardier discipline, pant for the exertions of active life! The pursuits that now occupy their attention will appear unmeaning, and nothing be left them but the turbulence of discontent, or the uneasy languor of indifference. Should such a state of things arrive, our sex will certainly be bound to admit them to a fair participation in the business and honours of the world. If we seduce them to quit their “happy valley,” we are at least bound to give them a settlement in our rocky and inclement region.

3. Women and men must be mutually dependent on each other; the happiness of neither sex can be solitary. Nothing then can be more ill-judged, than any plan which has a tendency to give to one an unreasonable advantage. It is plain too, from the constitution of nature and the declaration of God, that women are subjected to some inferiority; an attempt, therefore, to push them into an undue eminence, can only issue in general wretchedness.



Now we have already seen, that the course of things must, in the progress of civilization, give to women some advantage over men, by advancing them in knowledge and intellectual improvement after we have begun to recede. This is a moral distortion, which it would be our wisdom to correct rather than encourage. But if, instead of controlling, we cherish the natural infirmity, nothing but disorder can ensue. Women already are apt to despise their husbands. In truth, an intelligent female often finds it very difficult to feel any respect for her ignorant or sottish lord. She does not "thunder quotations in his ears;" but she is obliged to check his passions and direct his weakness; nor even with her Bible in her hand can she always reverence a being, who knows nothing but the chances at hazard, and is seldom sensible of his existence after nine at night. These are not "moral caricatures," to use the words of an intelligent writer; they are portraits from real life; and reformers would be more profitably employed in teaching our men sense, than in persuading women to covet acquirements of which they do not feel the want; though they may perhaps one day know the wretchedness.

There is another particular in which I entirely differ. It is said, "that with the men must originate the scheme of reformation, and that under their superintendence and protection alone can it efficaciously be carried into execution." Truly, what the French call "*amour propre*" is sexual as

well as personal ; but self-love is proverbially delusive.

I suspect the proper remedy is, not to attempt making the fair sex wiser, but becoming wiser ourselves. As, however, reforms are in fashion, and particularly reforms among women, it may gratify my male readers if two particulars are mentioned in which improvement really seems desirable. The first is a practice, almost universal with women, to defend their own sex, with more warmth than discrimination, whenever either its general credit or a single individual is arraigned. There is something too corporate in this. It seems selfish. It betrays, too, a sense of weakness, which might more prudently be disguised. Men let their fellows take their chance ; sometimes approving, sometimes condemning them. But if a woman be attacked, the whole sex is in arms. They seem to say with Alfieri :

*Servi siamsi, ma servi ognor frementi.*

The second reprehensible habit, is the common one of laughing at men who are engaged in business, because their manners are embarrassed and their conversation wants airiness. Now women should recollect, that it is neither wise nor grateful to ridicule the necessary effects of that industry to which they are indebted for every comfort they enjoy. While men devote their time and sacrifice their health to provide them the means of gratifica-

tion, surely it is not asking too much, to expect that they will deny themselves the paltry pleasure of rendering their benefactors contemptible.

A few words only on religion, and these remarks shall be concluded. This indeed should be first, and last, and midst. Yet this too, I fear, is not likely to be benefited by the proposed alterations. We have been told, that “ though Christianity does not require that every one should defend its authority, it seems to require that every one should understand its principles.” It is granted. And who better understand those principles than pious females? I have heard of a zealous minister who said, that he had found a deeper acquaintance with Christianity in some old women of the lowest rank, than in any other persons of either sex. We are told, too, that “ not one in a large proportion of pious women could advance any satisfactory reason for her belief.” In one sense this is equally true of a great number of pious men ; in another, it is true of neither. A satisfactory reason they have for themselves, in the peace and consolation they experience ; but they have it not for others, because these are personal feelings. But it may even be doubted, whether “ a systematic view of Christianity, with its various kinds of evidence,” is needful ; whether, in short, the religion of men and women ought to be exactly similar. In men, perhaps reason should preside ; in women, affection. Thus each may improve the other. But if, by a novel system of discipline, the female character should be altered,

and their feelings become cold, religion must lose its fervour, and with that, I fear, its life and energy. For though reason is the regulator, affection is the mainspring; and that devotion which resides only in the understanding, resembles rather the homage which a contemplative philosopher pays to his Creator, than the humble and grateful adoration which the repentant prodigal should render to his parent, the redeemed sinner to his God. In truth, a religion of mere reason is very suspicious. I once asked a French gentleman what were his guides in these matters. He replied, “*Ma Bible, mes prêtres, et ma logique; et ma logique me serve plus que tout le reste.*” My readers will not be surprised to hear, that I found it impossible to convince my catholic that it was his duty to forgive some persons by whom he thought himself deeply injured.

Reforms, however, in religion, can never be needless, whether for men or women. Let the latter then, since their improvement is in question, more seriously consider its inexpressible importance, and live more entirely under the influence of its precepts. Let them deeply and practically be persuaded, that the favour of God is far above every earthly blessing; that one act of charity or self-denial, one real exercise of humility or devotion, is better worth than the most flattering display of wit and accomplishments, with all the brilliancy of beauty to lend them lustre. So shall the loveliness of women be twice lovely; so shall the evening as

well as the morn of life shine with unclouded brightness; and He, "before whose face the heavens and earth shall flee away," smile on them in that awful hour, when the charms of the fair and the wisdom of the wise shall alike be vain, and holiness alone retain its value.

STRICTURES ON A REVIEW OF  
THE FAMILY SHAKSPEARE.

1808.

“*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*”

I HAVE read your review of the Family Shakspeare, and it reminds me of an anecdote, which is told—no matter where. It occurred in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth.

A general complaint had prevailed in France for many years of the disorderly state of the capital. There was no walking in the Fauxbourgs after five o'clock, without danger of being murdered; every table-d'hôte was a scene of uproar; and the lowest class of profligate women infested the streets without number. Colbert (who was a great man for police and privileged companies) undertook to reform this evil; and, after applying himself for sometime diligently to the business, had the vanity to think he had succeeded. But a zealous Jansenist of that day, whose name was Bussy-Guitot, understood the matter differently. He published a small piece, by which he shewed, in the first place, that Paris was a town where no reputable gentleman should think

of residing ;—that all towns indeed were to be avoided as hostile to the simplicity of country life ; and, therefore, that the labour of purifying them was quite misplaced. And, as to the minister's boasted success in Paris, he observed that nothing could be more imperfect ; for he himself had heard the barge-men swearing at the Pont-Neuf, and a lad of fourteen had actually been hustled not three weeks before in the Rue St. Honoré. My readers will inquire, perhaps, how this ended. I am sorry to say, that the pamphlet had a run ; Colbert, finding his reforms unpopular, threw them up ; and the city soon became as riotous and profligate as ever.

Now this Jansenist, it should be known, was an exceedingly worthy person. He read his Bible continually ; and cordially believed every sentence he gave to the public. How happened it then that he was the occasion of so much mischief ? Why just thus. He had been bred in the College of Port-Royal, and understood all the points of controversy with the Jesuits to perfection. But Père Arnould, who was his oracle, could teach only what he knew ; and of the ways of the world he had the happiness to know nothing. In this only he was wiser than his pupil, that he meddled but little with its concerns.

I could not refrain troubling you with this little history, because I really think it very parallel to what has lately happened,—saving only the size of the respective subjects.

All the world read Shakspeare, and all the world *would* read him. He had been, for more than two centuries, the pride and delight of his countrymen. His finer passages were quoted by every body. His familiar dialogues had become the language of common-life. Meantime, all serious persons lamented that dramas so justly admired should be deformed in every page with indecency and profaneness ; yet still the years rolled by without any attempt to purify them. If we may guess by the lateness of the undertaking, the task should seem to have been difficult. At length, twenty of the plays are published ; cleared for the most part from offensive passages, without being deprived of their original interest ; and the intentions of the editor appear, from his preface, to have been equally moral and good-natured.\* A critique soon afterwards appears

\* In justice to the editor, it should be observed, that the play (1st part of Henry IV.) which alone the reviewers thought it necessary to examine, and from which they have selected all their specimens of impropriety, is that which every one will allow to have been the least susceptible of a perfect reform, without material mutilation : while at the same time its transcendent excellence made it impossible that it should be omitted. Notwithstanding the bead-roll of defects with which the review has presented us, I cannot but think an impartial examiner will feel surprized at the success with which the editor has executed this part of his labours. As to the integrity of the motives which prompted this publication, let the editor himself be heard : “ Though the works of our immortal bard have been presented to the public in a great variety of editions, and are already the ornaments of every library, and the delight of every reader ; I flatter myself that the present publication may still claim the attention, and obtain the appro-



in a very valuable religious publication, the sum of which is this: Shakspeare ought never to be read at all—the other dramatists are in the same case—it is therefore idle to reform them: and as to this attempt, it has quite failed; for the name of the evil spirit is retained at p. 334, an oath at p. 360, Falstaff is allowed to quibble upon grace, and—“Oh major tandem parcas, &c.”

The writers of the article alluded to must allow me to remonstrate a little, both on the spirit and the justice with which their office has been executed. Was it necessary, in reviewing a work which indicated at least good wishes to religion and morals, to exhibit only a censorious disposition, ready to carp at every defect; and to fill three columns (in which their whole critique is included) with a detail of improprieties, left probably, in many instances, from the difficulty of removing them, and which in their aggregate amount to nothing? One is reminded of the old tale in Boccacini, where a gentleman shewed his industry, by picking out with care every particle of chaff to be found in a bushel of sifted wheat—He was rewarded for his pains by a free gift of his precious collection.

bation of those who value every literary production in proportion to the effect it may produce in a religious and moral point of view.—Twenty of the most unexceptionable of Shakspeare's plays are here selected, in which not a single line is added, but from which I have endeavoured to remove every thing that could give just offence to the religious and virtuous mind.” Preface to the Family Shakspeare.

Why (ask the reviewers,) are the three Parts of Henry the Sixth omitted? A plain man would imagine, because they are dull. Why retain Othello, yet discard Antony and Cleopatra and Measure for Measure\*? Truly these things are matters of taste; and it is taste, too, that seduces us to read Dryden, and send Marvel and Elkanah Settle to the Pastry-cook. But Romeo and Juliet—this too omitted! Here indeed I sympathize with the reviewers; yet, considering their dread of the romantic, one is rather surprised to hear them breathing after a drama, which excites the passions, perhaps, more powerfully than

\* I suspect the reviewers are but ill-read in Shakspeare. The three Parts of Henry the Sixth undoubtedly contain very striking passages. Such are the deaths of Cardinal Beaufort and the Earl of Warwick, with many of Henry's speeches. But Warburton declares these plays not to have been written by Shakspeare. It is indeed likely (though denied by Johnson) that his master hand was only employed to throw in a few strokes and some of the boldest colouring. They are besides very heavy, and a most unfaithful transcript of the history of those days.—Antony and Cleopatra, though too busy to be dull, is a poor performance. It contains no original sketches of character, and very little of good sentiment; and is preserved from putrefaction only by its restless activity. Dryden's All for Love, though not good, is generally thought a better performance.—Measure for Measure has many beauties. In particular the scene between Isabella and Claudio, in the third act, is inferior to very few in Shakspeare; but the plot of this drama is so radically indecent, that no skill or labour can purify it. Surely if the reviewers were sensible of these things, they ought not to have indulged in such weak and cynical exceptions. If they were ignorant, how could they presume to write with more than the authority of knowledge.

any that Shakspeare has furnished. But there is no end to such objections—they may be supplied at the rate of fifty to the minute. *Twenty plays forsooth! why not thirty!—why not all! And then Shakspeare must be reformed, while Otway, Rowe, Congreve, are forgotten!*

To the whole array of verbal peccadillos, that are marshalled so ostentatiously, it is enough to reply, that if the work had been performed by the greatest master of taste and morals in the empire, every school-boy would have been able to select twenty times their amount.

I willingly believe that the authors of this review have been actuated by good intentions. Yet let me observe, that good intentions and ill-humour match very indifferently together. Should they suggest that these remarks partake of the spirit they condemn, I freely plead guilty. Their article has made me splenetic; and it may be useful for them to have an opportunity of observing how ungraceful spleen and petulance appear in men who sit in judgment upon others.

On the general merits of the Family Shakspeare I shall say nothing. Let it live or perish as it deserves. The editor, however, will probably refuse the decision of critics, who doubt whether the drama can lawfully be studied, and therefore, if true to their principles, acknowledge their incapacity to judge in the act of pronouncing sentence. From such a bench the reformer of Shakspeare is entitled to ap-

peal, and say, with the old Romans, "Provoco ad populum."

I must, however, observe a little on the moral charge presented by the critics against their literary culprit. They seem to think even his undertaking somewhat reprehensible. "*Let it,*" say they, "*be considered, that the ground-work of almost every dramatic story is passion.*" Let it be considered, that, of the twenty plays now edited, scarcely one is, in strictness, grounded on passion. Love mingles in their actions, as in common life, and not much more.—"*It is scarce possible for a young person of fervid genius to read Shakspeare without a dangerous elevation of fancy.*" In an age so fertile of genius as our own, this is melancholy intelligence. But comfort is at hand. Johnson says, the poet "is not long soft or pathetic without some idle conceit or contemptible equivocation;" and a writer, whose discernment the reviewers at least will not question, observes, that "this deformity in the dramatic person of Shakspeare, repulsive as it is to our intellectual feelings, renders his works less seductive and pernicious. Where the judgment is offended, the passions sometimes resent the injury as offered to themselves. The redundant absurdity of Shakspeare occasionally operates as an antidote to his seductions. We refuse to sympathize with the lover or hero, who in the article of death is eager to find rhymes, and expires in giving utterance to a quibble." This last authority is decisive.

But the general doctrine of this review deserves notice. It is this. Mankind are by nature vastly too romantic. All stimulants therefore should be avoided. Not only the theatre, but dramatic compositions in general, are to be condemned. Other works of imagination follow; novels *en masse*\*; and, by parity of reasoning (for philosophers at least are answerable for the consequences of their principles,) the most animated effusions of eloquence—the finest pieces of history—and “thou, sweet Poetry.” Thus “art after art goes out, and all is night.” Adieu to every thing that can soften the mind, or elevate, or refine it. Science only is left us; and that too, as it nurses pride and scepticism, may as well go with the rest. In conclusion we hear, “the ob-

\* The reviewers are somewhat inconsistent. While Shakspeare is banished, the works of Mrs. Radcliffe and Madame D'Arblay are to be retained, (in the upper shelves in the library indeed, where young ladies and gentlemen cannot reach them,) because their heroes and heroines are on the whole tolerably moral personages. Do these writers then possess no power over the heart? Is not “passion the ground-work of their stories?” Or if those works only can be permitted, in which the characters pourtrayed are not deformed by great crimes, what shall we say of Thucydides, Livy, Guicciardini, and Clarendon? I own I am unable to perceive why the histories of Macbeth, John, and Henry the Eighth, dramatized by Shakspeare, are more pernicious than the histories of the Pazzi and Cæzar Borgia, dramatized by Machiavel. Both colour strongly, and in both, the strength of their colouring renders vice more odious. I presume, of course, that the impurities of the first of these writers are to be cleared away; but the reviewers will not hear of reform.

jector must not plead that imagination is annihilated, for every intellectual power finds its place in religion. The prophetic imagery of the Old Testament, and the parables of the New, may be regarded as properly the offspring of the inventive faculty\*." Let me not be thought insensible to the sublimity and beauty of the Holy Scriptures; yet surely it could scarcely have been expected, that in the nineteenth century the fable of the Egyptian caliph should be realized; who is reported to have burnt the Alexandrian library, because the contents of those volumes, if found in the Koran, would not be missed, if not found there, must be wicked.

I join issue with the reviewers on their main postulate, by denying at once that the world is too romantic. Will they, however, do me the honour to consider of a reply to a few preliminary questions?

1. While nine-tenths of mankind are indulging in licentious systems of principles and conduct, if an opportunity offers of drawing them away from vice, or the probable contagion of vice, in any material instance, is it wise to neglect the occasion, because

\* The reviewers do not seem to have possessed themselves well of their own theory. If there is any thing of principle in their article, it is, that whatever excites the imagination is hurtful. This renders all inquiries into the moral character of works falling within that description, superfluous; and an adversary would certainly have sought an "ex absurdo" refutation of this doctrine, in those passages of Scripture which the reviewers have above alluded to. Yet these writers proceed with a flowing sail, and never suspect they are among breakers.

we cannot bring them upon their knees in confession and penitence? Shall we do nothing, because we cannot do everything; and treat those who are more active than we, with sarcastic severity? To me this seems the worst sort of optimism, joined to the worst sort of Zoilism; two things, which, like some others ending in *ism*, might very conveniently be spared.

2. Is it not true, that literature, as distinguished from science, and addressing principally the imagination and feelings, is one of the most powerful causes of civilization? Or have all the masters of political wisdom, from Plato to Burke, been mistaken in this matter? Perhaps we shall hear it doubted, whether civilization is itself a blessing. Really there is no debating these points anew. If they are not now settled, when we have thrown our books into the fire, we may as well throw our heads after them.

If our system of education is to be wholly recast, and a Christian youth, instead of reading reformed copies of Herodotus and Horace, must sit down to Sozomen and Prudentius; if he must study Quarles instead of Pope, and throw aside Addison for John Bunyan, where shall we find able or enlightened defenders of that religion for which these sacrifices are to be made? While wit, elegance, and philosophy, are combined against us, can we think that the battle will be well fought by men of contracted minds and mean attainments?—Doubtless truth will ever be triumphant; but the promise of our Redeemer

to his Church can no more supersede the necessity of adopting all wise means to advance the interests of religion, than the promises made to the elect release them from unwearied endeavours after perfect holiness. Should the principles promulged in the article under examination be generally embraced by the readers of the Review, they would probably in the next age be reduced to a sect of low bigots, and in the following be divided between weak enthusiasts and furious fanatics. Meantime it is likely the spirit and essence of Christianity would escape ; and in the third generation, perhaps, a few of the most pious and enlightened would discover the sin and folly of their forefathers, and gradually withdrawing themselves to a better school, bear again that testimony, which every age has furnished, to the natural alliance between knowledge and Christianity, a liberalized understanding and an improved heart.

And now a few words on romance. Is this the sin of the present day ? Is it, in its nature, a sin of great malignity ? I venture to reply in the negative to both these queries ; and to doubt whether the dangers, apprehended on this subject, are not even more imaginary than the evils supposed to exist in our system of feminine education.

Of all things in the world a terrorist is the most troublesome. He sighs and grumbles till other melancholy souls catch the infection ; and then, as numbers give confidence, the prophesyings begin. All who are silly, ignorant, timid, or discontented,



become possessed. Old bachelors, tyrannical husbands, country gentlemen of decayed fortunes with their ancient housekeepers, the second rates of a party, doctors of physic who have no patients, citizens retired to Finchley, with an hundred more, join in the clamour, and alarm spreads in every direction. We all remember an epidemical phrenzy of this kind during a season of scarcity ; and in private life, tea, carpets, short waists, and romance, have taken their turns. I cannot think the last much more fearful than its predecessors. They, whether harmless or innocent, at least existed ; they were visible and tangible ; whereas, after rubbing my eyes, and casting a lynx's look around me, I confess the only romancers I have been able to discover, are those who declaim against romance.

In what quarter of the town or country is it, that this fever has spread ? We see hundreds of young men continually. Among these, it must be owned, there are vices and follies enough ; but the most common of all their vices is selfishness, and the rarest of all their follies is romance. The industrious, for the most part, attend to their books at college, and to their business afterwards. The idle sport away life according to their fancies ; they hunt, drink, game, lounge about St. James's, get upon the turf, fight duels, stand contested elections ; but neither fancy nor fashion leads them to be romantic. Girls, however, we hear, have lively imaginations. Whether their natural disposition to romance is greater than ours I know not, but the checks upon it are

greater, and they have no inducement to cherish it. They live under the empire of manners; and the manners of the female world are with us very unfavourable to the developement of strong feelings; nor is it possible that romance should be common in one sex while it is neglected and despised in the other. Facts support the theory; and both observation and inquiry will convince us, that the offence, so dreaded and so talked of, is almost as rare among women as men. It is evident, indeed, that the genius of this age and country opposes it. In France, where the ancient noblesse were separated from the bourgeoisie by a broad interval; where they were generally unemployed except during the campaigns, and dependent upon a court famous for its magnificence and gallantry; where the spirit of chivalry was still high, and devotion to the sex was the pride of every gentleman;—in France, I say, such as it once was, there may have been a redundance of romantic sentiment. Some infusion of it, however, there must be in a polished society; and he surely is inattentive to the course of human affairs, who thinks that, in a community so commercial and calculating as ours, it is likely to be excessive. It may be reasonably suspected that we have too little, but something more than a dry affirmation is necessary to convince us that we have too much.

The reviewers, however, are under great apprehensions lest their “half-employed son” should think himself into an Orlando. To say the truth, if they educate him no better than they propose to educate

others, there is little danger of his thinking himself into any thing. But suppose the worst. The young gentleman is dying for Rosalind. What then? He may be very silly, but he is not very criminal. Romance is not virtue; it is not reason; but it is better than selfishness and her litter of puppy follies. The reign of imagination favours at least the growth of generous and exalted feelings, which, though ludicrous from their extravagance, have something about them, that, in youth, is not wholly unamiable or unbecoming. Life, too, supplies correctives abundantly. The romancer of eighteen is sad and sober at thirty; and if he purchases that lesson of the highest wisdom, for which most of us pay in suffering, more dearly than others, the impression, it may be hoped, will prove the more deep and lasting.

To return, in conclusion, to the Family Shakespeare. I would not be understood to deny, that some words may be found in the reformed copy, which it would have been more proper to omit. Had the reviewers offered a kind and friendly remonstrance on these points, the editor would probably have confessed that his vigilance had sometimes slumbered, and have seized the first occasion of repairing the defects. But no man was ever goaded into a sincere acknowledgment or conviction of errors by the stings and scourges of persecution. Neither can it be admitted that those errors are numerous. On the contrary, I am persuaded that they who are the most competent to estimate the

merits of this performance, will not, upon an accurate examination, think its execution unworthy of the virtuous and disinterested motives which gave it birth.

To find fault is the easiest of all things ; and one of the least becoming of all things, is, to find fault pettishly. In men too, who, upon all moral questions, assume a severe tone, and refer continually to the highest and only just standard of action, we are entitled to expect a very guarded practice. A face of beauty renders every blemish remarkable. To declaim against theatres and theatrical compositions, routs, balls, and card-parties, while we are unkind, ungentle, fretful, or censorious, is exactly of a piece with the old morality of the Pharisees, the more modern casuistry of the Jesuits, and the inconsistencies of formalism in all ages. Whether public amusements are lawful may be questionable ; but there can be no question at all, as to evil tempers being criminal, in all degrees, and of every description. For myself, though I am not now in the habit either of reading dramas or attending their representation, I have no difficulty in confessing, that my mind would be far less burthened with the recollection of having spent an evening in the stage-box at Drury-lane, than of having given to the world the review of the Family Shakspeare.

## EXTRACTS

FROM A REVIEW OF THE TABLEAU DE  
LA LITTERATURE PENDANT LE DIX-  
HUITIEME SIECLE.

POLITICAL institutions, in order that they may be either permanent or beneficial, as they have had their origin in the wants of those for whom they are provided, must also accord in the main with the character and wishes of the community. It is true, indeed, that most governments have been originally founded in violence. It is also true, that an exact mathematical correspondence, a perfect and unvarying sympathy, between the constituted authorities of state and the great body of its population, is neither necessary nor possible. It is moreover true, that to denounce all political establishments as illegitimate which have had their origin in violence, or which, being more quietly erected, no longer retain in every particular their primitive character, is rash and wicked. Yet after every reasonable concession has been made, and every proper allowance for the imperfections of all human performances, it still remains certain, that wherever the government of a

country, including both its formal constitution and the general spirit of its administration, is decidedly at variance with the settled sentiments and wishes of the prevailing part of the community, there is not only a manifest departure from all just theory, but there is also imminent danger of some national convulsion.

But this is not all. The characters of nations change like the characters of individuals; not so rapidly, but almost as certainly. Wherever the advancement of industry and knowledge has not been violently excluded, a great revolution is silently effected in the morals, manners, habits, opinions, and affections of a whole people. Kings and princes are no longer the captains of their armies, renowned for courage and enterprize. The steel-clad barons of a rougher age are softened into silken courtiers, or trained perhaps by a happier discipline into well-bred and very peaceable gentlemen. The middle class of society is swelled far beyond its natural dimensions, and becomes the depository of a large part of the more active virtues and vices of the community. The sympathy between this body and the lower orders grows at the same time to be quick and powerful. Prejudices which once held the world in awe become feeble or contemptible. Sentiments and attachments which supplied the place of reason, and carried men away sometimes to wisdom and sometimes to folly, sometimes to their benefit and sometimes to their hurt, but always with a mighty energy, are obliterated, or superseded by principles

of action wholly differing in their origin and in their objects. "New forms arise and different views engage;" and for a new state of forms and views a new constitution of public authority is evidently required. It is not enough, therefore, that the government of a country be originally framed with wisdom, or at any given period well suited to a particular community:—it is necessary that there should be in its organization elements of softness; a power and a disposition to conform to the varying conditions and characters of mankind; not indeed too rapidly, for it is the very office of government to forbid sudden changes, but slowly and steadily, for the purpose of preventing that very evil which an excessive pliability would occasion. It is with nations as with parties, "we must follow in order that we may lead." There must be some avenue or organ through which the public sentiments may be received, with a corresponding capacity of gradually approximating in principle and practice to the actual state of the community. Without these all is darkness and danger.

The French revolution was an earthquake. In France there was little which indicated to a superficial observer the approach of that terrible convulsion. Her temples were yet standing, and the priests ministered at the altars. The balance of justice was suspended in her halls. The palaces were blazoned with the ensigns of royalty. The whole structure of her constitution was entire, its proportions unimpaired, its bulwarks uninjured;

when the wild elements of nature suddenly broke loose, and the labour and the pride of ages were ingulphed in an instant. Men who were contemporary with this tremendous event could hardly be expected to form a just estimate of its character. They saw a furious anarchical democracy trampling on the fragments of a mild and venerable government; they saw a base and impious atheism profaning the sanctuaries of Christianity; they saw the refined and imposing manners of the politest capital in Europe succeeded by a barbarous licentiousness; they were struck with horror at the contemplation of such a spectacle, and could imagine no explication of so astonishing a scene, but to suppose that a gang of ruffians, by the dexterous use of a momentary advantage, had possessed themselves of the seat of authority, and communicated their own savage dispositions to every thing around them.

But though this supposition was doubtless in some degree just, it was very far from embracing the whole truth. Those who have had an opportunity of contemplating "with reverted eye" the whole of this dismal tragedy, and who have been enabled on this account to survey it, probably in its truer dimensions, certainly through a less confused medium, are disposed, we believe, to attribute much more in this portentous history to general causes, which had long been silently operating, than to any momentary imprudence in the old government, or even to the ambition and ferocity of a particular class



of individuals. The true explanation of the French revolution we have no doubt is given by the writer before us:—*the perfect and radical opposition which existed between the institutions and the sentiments of the French nation.*

The ancient government of France was certainly not worse than that of other neighbouring countries\*; but events peculiar to herself had rendered it during a century and a half entirely monarchical. Richlieu broke the power of the old feudal aristocracy; and though the *Fronde* in the early part of Louis the Fourteenth's reign breathed in some measure a spirit of liberty, it was irregular, unsettled, and quickly evaporated. Louis, the most dazzling and heartless of princes, partly by the splendour of his victories, partly by the munificence of his presents, partly by his personal qualities, subdued or softened whatever principles of resistance remained in the French nation, and established the throne upon the ruins of the ancient constitution†. The struggle for

\* We are aware that this opinion has been strenuously combated by Lord Bolingbroke in his *Dissertation upon Parties*, who quotes Mezeray and other French writers. But it is admitted that the people were represented in the *tiers état*; and that this formed a part of the French constitution from the beginning of the fourteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century. Let any man consider what our House of Commons was in early times, or even so late as the reign of Henry VIII.

† To Louis may be applied what Cicero says of a much more extraordinary man; “*Muneribus, monumentis, congiariis, epulis multitudinem imperitam lenierat; suos præmiis, adversarios clementiæ specie, devinxerat. Quid multa? attulerat jam liberæ civitati, partim metu, partim patientiâ, consuetudinem serviendi.*”

religious independence had been at one time very obstinate; but after the nominal conversion of Henry IV. little hope remained for the Protestant party. The whole power of the crown was armed against them, and they, as well as the nobility, sunk under the iron rod of Richlieu. Popery, with all its superstitions and much of its intolerance, was solemnly allied to the state; was enshrined in its dignity, sustained its authority, and participated both its glory and its dangers.

Thus an uniform and systematic character was given to the political and religious establishments of France; and those whose industry had consolidated this great edifice doubtless imagined that its strength was equal to its grandeur. The people, for the most part, applauded their labours; and bowed with equal veneration before the throne of the *grande monarque* and the altar of the *Catholic Church*. But time, "the great innovator," the relentless destroyer of all earthly structures, soon began that silent sap which was one day to bring the whole of this lofty edifice to the dust. Louis was unable to retain, even through his own life, the admiration and homage which his youthful graces and youthful fortunes had inspired. He was succeeded by the "godless regent," whose impiety appalled the good, and whose profligacy astonished the wicked; by Louis XV. whose weakness would have disgraced a far humbler station; and by his unfortunate and much injured grandson, who brought little but good desires to sustain a tottering empire.

The princes of the blood and hereditary nobility caught the spirit of the court, and though not perhaps greatly inferior to men of the same order in other countries, were certainly but little distinguished for those eminent qualities which at once adorn their rank and protect it. But while they declined from the stern and lofty virtues of their forefathers, they abated nothing of the sentiments of dignity and exclusion which those virtues only could rescue from contempt. The ministers of religion accompanied with respectful conformity the steps of their sovereigns and patrons. Bossuet poured forth no more in the ears of kings the thunders of his terrific eloquence. The sweet and angel spirit of Fenelon was withdrawn to happier regions. Massillon, who for a while upheld the dignity and displayed the beauty of religion, expired at last, and dropped no mantle behind him. The clergy were not indeed contemptible for ignorance or immorality; but neither were they eminently distinguished for learning and piety. Still the dogmas of the ancient faith were maintained with uncompromising strictness; and the implicit belief of the tenth century was imposed upon the eighteenth. Meanwhile the general population and industry of France were rapidly increasing. With industry came wealth; and with wealth, pride and independence. Letters and knowledge began to circulate, and both religion and government became subjects of discussion. Opinions which at an earlier period would have been heard with abhorrence

were first whispered in secret, then insinuated less obscurely, and at length confidently maintained and promulgated;—and so rapid was the progress of events, that within half a century after the death of Louis XIV. theories subversive of all established governments, and insulting to Christianity, were circulated with general applause throughout that very community, which had worshipped the man who established in his government an unmixed monarchy, and in his churches the entire body of the Popish superstitions. The new state of things in France was so manifest, that, more than twenty years before the revolution, an approaching crisis was seen and foretold by Lord Chesterfield; and an intelligent Englishman, who returned from that country about a year before the *tiers état* were summoned, declared that an option only remained between a total change in the government, and a great national convulsion. What was visible to indifferent spectators, was anticipated with eager and turbulent confidence by the great body of the nation: thoroughly disgusted with institutions entirely hostile to their opinions, and still formidable enough to be detested. The court and the privileged orders were alone ignorant of what they were above all others interested to know; for they had cut themselves off from all channels of regular intercourse with the nation. But their ignorance was only for a moment:

“Mora parvula, dum res

Nota urbi et populo contingat principis aures:”

a single error was committed, and the crown and the hierarchy perished.

Such is the short history of the French revolution. The horrors, the guilt, the national confusion which attended it, have left a deep impression on the minds of men, and awakened a just and salutary dread of sudden political changes. But half the wisdom which may be derived from that event will certainly be lost, if it inspires no feelings but those of terror. Of the many momentous truths which it is calculated to teach, (some of which we may perhaps notice hereafter,) one of the most obvious and most important is, the necessity of paying a continual attention to the middle and inferior classes of society; of regarding them, not with a mean jealousy, or meaner contempt, but with a liberal and enlarged benevolence, and with a constant readiness to open to them every avenue to dignity and power, so soon as they become qualified to possess them. It is in politics as in morals; candour, kindness, liberality, and a cheerful preference of others to ourselves, are the elements of true wisdom; and wisdom alone is safety and happiness.

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Of all controversies, that which respects necessity, is, in all its aspects, to us the most uninviting. But a few sentences may be useful to shew the inaccuracy and want of discrimination with which

a theory, such as that which some extracts [here omitted] in strictness import, is justly chargeable.

Every individual is, doubtless, in a very considerable measure, under the influence of the circumstances which surround him. We all feel this in ourselves, and readily acknowledge it in others. The extent and operation of this influence is one of the leading considerations to which we attend, in the moral estimate we form of our fellow-creatures. It is considered as an apology for many defects, and it softens our censure even of serious faults: but no man, not bewildered by a disputatious philosophy, ever thought that disadvantages of example and education afford a satisfactory apology for all the enormities and follies which are exhibited on this sad theatre of guilt and wretchedness. When men judge naturally, they allow for circumstances, but they do not cease to condemn guilt. The moral sense of mankind, therefore, is plainly against a theory which, in truth, confounds all ideas of right and wrong, and would render it perfectly inconceivable, why any capacity of moral decision has been bestowed upon us at all. And let it be recollected, that this moral judgment is not an instinctive sally, but a determination founded upon intimate self-knowledge and extensive experience.

Then, in regard to nations. These are composed of individuals; but as general truths are always the least apt to fail in their application when the experiment is made upon a great scale, this theory, which, though false, contains a large proportion of

truth in it, is certainly much more nearly true with respect to large masses of men, than it is with respect to particular individuals. Yet, let any one suffer his mind, for a few minutes, to run through the chief events which have signalized the annals of different countries, and let him then say, whether it is possible to believe, that the strange incidents, changes, and reverses, which history has recorded, have all been developed, quite in the natural course of things, from certain pre-existing causes in which they were safely folded up and secured till the spring-time arrived, when they began to germinate. Was Lycurgus, who trained and disciplined by his laws a hardy race of aristocratic freemen through the course of many centuries, the mere puppet of a moral mechanism? Was Solon, who about the same period, laid the foundations of the most polite and most profligate democracy which the world has known, like an earth or an oxyde, the creature of moral affinities? Were Philip and Alexander, Demosthenes and Aristotle, Scipio, Cæsar, and Constantine, purely the children of preceding events, by which they were dropped upon the earth, when the season came, like acorns from an oak? or did these men exercise no influence upon mankind, and produce no change in the relations around them? There is a sort of absurdity even in propounding such questions as these, when we very well know that all mankind (except, perhaps, two or three dozen sages) would agree, without hesitation, to return the same answer. The truth is, that

men have always been convinced, and at this moment we too sensibly feel, that the fate of empires, the fortunes of societies, and the happiness of mankind, do very materially depend upon things which cannot by any sagacity of which we are possessed be resolved into general principles; upon that strange thing which ignorance calls chance, and upon those stranger persons who burst forth from time to time, like subterraneous fires, sometimes to illuminate, but more frequently to desolate and destroy. It is indeed curious to observe how the stoutest theorists, when they are talking of ordinary matters, forget their systems, and relapse into common sense. Hume is perhaps the most acute, certainly the most plausible, of all the necessitarians; yet, if we recollect rightly, in the very same volume which contains his *Essay on Liberty* (if not, certainly in one of his subsequent essays,) he expresses an opinion, that if the French line of monarchs had ruled in the Escorial, and the Spanish at the Louvre, the condition of the two countries might probably have been changed; that France might have been Spain, and Spain France.

The writer whose inaccuracy has led to these reflections was probably seduced into an exaggerated statement of his own theory by a fact, which his sagacity enabled him to discover, and which, in the progress of his work, he has illustrated and enforced with uncommon ability. It is this; that a large proportion of the French writers in general, but more especially the authors who acquired such high



celebrity during the eighteenth century, *were* the creatures of the age in which they lived. But why were there so? Partly because they were not men of the first rank in point of genius: chiefly, however (for they certainly did not want parts), because they were the dupes of vanity, dependent upon admiration, and destitute of strong independent principles in morals and religion. They had none of the resources of true greatness. They had no deep springs of consolation and happiness within them to supply them with refreshment in the desert. It was not thus with greater men; with Socrates, and Galileo, and Lord Verulam, and Milton, and Newton. They thought and wrote, not in subservience to the opinions around them, but with a noble disdain of all intellectual slavery, to instruct and improve the men by whom they were neglected or reviled. It has been ever thus. Little minds are carried away by the current of fashion and prejudice; superior spirits resist and overcome it. Vanity is fond of a quick growth and luxuriant foilage. *Vera gloria radices agit.* True glory strikes deep its roots, and can be content to remain a while in obscurity, till the period is arrived when it towers aloft, the admiration and ornament of ages.

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Voltaire was disposed, in early life, to be respectful to existing authorities, and was not far removed from the character of a courtier. It was not till the

applauses of the Theatre had given him confidence, and the paltry persecutions of some dignitaries in church and state had irritated his most irritable nature, that he assumed that tone of entire levity and bitter sarcasm which became afterwards habitual to him. Indeed, it is impossible to be acquainted with his writings without discovering that his taste and dispositions adapted him much better to the sphere of a court, and the polite circles of a luxurious metropolis, than the simple and stern temper of a republic. His genius was monarchical; he was a poet and a wit; he became a philosopher, or tried to become one, only from vanity, and a sort of necessity imposed upon him by the circumstances of his life.

We all recollect the old and eloquent description of man, "a being of large discourse, looking before and after." Voltaire answered sufficiently well to the first half of the portrait, but he had no sort of resemblance to the other. He was a *semivir*. His avidity for enjoyment, and his habitual disregard of the future, made him in truth a child through life. Such he is described by contemporary writers, and such he proved himself to be in every feature of his character; by his inextinguishable gaiety, and his ridiculous irritability; by the exquisite playfulness which gave life to his productions on the verge of fourscore, and by that last sally of literary vanity which snapped the feeble thread that sustained his earthly existence. Voltaire appears to have been entirely the slave of present feelings; the conse-

quences of his conduct to himself or others never disturbed him: and this is the moral definition of childishness. But, unhappily, that entire thoughtlessness, which allied to the weakness and ignorance of youth is pardoned and even loved, when combined with mature knowledge and with faculties and passions fully developed, assumes a very different character. The gambols of the kitten are amusing, but not so the bounds of the tiger. The childish vanity, the childish irritability, the childish love of pleasure, which were characteristic of Voltaire from his earliest years to his late decline, were all thought to be very entertaining by his friends, who, with less excuse perhaps from natural temper, were for the most part just as careless of consequences as himself. But mark the effects. Vanity tempted him to hazard a few sallies against churchmen. The clergy noticed them, and he was banished. Provoked by the persecution of those whom he despised, what was at first only mirth rankled into hatred. The spirit of his age and country encouraged him. His passion for literary applause allied itself to his resentments. The gratification he felt in indulging his talents for pleasantry was irresistible. He attacked every thing, he ridiculed every thing, he sported with every thing. Nothing so sacred, nothing so venerable, nothing so useful or necessary, as to be secure from his merriment. By degrees he grew almost serious in his folly. He aspired to the

glory of \* *crushing* that *infamous* religion which was proclaimed by Angels from heaven, with the song of Glory to God and good-will towards men: and he enjoys the bad pre-eminence of having contributed indirectly, more perhaps than any other man, to the revolution in France, and all its wasteful results in Europe. But we turn gladly from the man to his writings.

Voltaire acquired his earliest celebrity as a dramatic writer, and perhaps he will owe his reputation in future ages chiefly to his *Théâtre*. In his first pieces (our author observes) he imitated his predecessors. *Œdipe* and *Mariamne* were composed in the style of *Corneille* and *Racine*. At length the impatience of his genius broke through those shackles, and then appeared *Zayre*, with its faults, which have been so often assailed, and its beauties, which so entirely redeem them. It is here that Voltaire impressed the stamp of his talents as a tragedian. It is not the perfection and melody of *Racine*. It is not the lofty imagination and simplicity of *Corneille*; and yet there is something which one does not find in either of them, and the absence of which may be regretted. There is a certain warmth of passion, a complete self-abandonment, a vivacity of feeling, which carries us away, and awakens profound emotion, a grace which charms and which subdues.

\* *Ecrasez l'infame*—was the common watchword of the philosopher.

We have already made a few remarks on the French drama, and the complaints made by Englishmen of its deficiency in interest. If we wish to justify the opinions of our countrymen by a single and decisive experiment, we should request an impartial person thoroughly acquainted with both languages to compare *Zayre* and *Othello*. The former is celebrated, perhaps above all other specimens of the French theatre, for its passion and depth of feeling. "If any thing (says the writer of the *Tableau*) can give the idea of an author perfectly transported with passion and poetry, it is a work such as *Zayre*." Unquestionably it is a very fine collection of verses; the speech of Lusignan, when he discovers that his daughter has renounced her faith, is one of the noblest effusions of passionate declamation extant in any language, and the concluding scene is very affecting. This conclusion, however, Voltaire manifestly imitated from Shakspeare; and it is one of the instances in which he was content to enrich his soil by borrowing from that *grand fumier* (as he was pleased to call him) without acknowledging the obligation. In taste, correctness, and spirited declamation, *Zayre* is above *Othello*; it is not without merits of a higher kind; and it exercises some influence over the feelings. But for that powerful magic which opens all the springs of emotion in the soul; for that master genius which pours down the whole torrent of passion, sweeping away every other thought, and hurrying us we know not and

care not whither; for whatever belongs to the phrenzy and inspiration of poetry—to contrast Zayre with Othello! truly we should as soon think of comparing a cascade at Versailles to the cataracts of Niagara.

Zayre was succeeded by many other pieces of great celebrity and merit, by which Voltaire is very well known even in this country. But our author remarks that his later dramatic works fell into the same train with his other productions. He would fain teach and philosophize even upon the stage; and this sort of sententious emphatic tone could not but infuse a certain chillness into the most animated scenes. “Nothing (it is justly added) so much injures imagination as to give it an aim, to subject it to a system.” Of all his theatrical performances Zayre was, we believe, the most popular; but the author of the *Tableau* gives the palm on the whole to *Merope*; and D’Alembert appears, by one of his letters, to have preferred *Alzire*.

The *Henriade* was a poem in a very different style, and aspired to the dignity of the *Epopée*. That Voltaire should have the vanity to think himself equal to any thing, is not very extraordinary, considering what he had performed and how he was flattered; but that he should have the weakness to fancy a series of correct couplets about a great monarch, with the help of a few of the heathen deities, could deserve the character of an

epic poem, is marvellous. However, great men make great blunders. Addison probably thought his Campaign a very fine poem.

“Nobody (says our author) contests the attraction of Voltaire’s fugitive poetry.” The principal charm of these pieces is, that they express real feelings: that they catch and embody those transient impressions which were continually passing, like summer clouds, over the mind of the writer. They contain, in some measure, the history of his life, which was composed of a prodigious multitude of shifting sensations, varying with his years, and subject to no sort of control from fixed principles or designs. For the rest, to say, that they are full of vivacity, facility, and grace, is only to say they were written by Voltaire. There is a sentence here so just in its sentiment, and so incapable of translation, that we extract it as it stands. “*La gaieté comme le sublime demande une sorte de naïveté et de bonne foi. Elle ne ressemble pas au persifflage et à la raillerie.*”

Voltaire’s historical pieces, we think, have been over-rated; with the exception, however, of the life of Charles XII. which is extremely agreeable, and could aspire to nothing greater. No one indeed can dispute the power of this writer to render any subject in a very high degree picturesque and entertaining; and it happened in the last mentioned instance, that the prince was exactly suited to the historian; for he was, as the author of the Tableau happily says, *tout en dehors*. In attempting the life of Peter,

Voltaire undertook a much higher style of composition. He was now to give an account of the rise and advancement of a great empire under the counsel and auspices of a very savage, but very forcible and comprehensive genius. This was manifestly a great undertaking, and it proved too much for the philosophizing poet ;

viribus ille  
Confisus periit admirandisque lacertis.

The failure is not scandalous, but it is manifestly a failure. There is a still more discreditable fault to be objected to the historian of Charles and Peter. His heroes unfortunately were rivals. It was difficult therefore to reconcile their respective pretensions. Voltaire, we fear, was apt to be more studious of effect than of accuracy ; and it so happens that the same facts are told in a different manner and with opposite colouring by the same historian in his narrative of the two princes. There is such a carelessness of reputation, as well as disregard to truth in these contradictions, that we think them sufficient alone to throw considerable doubt on the general veracity of Voltaire.

The *Siècle de Louis XV.* has acquired so much celebrity, and in our judgment has, notwithstanding its real merits, been appreciated so much above its deserts, that we are happy in being able to give to our sentiments the authority of a writer such as that before us. The following extract contains also an admirable picture, in a few words, of ancient



history, so much superior in interest, so much inferior in philosophy, to what has passed in modern days under the same appellation.

“To delineate the reign of Louis XIV. was a very difficult undertaking. One may say that the more civilized a nation becomes, the more its manners and its history lose those highly relieved and picturesque forms of early times which constitute the charm of narration. The office of an historian becomes also more arduous. We exact impartiality, and we reproach him with wanting warmth and interest. We require details upon the commerce, the arts, the spirit of the government, and we complain that an attention to matters of philosophy interrupts the narrative of facts. We demand erudition, and we blame the writer when he descants. Formerly historians were not subject to these fetters. They wrote with all their prejudices, they preserved their individual character, without assuming a cold impartiality, which has more of form than substance. They recounted the victories of their own country without any anxiety to publish the history of the vanquished. They surrendered neither their opinions nor their feelings. Xenophon in the centre of Athens did not conceal his admiration for the Lacedæmonians. Tacitus did not conceal or compromise his detestation of tyrants. Every one professed to be what he really was, and it was for the reader to judge of the credibility of the historian, and the confidence he should repose in him. In history, as in every thing else, we have talent only in depicting our own impressions.

“We will not reproach Voltaire in particular with the faults which belong to the whole school of modern historians. But if we allow the style of composition which they have adopted, still considering history as a series of

impartial researches destined to furnish the memory and exercise the reason, Voltaire is exposed to much criticism. The little of depth there is in his thoughts, his imperfect knowledge of characters, the tendency of his style to please, rather than to invite reflection, have been the subjects of frequent strictures, and we may add to them some still more serious. Voltaire in the reign of Louis XIV. saw nothing but the brilliancy of his victories, of literature, and the arts. He never thought of examining the character of the government and of the administration of the king; the influence which it has had on the character of the nation: and the consequences which thence resulted. He has not remarked, that perhaps no epoch of the history of France was more important, by the change effected in the manners, the social relations; and the ancient spirit of the constitution. It is to the brilliant colouring of Voltaire that we are to ascribe the unbounded admiration of the reign of Louis XIV. He has made us forget that a king has other duties than to acquire glory for his empire."—p. 31—33.

To these remarks, in the justness of which we perfectly concur, we must take the liberty of adding one or two further observations. The *Age of Louis XIV.* has the misfortune to belong neither to the ancient nor the modern style of history. It is not, like the first, impassioned and picturesque; or, at least, it is so only in a very inferior degree. It is not, like the second, grave, candid, and reflective. The *besoin de succès* (in English, the horror of being tiresome), which haunted Voltaire through life, furnishes, we think, the real key to the deficiencies of this work. It was this which made him adopt a light and rapid style, brilliant undoubtedly, and at-

tractive, but ill suited to the dignity of his undertaking. It was this which made him so fearful of prolixity, that he has not allowed space to develop with sufficient fulness the events of so long and so busy a reign. It was this which tempted him to fill a third part of his second volume with trifling anecdotes, which might suit the *Memoires de St. Simon*, but which ought not to have found a place in a serious and comprehensive history. It was this which led him in his account of Jansenism and Quietism to treat with entire levity disputes which are allied to the highest and the deepest feelings of the human heart, and which agitated some of the most forcible, most devoted, and most virtuous spirits that have ornamented our nature. To be sure, dulness is a very heavy crime, more especially among Frenchmen: but, as Mr. Burke observes of obstinacy, that though one of the most unpopular of vices, it is connected with almost all the masculine virtues; so may it be said of tediousness; for though never forgotten or forgiven, it is unquestionably allied to some of the first qualities which a writer can possess; to accuracy, order, gravity, reflection. It is a sort of high treason in literature; and as none are so little in danger of falling into that great political offence as men absolutely destitute of all noble and patriotic sentiments, so in letters none are so clear of the kindred crime as those whose writings are uniformly slight and superficial. However, notwithstanding all this, such is the power of manner, and so happy is the style both in nar-

rative and expression, of the *Age of Louis XIV.* that it will probably at all times be read more eagerly and more universally than any other piece of history in the French language. We are afraid indeed, after all this criticism, of being understood to say that its merits are small. This we by no means think; but in our estimation they are considerably below both its celebrity and its pretensions.

The Essay on the manners of nations has been, perhaps, the most highly admired of all Voltaire's historical pieces by the graver and more judicious of his readers. Our author pays it some high compliments; but he observes, that it is open to much of the criticism offered upon the work last noticed, and he adds, "It merits besides a still graver censure: we there meet with little traces of that sectarian spirit adopted by Voltaire in the latter part of his life. His hatred to religion frequently betrays him into \* bad faith and bad taste."

Besides the works and classes of works already noticed, Voltaire was the author of a vast mass of miscellaneous productions, which it is impossible to reduce under any regular heads. "I have not been in Paris," said he, "these twenty years, but I have kept four presses constantly at work during the whole of that time. He wrote various articles for the *Encyclopædia*; he published a variety of little *Romans*, such as *Candide*, *Zadig*, *La Prin-*

\* *Mauvaise foi*, in blunt English, *a falsehood*.

cesse de Babylone, &c. &c. ; and he scribbled an innumerable number of pamphlets, some acknowledged, some anonymous, which were chiefly directed against his personal or literary enemies, a class of men which his extreme violence and ridiculous irritability daily multiplied. His contributions to the *Encyclopædia* are chiefly composed of smart sallies or grave attacks on revealed religion ; and his *Romans* contain much exquisite raillery against foolish political institutions and opinions, together with some *very merry* impeachments of the general economy of Providence in the natural and moral government of mankind. Of religion in all its branches Voltaire was profoundly and contemptibly ignorant. We are fully persuaded that he never reflected seriously for one half hour on a single phenomenon in the dispensations of God. He had dipped into the Bible, but he had never read it ; and his misrepresentations are so gross and silly as to seem hardly worthy of refutation. Had a work such as the *Lettres de quelques Juifs à M. Voltaire* appeared against any other system in philosophy, the poor philosopher would have been discredited for ever. In politics, Voltaire was not wrong-headed, but he was somewhat superficial, and so rash, irregular, and petulant, that his writings could scarcely have been tolerated under any government, or useful to any people. Many of them also contain passages which are highly offensive to good morals. With a considerable proportion of his smaller pieces we have no acquaintance. Those

which we have formerly read, are generally remarkable for the exquisite pleasantry with which they expose many prevailing absurdities, and they are usually sullied with some passages of abominable impurity or profaneness.

These strictures are slight and imperfect, but they may serve to introduce the more comprehensive and penetrating observations which we are about to extract : the truth and impartiality of which are not less remarkable than the sagacity which they indicate.

“ It remains for us to speak of the spirit which he carried into philosophy : that is to say, of his opinions in relation to religion, morals, and politics. He has been accused of a formal design to overturn these three bases of the honour and the happiness of mankind. But whoever should attempt to find in Voltaire a system of philosophy, connected principles, a centre of opinions, would be greatly embarrassed. Nothing is less conformable to the serious idea which one forms of a philosopher than the kind of understanding and talents which belonged to Voltaire : perhaps it could only be in the eighteenth century that one could have thought of calling such a man by the name of philosopher. That he had the design of pleasing his own age, of exercising an influence over it, of revenging himself against his enemies, of forming a party to praise and defend him—all this is perfectly credible. He lived at a time when manners were lost, at least in the superior classes of society ; and he did not respect morals. Envy and hatred employed against him the arms of religion when it was no longer respected by its own defenders ; he considered it only as the means of persecution. His country had a government without force, without considera-

tion, and which did nothing to obtain them; he had the spirit of independence and opposition. Such were the real sources of his opinions. We can conceive how he acquired them, without, on that account, excusing them. He proclaimed them continually without thinking of the effects which they might produce. However, he was far from showing in his errors the invariable confidence and extreme presumption of some writers of the same age.

“He himself, in one of his romances, has given us a just idea of his philosophy. Babouc, charged to examine the manners and institutions of Persepolis, discovers all its faults with great quickness, laughs at all its absurdities, attacks every thing with the most licentious liberty. But when in the end he thinks that the ruin of Persepolis may be the consequence of his definitive judgment, he finds advantages in every thing, and refuses to overturn the city. This was Voltaire. He wished to have the liberty of criticizing carelessly, and would laugh at any thing; but a revolution was quite out of his thoughts; he had too just an understanding, too great a contempt of vulgarity and the populace, to form such a wish. Unhappily, when a nation has got to philosophizing, like Babouc, it knows not how, like him, to stop and weigh its decision; it is only by a deplorable experience that it discovers, when too late, that it ought not to have destroyed Persepolis.”—*p. 55—57.*

We believe these observations to be true; and are persuaded that Voltaire, had he lived, would have resisted with all his power the revolutionary torrent which his writings, during half a century, had contributed to swell, and would practically have renounced those very opinions for which altars were erected to his memory in the *Champ de Mars*.

Even before his death, he lamented, with as much bitterness as perhaps he was capable of feeling, the mad and horrible excesses to which Diderot and others among the *philosophers* had advanced in their outrages upon religion and morals. He did not deliberately intend to overturn the foundations of either; but he had wantonly insulted both: and the same righteous law which has permitted us in some measure to command futurity, by the wise employment of present opportunities, has established also a limit, beyond which recollection is vain, and the consequences of guilt irrevocable:

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Sua cuique exorsa laborem  
Fortunamque ferent\*.

Having necessarily said a good deal in dispraise of Voltaire, it is but just to notice some particulars in which he merits approbation. Like other human beings, his character was mixed: with great vices he was not wholly destitute of good qualities; and there are several actions of his life which well deserve to be applauded. He appears to have been naturally humane, though his passions too frequently clouded his benevolence: he was often liberal; and he pleaded the causes of some unfortunate and injured families with much perseverance, generosity, and feeling. He was the first who powerfully recommended inoculation in France. He was among

\* *Æneid*. X. III.



the first who endeavoured to dispel the national prejudices, and directed the eyes of his countrymen to the political institutions, the science, and the literature of England. He justly appreciated the soundness of the Newtonian philosophy, at a time when it had made but little progress on the continent; and though his encomiums of Mr. Locke are exaggerated, and indicate very little depth in metaphysics, his clear sense enabled him to perceive that the process of investigation adopted by that great master was far more just and natural than that of his predecessors. In his sentiments respecting the political establishments and opinions of his own country, he was often substantially right, though the language in which he presented them was generally dangerous and unbecoming: and he had the courage to laugh at the project of a territorial tax, though all the wise heads of the economists pronounced the expedient infallible.

For the miserable and devoted fury with which Voltaire assailed Christianity we are neither willing nor able to attempt the slightest apology. It disgraced his life, it debased his writings, and it will cast the deepest shade over his memory for ever.

Next to Voltaire in celebrity, and at least his equal in genius and learning, stands the President Montesquieu; a name less idolized perhaps in France, but much more generally respected in other countries.

It is very curious to compare his great work on

the Spirit of Laws, with some of the principal philosophical compositions of a neighbouring country ; such, for instance, as the political disquisitions of Hume, Smith, Ferguson, and others. These are generally full, orderly, and well reasoned dissertations. The subject in hand is examined with great gravity ; a series of facts and observations are drawn forth and marshalled with much skill and caution ; the assumptions, the intermediate truths, the transitions, the digressions—all are managed with admirable prudence and propriety ; the whole texture of the composition is woven with care ; and the great results are at last announced with a decent pomp and a tolerable share of self-complacency. We read, assent, approve, admire ; agree that the writer is very able ; and take care not to let any body know that we thought him very tiresome. Now, in Montesquieu every thing is different. Art there is none ; and of order very little. The subjects chosen as heads of thought are connected only by being allied to a common ancestor—mere collaterals, not succeeding by any regular devolutions. The paragraphs which compose the dissertations are, for the most part, independent of one another ; each taking its chance alone, and leaving its neighbours to fight their own battles. The positions are short, brilliant, imperative : and the whole, instead of bearing any resemblance to an elaborate and finished dissertation, gives rather the idea of a man confident of great powers, and possessed of ample materials, who pronounces his dicta with authority, and ex-

pects his audience to qualify and apply them : who supplies thoughts, and leaves it to others, if they like the labour, to fill up the interstices.

Montesquieu has been accused of idleness by those who admire a more orderly system of composition. But to charge a writer with idleness, who gave twenty years to the prosecution of a single design, seems a little imprudent. If the *Spirit of Laws* had been expanded into essays, with the usual allowance for fine observations and flowing periods, it would have filled a library.

Another charge which has been made against the President is, that he has raked up all sorts of fables from the narratives of obscure travellers, and made them the foundations of important theories. It must be acknowledged that Montesquieu was a little fond of odd out-of-the-way reading ; and he is apt to talk rather too much of Japan and the kingdom of Bantam, and the people of Meaco. But this fault, if it be one, is, in our estimation, far more venial than that of supposing, with most writers, that human nature is only to be studied in the history of the Roman and Greek republics. A comprehensive mind will naturally desire an extensive range ; and if general inductions respecting the human race are to be attempted, men ought to be seen and considered under all the forms which they have presented, and every fact and institution be contemplated, whether preserved in the monuments of ancient nations, or caught by the hasty glances of a wandering missionary !

It is impossible to recollect the performances of Montesquieu, without being impressed with a powerful admiration of his genius and attainments. The herculean vigour which was a match for so vast an undertaking as the *Spirit of Laws*; the unshaken perseverance which could prosecute its work for twenty years, united as they were to an imagination highly picturesque, present an image of such greatness, that little minds bow down before it; and even those of a firmer texture, and more sanguine complexion, are compelled to do it homage. The mind, too, which could throw a rapid and comprehensive glance over twelve centuries, and sketch, as it were upon a single canvas, the growth, the plenitude, and the declension of Roman greatness, must unquestionably have been possessed of uncommon elevation and energy. If authority could add any thing to a reputation which reposes on so substantial a basis, it would be sufficient to mention a writer capable of justly appreciating the merits of the French philosopher, both from the similarity of his pursuits and the extent of his own genius. Montesquieu has been twice mentioned by Mr. Burke in terms of the highest admiration; in the *Thoughts on the Cause of the present Discontents*, as the first writer of the age; and in the *Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old*, as an authority so high, that even the glory of the British constitution is increased by his suffrage.

And yet we little beings must be indulged in our little criticism. Somebody at Paris said, that the

work called *L'Esprit des Loix* should have been entitled *L'Esprit sur les Loix*; and the remark is true as well as clever. After making every reasonable allowance for varieties in composition, and surrendering much of established usage to the despotism of genius, still it must be confessed that Montesquieu has in his great work indulged too freely the natural bias of his mind, and furnished rather a collection of desultory reflections, than the complete digest or discussion of a comprehensive subject. In part, this may justly be imputed to the extent of his undertaking, which rendered a sententious and somewhat authoritative manner almost unavoidable. But it must doubtless, in part, also be attributed to the poetical cast of his imagination, which could not tolerate the appearance of dulness, and delighted in brilliancy and effect. The disadvantages incident to this fault are considerable. One of them is, that the very object of the writer, who intended to render his work attractive, is, in some degree, counteracted; for, among the generality of readers, more perhaps are fatigued by making a series of desperate leaps across the chasms which separate the different theorems, than by the labour of travelling through the diffuse expositions, and connecting details, which abound in a different class of reasoners.

Nearly allied to, and, indeed, growing out of the last defect, is another and more serious fault. Montesquieu's reflections, though remarkably original, and frequently profound, are at times hasty and in-

accurate. He acquiesced too readily in his first thoughts. His mind was so constituted, that he rather caught the truth by a rapid and penetrating glance, than discovered it through the medium of a close investigation. He was not accustomed to verify his impressions by a close and vigilant induction; and though his intellect was of that vigorous and comprehensive character which made even his guesses valuable, it certainly is not always safe to acquiesce in his positions without examination. His work frequently furnishes rather excellent materials for thinking, than the results of patient thought. Indeed his carelessness, both in accepting facts and propounding conclusions, is sometimes perfectly surprising. "We are informed, (says he, speaking of the proportion of the sexes born in different countries,) that at Bantam there are ten girls to one boy;" and then he proceeds to reason upon this ridiculous assumption, only because a Mr. Kempfer had so affirmed of that which no conceivable affirmation could render credible. "It would be an excellent law," he observes in another place, "for all countries to ordain, that none but real money should be current." This reflection was suggested by considering the inconveniences incident to a debased coin, or, as he terms it, ideal money. He seems wholly to have overlooked the prodigious saving of value, time, and labour, which is effected by a conventional currency, which has its foundation in no sort of fraud, but in the wants and resources of mankind, and the advantages of which a great mind

ought to have perceived, even at so early a period in the history of the economy of nations. In the same spirit, speaking of exchanges, he says, "The relative abundance and scarcity of specie in different countries forms what is called the course of exchange." "Exchange is a framing of the actual and momentary value of money," and "when a state has occasion to remit a sum of money into another country, it is indifferent in the nature of the thing whether specie be conveyed thither, or they take bills of exchange." Yet, certainly, Montesquieu had sagacity enough to discover, had he reflected, that the exchanges will depend, not merely, as he supposes, on the state of the currency in different countries, but on the state, also, of their mutual debts and credits; and, that even if their currency were fixed, there may be a manifest saving by remitting in bills instead of remitting in commodities or bullion. We mention these inaccuracies, not that we attach much importance to them, but for the sake of exhibiting the character of Montesquieu's genius. Powerful and intuitive glances into human nature will enable a great mind to appreciate with wonderful sagacity many branches of legislation, and many forms of political administration; but if a subject is in its nature scientific, a very different process is requisite. No man can determine a trajectory, or find a fluent, by a single *coup d'ail*. Now, political economy is in all its branches strictly scientific.

It is rather fatiguing to follow the errors of a great

man, yet one other fault in Montesquieu's writings deserves to be noticed, because it is considerable, and has attracted a vast deal of attention and discussion. He is too systematic, and is, therefore, sometimes, like all system-makers, paradoxical; more especially in his observations respecting the influence of climate upon character, he has exposed himself to much severe and just animadversion. We incline to think, however, that his opinions on this subject have been a little misunderstood, and that the remark which we have extracted from the work before us, "that a powerful genius is apt to seize on general ideas, and to take it for granted that others will understand how to modify them," is peculiarly applicable to this part of the *Spirit of Laws*. It is scarcely conceivable that a writer such as Montesquieu should have deliberately held, in its full extent, the theory which some passages in the fourteenth book of the *Spirit of Laws* appear to imply. Such a theory is contradicted not only by the history of nations, its natural enemy; but even by geography, its natural ally. Travel from Tuscany into the Campagna, cross the Faro of Messina from Calabria into Sicily, pass from Bourdeaux to Burgos:—the heart of the stoutest believer in the despotism of physical causes would fail before he had completed three little tours of discovery. Large allowances, we are persuaded, must be made for what Montesquieu has left unsaid; yet, all allowances made, he still remains chargeable with great inaccuracy and much exaggeration in this part of



his work. To determine on the nature and propriety of laws by a metaphysical materialism ; to introduce grave speculations on the action of the nerves, and experiments on the papillæ of a sheep's tongue ; to resolve the liberties of England into the constitutional misery of its inhabitants ; to swallow greedily the falsehoods of Bernier respecting India, and then exclaim, " Happy climate ! which gives birth to purity of manners, and produces lenity of laws ;"—these are follies so considerable, that it required nothing less than the genius of Montesquieu to redeem them, nothing lower than his renown to shelter them from ridicule. How much superior, in this instance, is the poet to the philosopher !

" Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame  
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame ?  
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,  
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day.  
Need we the influence of the northern star,  
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war ?  
And where the face of nature laughs around,  
Must sickening virtue fly the tainted ground ?  
Unmanly thought !"—— GRAY.

It is a little curious, that the author of the work before us propounds a theory directly opposite to that of the writer whose defects we have been touching ; and that both have been led to the very verge of fatalism by not watching with sufficient vigilance the progress of their speculations. How much in the characters of nations and of individuals is to be attri-

buted to the influence of natural propensities, how much to the operation of moral motives, and how much, (if any thing,) to the self-determining agency of the soul, we do not believe any measure of human sagacity is sufficient to determine. This, however, is clear, that physical causes are limited in their operation, while moral influences are capable of a regular and indefinite progression. Of the two systems of necessity which have infested philosophy, we have no hesitation in saying that the latter is the less vulgar and the less dangerous ; that it has more of probability and more of truth. And though we steadily renounce every necessitarian theory, we are persuaded that the hypothesis which has its foundation in the subjection of the will to moral motives, may be, and has been held by many in union with the highest truths and the deepest piety ; while the opposite theory, we have little doubt, will generally be found connected at its root with materialism in philosophy, and scepticism in religion.

It would be easy to multiply little criticisms on the Spirit of Laws, but there is something equally contrary to generosity and good taste in thus counting " the motes that people the sun-beam." This great performance will remain, in defiance of criticism, an imperishable monument of the genius and learning, the enterprize and perseverance of its author. Some parts, indeed, have fallen away, and the proportions are incomplete ; but, like the structures of antiquity, enough will remain to testify

to the grandeur of the edifice, and attract the admiration of all succeeding ages.

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There are few things which, to a comprehensive and feeling spirit, are so afflicting as the sense of its inability to resist the torrent with which violence allied to guilt can desolate mankind. There is something so mean in the evil passions, something so base and contemptible in the gross and brutal force which alone renders them formidable, that beings of a nobler nature feel a mixture of agony and humiliation in submitting to an authority at once illegitimate, violent, and degrading. They feel astonished that wisdom and virtue are unable to rescue mankind from so miserable a servitude; and after struggling perhaps a while in vain against audacious and triumphant guilt, relinquish the contest in despair, and begin to doubt whether virtue be not a name, and all the moral excellence and beauty which they have been accustomed to contemplate with admiration, the visions of a bright but delusive fancy. It is here that religion steps in to rescue us from despair; and raising our thoughts to that Almighty Being with whom "a thousand years are as one day," and carrying forward our hopes to a fairer and immortal region, teaches us to repose in humble confidence on the wisdom and the faithfulness of Him, who has declared that a day of retribution is approaching, which shall fully vindicate his right-

teousness, and ascertain the final and everlasting triumphs of virtue and piety. Happy they who find in faith that abiding consolation, which can compose the disquietudes of anxiety and silence the murmurings of discontent; which can infuse a secret and vital energy that no resistance can subdue, no disappointments deaden; the spring of benevolent activity, even under the pressure of the darkest afflictions, "performing in despair the offices of hope."

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In the same rank with Voltaire and Montesquieu the author of the *Tableau* places two other writers, undoubtedly of great, though in this country of unequal, renown—*Rosseau* and *Buffon*. Of the first of these we are unwilling to say a little, and we have not space to say much. Those who wish to see an examination of the works of this singular writer, that will undoubtedly well repay the trouble of perusing it, may consult from the 120th to the 140th pages of the work before us. It is not perhaps written exactly in the tone which we should have adopted (if indeed it be not presumptuous to name ourselves in the same breath with such a writer); but it is full of acuteness, depth, candour, and sensibility. We shall make only two short extracts, the first on account of its intrinsic value; the second for the sake of its severity: for though we do not ordinarily favour such passages, yet the writ-

ings of Rosseau have presented to the world such fascinating counterfeits of whatever is truly excellent, and under the colour of an ardent devotion to religion, virtue, and feeling, in their native simplicity, have advanced such fearful lengths towards the destruction of them all, that we hold any honest method of dissipating so dangerous an illusion to be just and valuable.

Speaking of the celebrated profession of faith by the Vicaire Savoyard, the author of the *Tableau* says,

“ One is surprised to see him ascend at first by a noble flight up to the knowledge of a God, and then take his departure from that point to the rejection of all positive religion and forms of worship. But such a march is conformable to the whole philosophy of Rosseau. The idea of a Divinity, a vague sentiment of gratitude and respect towards him, in a word, whatever is called Natural Religion, all this is within the province of imagination. One may be continually impressed with these noble thoughts without feeling their influence in our actions; but worship is the positive application of these sentiments; it is through this medium that they become useful; it is by this alone that they acquire a body, that they assume a reality, and become possessed of some influence over our conduct. In examining Rosseau one sees that there is an analogy between religion without worship, and virtue without practice.”—p. 131, 132.

To this just and noble passage it is only necessary to add, that the homage which God requires of his creatures is not that of postures and rituals, but of their hearts and lives; a service such as it becomes

him to receive, and which it constitutes our true happiness to render. Doctrines which float only in the imagination are contemplated rather than believed. The reception of divine truths, of which the Scriptures speak, is their reception by the whole man, understanding them, feeling them, and loving them. It is difficult to comprehend how any person should have been led to suppose that Rousseau at heart believed in Christianity. The Vicaire Savoyard pays some *fine* compliments to the New Testament; but he argues at great length against the credibility of Revelation;—and the sum of his reasoning is this, that it requires a great deal of time and labour to ascertain that Christianity is true, and therefore it must be false!

The other passage which we promised to extract is immediately connected with the author's observations on the confessions of Rousseau, and it closes his criticisms upon that writer:—

“ No one knew better than Rousseau how to lay open the interior of his soul. Who has not felt himself moved and charmed in reading the lively description of those bewildering thoughts, of those hopes for ever deceived and for ever reviving, of those delights of imagination, of those romances of virtue and happiness, always false and still renewed, of those storms which rage in the very depths and recesses of the soul, in short, of the whole history of a mind pensive and solitary? After having thus placed us, by the magic of truth, in his own situation, Rousseau makes us share in all his thoughts and as it were in his actions. We fall with him by an irresistible declension into all his errors; we assume his insane pride; we see

nothing but outrage and injustice: we become the enemies of all mankind, and we prefer ourselves to them. But a sounder reflection enables us to perceive, that the man who has known how thus to lead us along with him, uniformly led a life of full egotism; that he drew every thing towards himself; that the enjoyments which he sought were always from something solitary, in which others had no share; that he never sacrificed his interest but to his pride; that he was envious of every thing he did not obtain, though he often refused to possess it; that even his affections had a character of egotism, that he loved for his own satisfaction and not for the satisfaction of others. In the end we repent of having suffered our selves to be abused into the belief of the superiority of such a man; we comprehend sufficiently all his faults, but we pardon them no longer, and we confound no more explanation with excuse."—p. 140.

In order that we may justly estimate the merit of this passage, it is proper to add, that the writer is so far from being insensible to the talents of Rousseau, that he appears, by some passages in his work, to think him the most eloquent and fascinating of all those who gave celebrity to the eighteenth century.

His imagination and feeling rendered him deeply sensible of the powers of that singular genius; and the rectitude of his understanding enabled him to perceive, that such powers, so vitiated, only make the possessor wretched and contemptible, an enemy to himself, and to all his kindred.

If the author of the *Tableau* has ever been seduced into exaggeration, perhaps it is in his praises of Buffon, the last of the illustrious *four* to whom he assigns the first rank in literature. He is per-

haps a little too much captivated by the brilliant fancy and highly picturesque style of the naturalist; and he is rather too merciful to his extravagant love of hypothesis. Eloquence is not the highest praise of a philosophical writer; and after allowing all that can be said in admiration of particular descriptive passages, still we venture to ask, whether it be characteristic of a profound or an exalted mind, to resolve every phenomenon into physical causes, and wander through all the vastness of creation without evincing the smallest sensibility to the power, the majesty, or the goodness of Him who made and sustains it?

In a view of the writers of the eighteenth century it is impossible that D'Alembert should be omitted. He occupies some space in this work, but he is not a favourite of the writer. His scientific acquirements are not disputed, and that part of his preliminary discourse to the *Encyclopædia* which relates to the exact sciences is highly applauded; but he is described as rather a shallow metaphysician; and his pretensions in literature are dismissed somewhat contemptuously with the terms —“un écrivain assez froid.”

We have not much disposition to become the champions of D'Alembert in any thing. He probably was not very profound in metaphysics. We suspect that the French writers of this age were in general but superficial in the science of mind. Their extravagant admiration of Locke, whom they but half understood; the bustle and parade they kept up



about sensations, connected with a certain prevailing and almost instinctive tendency towards materialism, concur to make it probable that they were neither deep nor original in this part of knowledge. Indeed, we do not recollect that a new hypothesis in metaphysics was started by any of the modern French writers, or any old one considerably illustrated or improved. The schools in that science have been English, Scotch, or German. However, it is no inconsiderable compliment to D'Alembert, that he is placed next to De Gerando among the French metaphysicians, by the\* most competent judge upon such subjects of this, or perhaps any, age. As a writer, it is perhaps true, that D'Alembert is cold; but so were Middleton, Hume, and others, whom it would be idle to depreciate. He is certainly acute, discriminating, and elegant. His éloges are generally interesting; and the conclusion of that upon M. de Sacy is exceedingly eloquent. Yet it is by an effort of candour that we make these concessions. We have lately had the misfortune to read, for the first time, some of this writer's correspondence with Frederick the Second, and the temerity of some passages, in which he insolently impeaches and ridicules—not Christianity, for that all the philosophers thought they were privileged to insult—but the ordinary providence and economy of God, is so offensive, that we could almost wish that the very name of the writer and all his productions were buried in oblivion.

\* Mr. D. Stewart.

Better were it that science and literature should perish for ever; better that men should crawl upon the earth in brutish stupidity and ignorance; than that the best gifts of God should be employed by his ungrateful creatures to desecrate his name and insult his goodness. Is there in the universe a spectacle so wretched, so disgusting, so contemptible, as that of a being dependent for his hourly existence on the will of his Creator, and spending a portion of the little breath he has, in blaspheming him?

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Before we close this long article we must be allowed a few hasty remarks on some peculiarities which distinguished French philosophy during the eighteenth century. One naturally conceives of philosophers as of a serious reflective class of men: the subjects about which they are conversant are both grave and important; the investigation of truth necessarily demands the exercise of the severer powers of the understanding; and the results of their inquiries so nearly affect the happiness of the human race, that the alliance of frivolity with such pursuits exhibits an incongruity of ideas that would be ridiculous if it were not shocking; a confusion of images too monstrous to be comical. In perusing the works of the French writers who called themselves philosophers during the last age, the first feeling is a sort of distressing amazement, a kind of horrible surprise; such as overtakes us on beholding

an extravagance of nature, or which travellers are said to experience on entering the mansion of the Prince Palagonia in Sicily, who has crowded into his rooms every fantastic image which a depraved and unnatural fancy could assort. These men write of God; of creation, providence, redemption; of man and virtue; of life, death, and eternity: ideas of which the very names are awful; to which the mind approaches purified and chastised by reverence; and they are as merry as monkeys. They chatter and grin, and talk of the government of the universe, and jest a little, and come back with a light turn to the origin of morals, and then a clever story against priestcraft, and a merry pass at Providence, and *adieu mon cher philosophe!* What shall we say to reasoners such as these? Were they sane? Is it rational for beings who can think and feel, who hope, and fear, and suffer,—for mortal beings, who in a few years must mingle with the dust they tread, to sport with things in which they are the most vitally concerned, and which may determine their happiness or misery for ever? Is it decent for a feeble creature, crawling upon the earth for a moment, and ready to sink under the pressure of the very atmosphere he breathes, to canvass with levity the ways of his Creator, and clap or hiss as if it were a scene at the opera? If this be the fruit of knowledge, indeed “ignorance is bliss.” If this be philosophy, it is that of the *petites maisons*.

We always suppose philosophers to be possessed of some fixed principles, whether right or wrong;

a system, a centre of opinions. Else why do they think; what is the value of reflection, if they are exactly as ignorant as their neighbours? If philosophers therefore attack existing institutions or sentiments, though we may doubt their wisdom, we at least give them credit for wishing to substitute notions which they think sounder and more valuable. But the *philosophes* of France had no opinions at all; they were mere haters; they attacked every thing and recommended nothing. We have difficulties enough to perplex us upon any hypothesis; but these men, instead of applying their skill to unravel the entanglement, only wove new labyrinths in every direction. They contradicted one another, and they contradicted themselves;

“Chaos umpire sits  
And by decision more embroils the fray.”

Neither in the works of the philosophical writers of France considered as a body, nor in the productions of the individuals, is there any thing to be found worthy of the name of a religious and moral system; unless Helvetius's paradoxes, which they all laughed at, are to claim such a character. They dismissed, indeed, Revelation by general consent, as quite unworthy of the just ideas of a Deity; and having mastered so easily the great despot which had subdued mankind, it was to be imagined that they would open some peculiarly noble and comprehensive view of God and his government, and furnish a solution to some of the great moral questions that

had so long distressed the contemplative part of mankind. How did they answer to these expectations? The more daring spirits, such as Diderot and Condorcet, shot up boldly into atheism; defied religion, and insulted morality. D'Alembert, more cool and cautious, seems to have oscillated long, but at last (as La Harpe tells us) judged that probability was in favour of the existence of a God. However, he had so little respect for his probable divinity, that he could sneer bitterly at the moral administration of the world; and declare in one of his letters, that he was much of the same mind with Alphonsus, who said, that if he had been in the divine councils at the commencement of things, he could have shewn how to make a better creation. Voltaire and Rousseau clung stoutly to their theism; but the former, who furiously assailed the Pentateuch, because it dishonoured God by the representations it gives of his character, has more passages in his writings of scandalous impiety and profaneness, than could, we verily believe, be collected from all the works of Jews and Christians during three thousand years; and the latter, though less impious, has done more to recommend licentiousness and confound all moral sentiments, than perhaps any other author that ever lived. So it was in substance with the rest. They patronized negatives. And though our very instincts direct us to the attainment of knowledge, and truth has been the object most ardently pursued by the highest minds in every age, these great masters of wisdom

were content to live and die in a willing and senseless scepticism respecting every thing which best deserves to be investigated, which speaks in accents the most thrilling to our hopes and our fears.

Philosophers should be humble. Those, more especially, who question rather than decide, should recommend their doubts by a tone of caution and modesty. The new academy never dogmatized: but the philosophers of France were superior to precedent and authority. If a prize were offered to the most imperious, irritable, scornful, dogmatic, and polemical body that has ever existed among lettered men, the authors of the *Encyclopædia* would bear away the palm. Not their brethren the old Epicureans, not the followers of Abelard and Ockham among the schoolmen; not the pedants of the sixteenth century; not the colleges of the Jesuits, or the doctors of the Sorbonne, could in such a contest maintain a rivalry with that illustrious fraternity. Touch but one of the brotherhood, and all the corporation was in arms; neither virtue, nor talents, nor character, nor station, could protect the miserable offender from the stings of the exasperated hive. Almost all who were not their friends were treated as their enemies; and their enemies were fools or hypocrites. They despised every thing and every body (themselves excepted); and at last they despised one another. It is quite amusing to see how by continually living in their own little circle of antipathies, they acquired the true sectarian spirit; and though they began with

exclaiming against want of charity in the churchmen, learnt to discard even the appearance of charity towards all, but men of their own party. It was thus towards Frenchmen, it was thus towards foreigners. Hume and Gibbon were tolerated, but Johnson was "a superstitious dog;" and Mr. Burke complains that there was an air of contemptuousness about them which greatly detracted from the pleasure of their society. Among all the European communities they seem to have respected none but this country; and one of the principal reasons for this partiality appears to have been given by the learned Marquis de Condorcet, who tells us, that "the philosophy of Bolingbroke, commented on by Pope, had established in England a system of rational theism, with morals suited to firm and reflective spirits." However, as Frenchmen are apt to ridicule without reason, so for once they applauded without knowledge: for Bolingbroke's pious inanities never deceived any body but his scholar, who was frightened out of his wits when he heard they meant infidelity; and in spite of Bolingbroke, and of men much abler than he, Christianity has at all times been heartily believed and loved by the mass of the population in this country.

Christianity, considered apart from its divine credentials, was a great experiment upon mankind; and no one, we think, will deny that it materially exalted the general tone of morals, and produced the best specimens of individual excellence which the world has witnessed. The rejection of Chris-

tranquility and return to a more natural condition was also an experiment ; and it was fairly made, though upon a smaller scale. Let its value be estimated by its results. Revelation was first rejected in France by men of education and reflection ; by the literary and scientific members of the community. Can a single individual of the body be mentioned who accredited his principles by a strict and consistent morality ? We have never heard of one ; and all the most considerable characters among them were notoriously sullied with great and flagitious vices. Voltaire told the most deliberate falsehoods, which even his biographer, M. de Condorcet, does not attempt to excuse ; though (to shew the severity of his own morals) he maintains that lying is justifiable if oppression makes it expedient. Rousseau abandoned his own offspring. D'Alembert insulted his Creator. Diderot cheated his patroness ; and his writings are an outrage on all decency. Marmontel deserted the object of his early affections, who had been faithful to him through years of absence and silence ; and he had the heartlessness to put his infamy upon record for the amusement of his grandchildren, without breathing a single sigh of contrition or regret. In the midst of all these things they continued to applaud each other abundantly, and talked loudly of reason and virtue. By degrees the principles of the philosophers were diffused among the people, and at length the whole nation, by a general effort, threw off the yoke, and publicly renounced Christianity. What ensued ?



What bright gleams of opening glory and happiness illuminated the auspicious enterprize? What new constellation arose to shed their influence on a happier era? All was darkness and horror. The heavens seemed to be "hung with black." France was for a moment blotted out of Europe; and then reviving, like a Bedlamite from his trance, poured out her frantic rage on every surrounding nation. The fall of Christianity, instead of being hailed like its birth by angelic voices, speaking peace and love, was proclaimed by the groans of widows and orphans, and the savage howlings of demons. The Gospel descended upon earth attended with a heavenly train of graces and virtues, with the charities which soften and embellish this life, and prepare us for a better. The religion of nature ascended from beneath with a company suited to her character; murder, profligacy, proscription; and civil anarchy and military despotism.

And yet some feelings of compassion are due to the men and to the nation whom we have condemned. They saw not the religion of Christ such as it proceeded from the hands of its divine Author, lowly and self-denied, benevolent and spiritual, separated from sin, and superior to the vanities and the sufferings of this transient scene. They saw it debased by its alliance to a superstitious establishment, and sustained by a civil authority at once arbitrary and contemptible. They saw the profession of Christianity often united to the practice of vice, or the policy of a worldly

ambition; its dogmas peremptorily enforced, and its precepts habitually relaxed. The rapid progress of infidelity in France sufficiently proves the decay in that country of essential religion. The Gospel in all its power, appealing to the consciences of men, and carrying its credentials in the practice of those who acknowledge it, is alone capable of contending long against the pride and passions of a people who have once thrown off the bondage of an ignorant and implicit faith; and those who have the weakness to place their reliance on the authority of ancient institutions, or the seemly pomp of rituals and services, will assuredly discover, when it is too late, that these are but the perishable forms in which religion is enshrined, not the living and immortal spirit which can alone protect itself and us in the hour of danger. This is a truth which the guilt and the sufferings of France are peculiarly calculated to enforce. While we reprobate the men who conspired against Christianity, and deplore their success, let us never forget that there were other conspirators still more formidable, and to whom that success is chiefly to be attributed;—the unfaithful ministers and professors of religion, who rendered it weak by their dissensions, odious by their bigotry, and contemptible by their crimes.

END OF VOL. I.

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